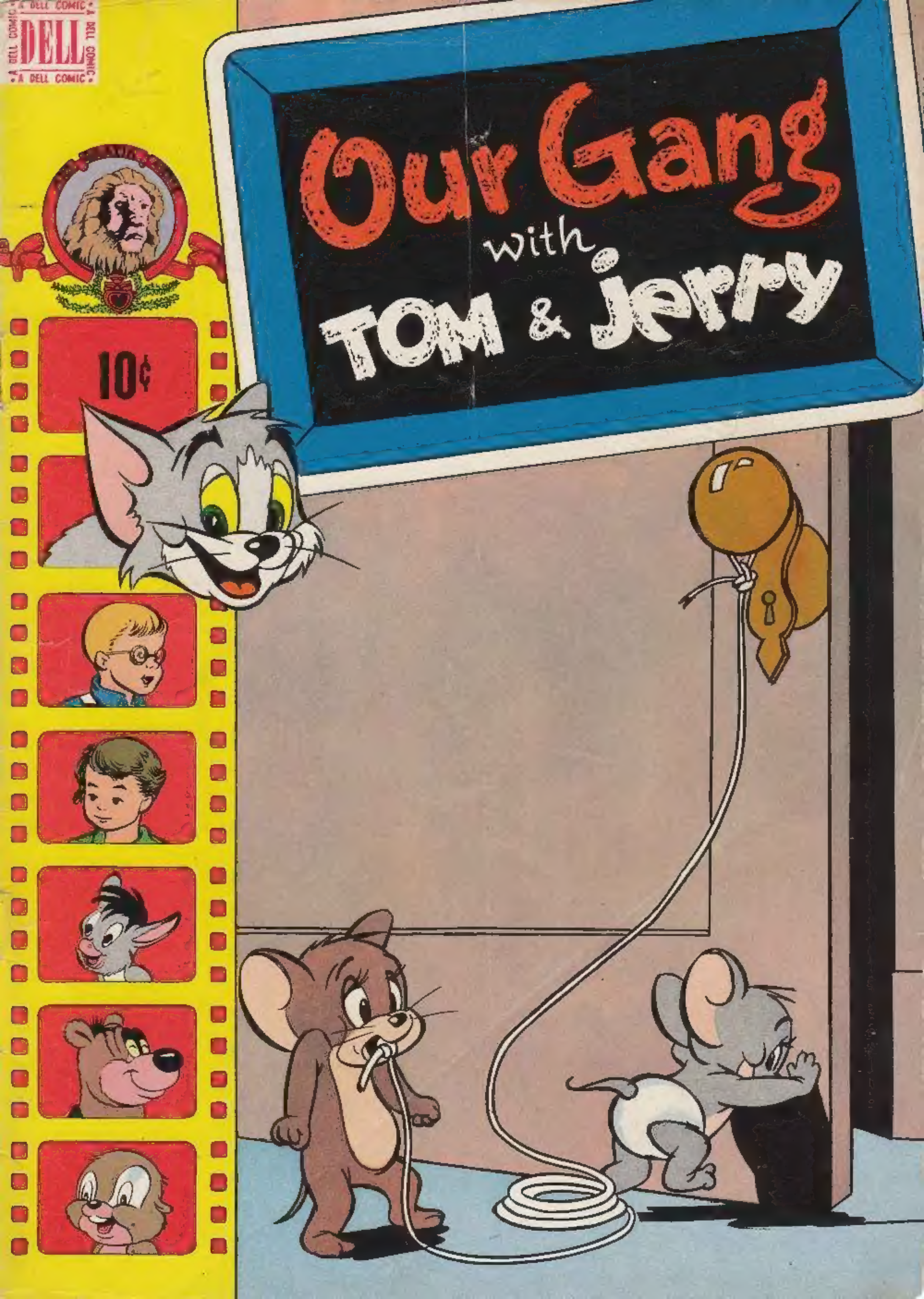
A DELL COMIC
DELL
10¢
Our Gang
with
TOM & Jerry

The BUZZARDS

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M·G·M presents

TOM AND JERRY

OKAY, JERRY, READY?

READY!

LADIES AN' GENTLEMEN! MY FAMOUS, DEATH-DEFYIN'—

NEVER MIND THE SPIEL!

TRIPLE FORWARD, TWISTIN' DOUBLE BACK FLIP!

THEN, AT THE LAST SPLIT SECOND—

I TURN AN'—

BEAUTIFUL, TUFFY—BEAUTIFUL!

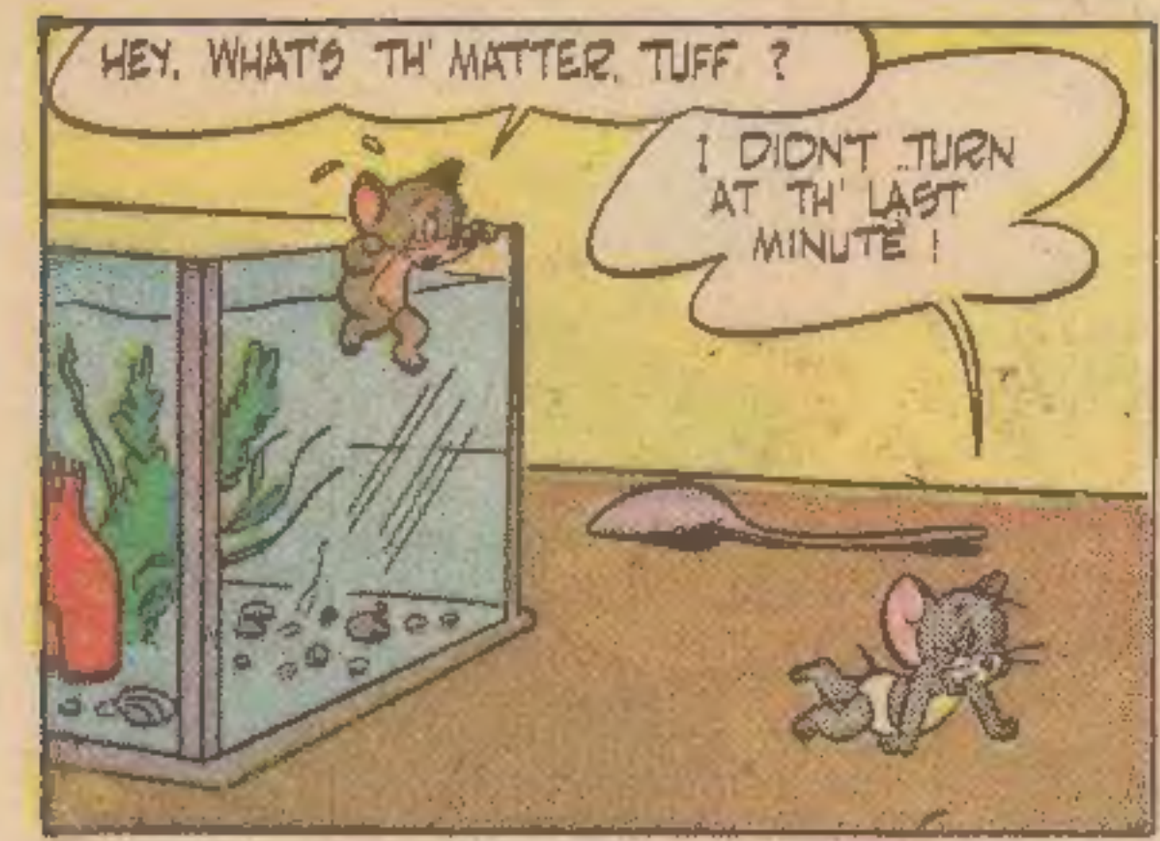
KLOK!

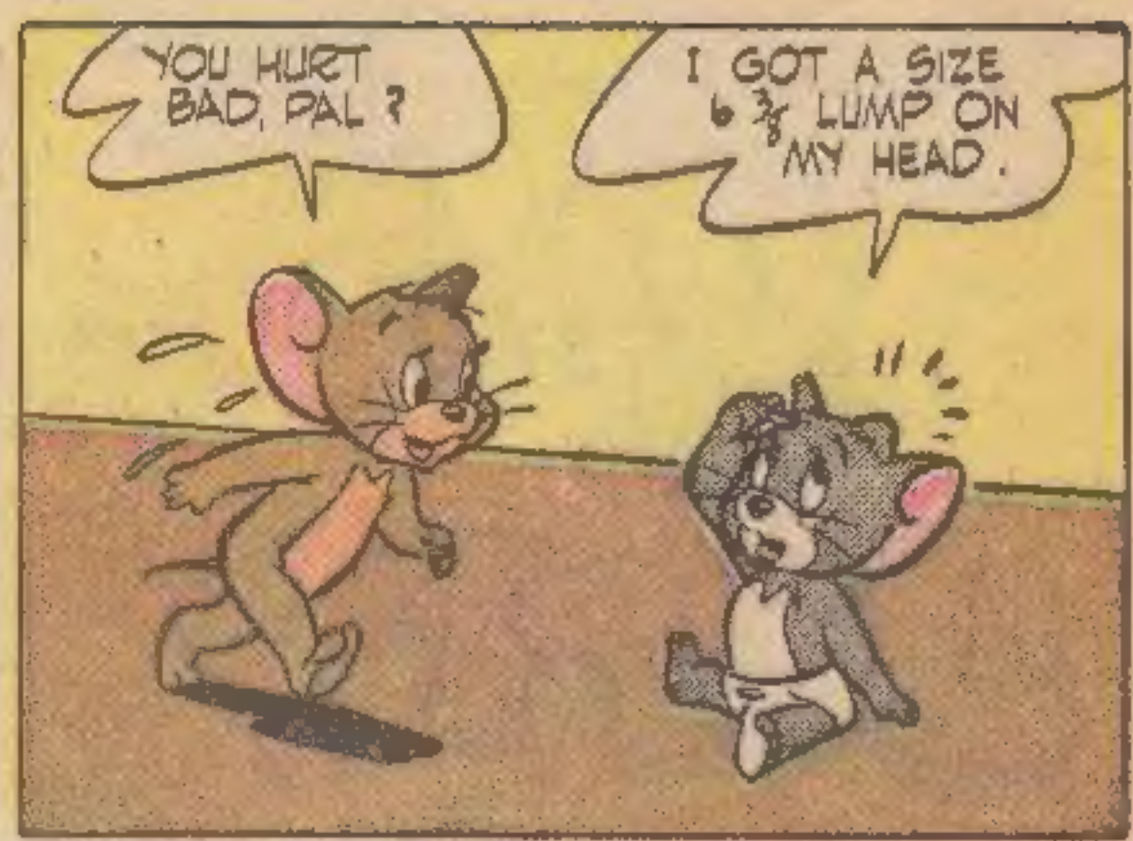
SPLOSH!

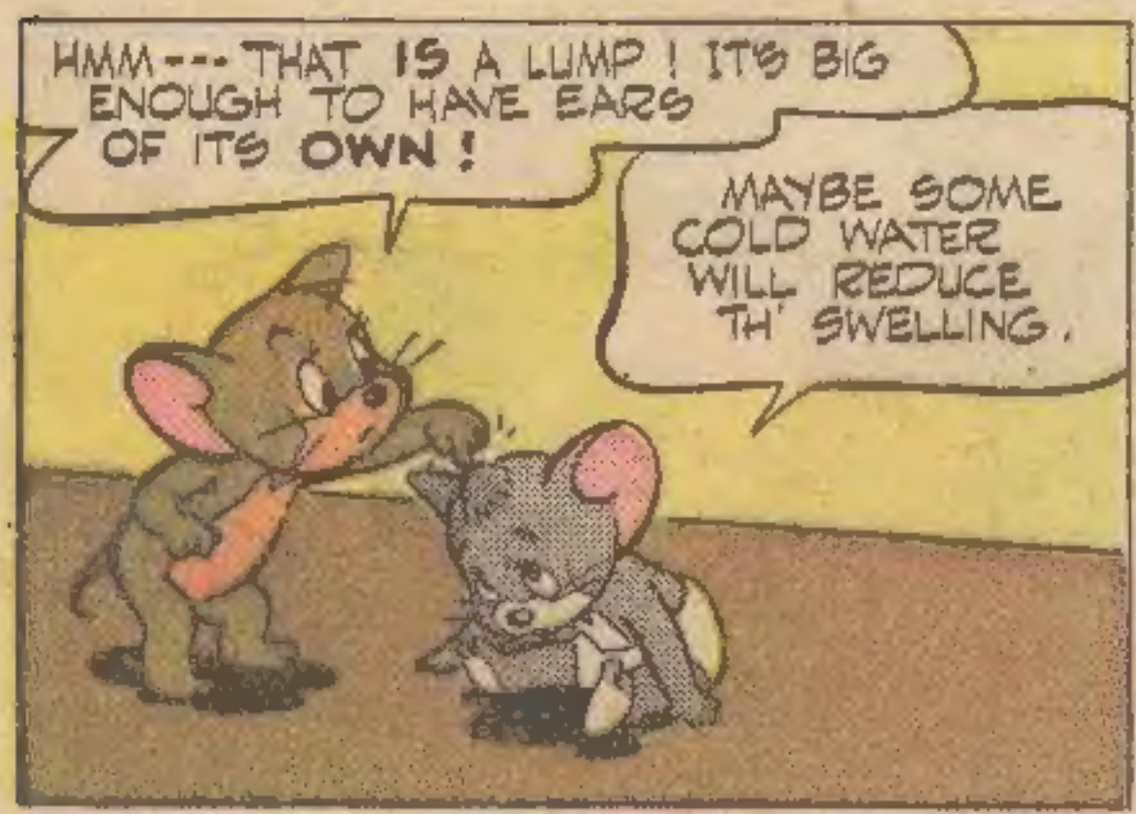
?

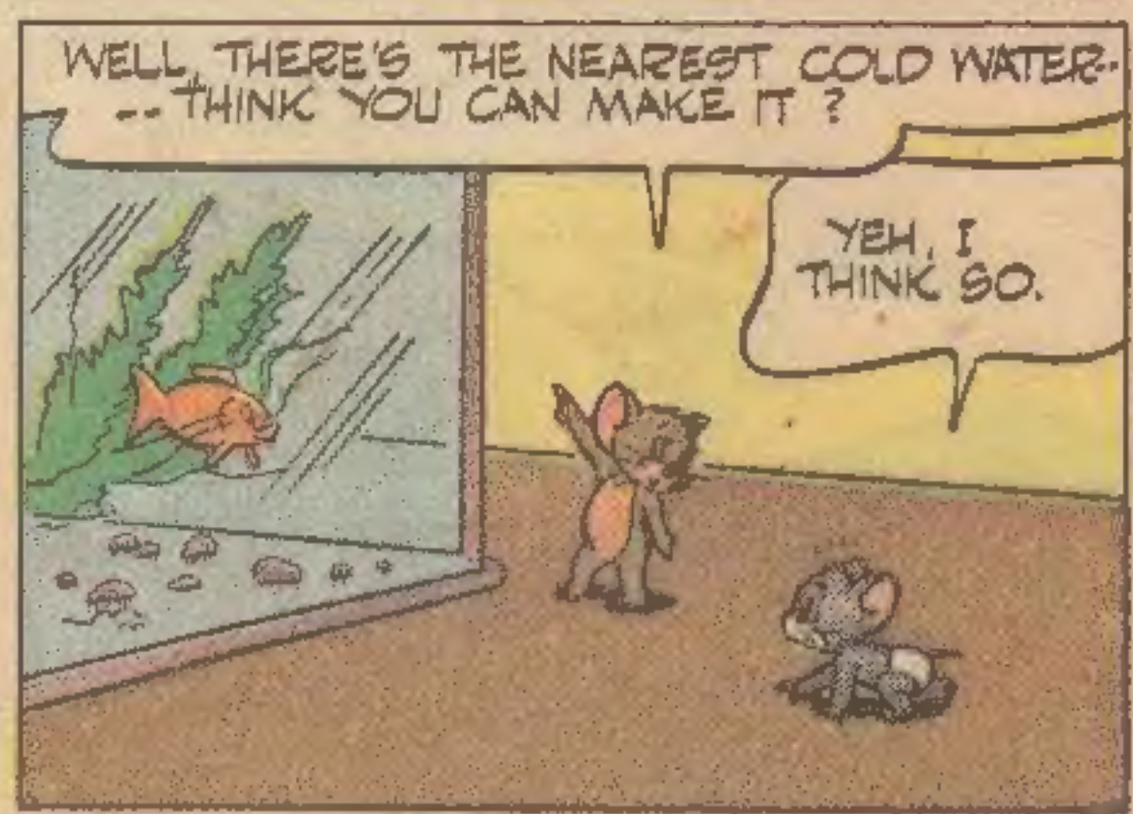
TWEET

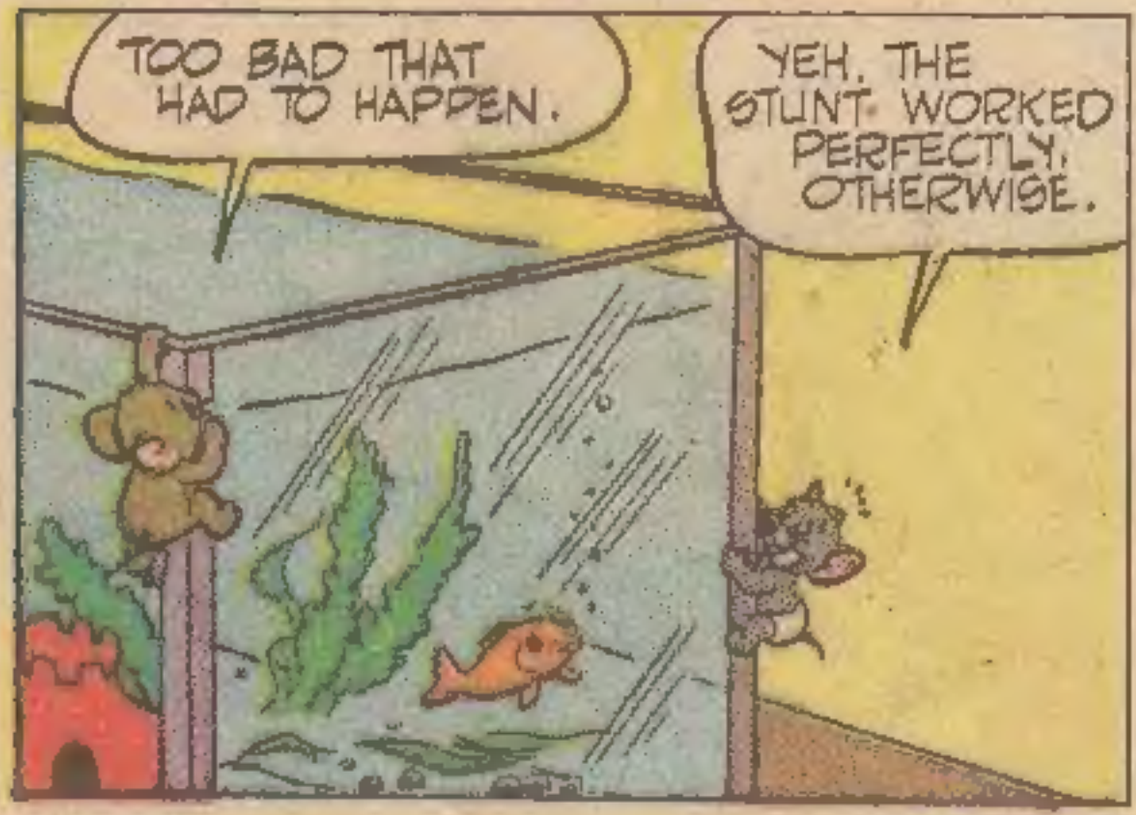
O.O. 446-485


HEY, WHAT'S TH' MATTER, TUFF ?
I DIDN'T TURN AT TH' LAST MINUTE !

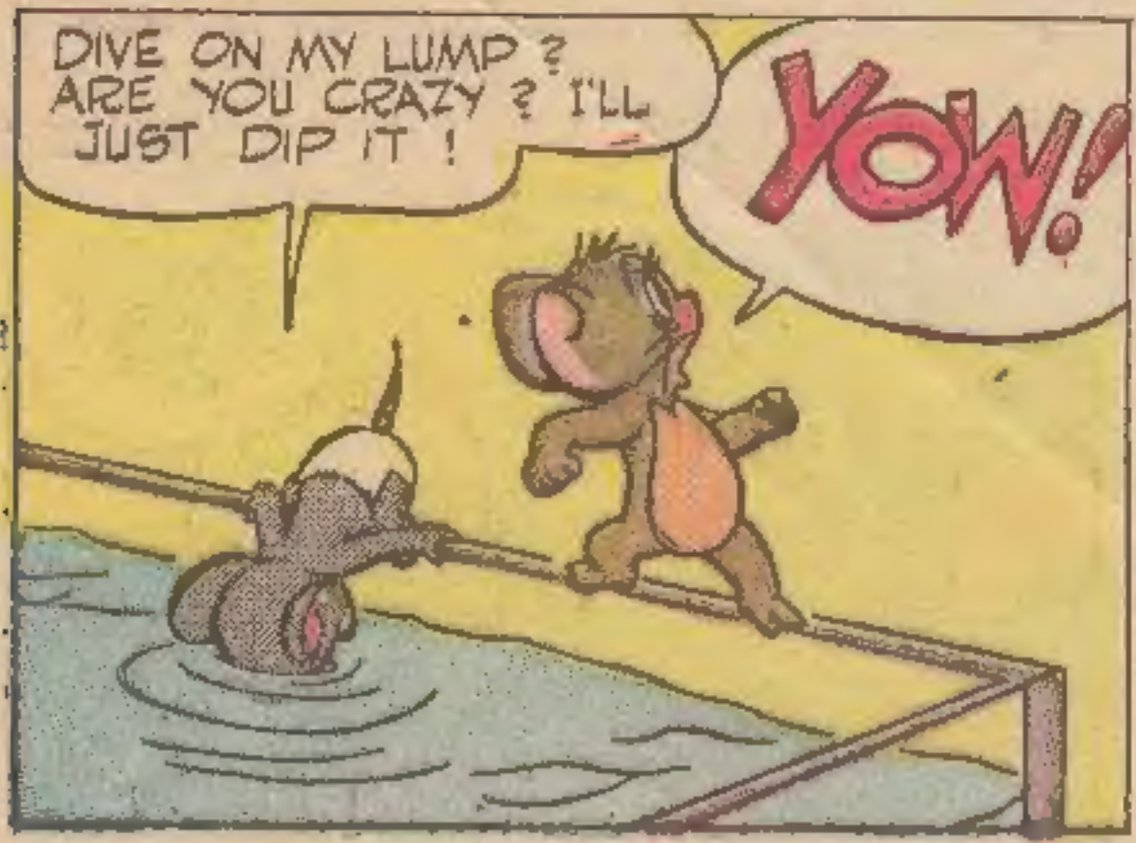

YOU HURT BAD, PAL ?
I GOT A SIZE 6 3/8 LUMP ON MY HEAD.


HMM--- THAT IS A LUMP ! IT'S BIG ENOUGH TO HAVE EARS OF ITS OWN !
MAYBE SOME COLD WATER WILL REDUCE TH' SWELLING.

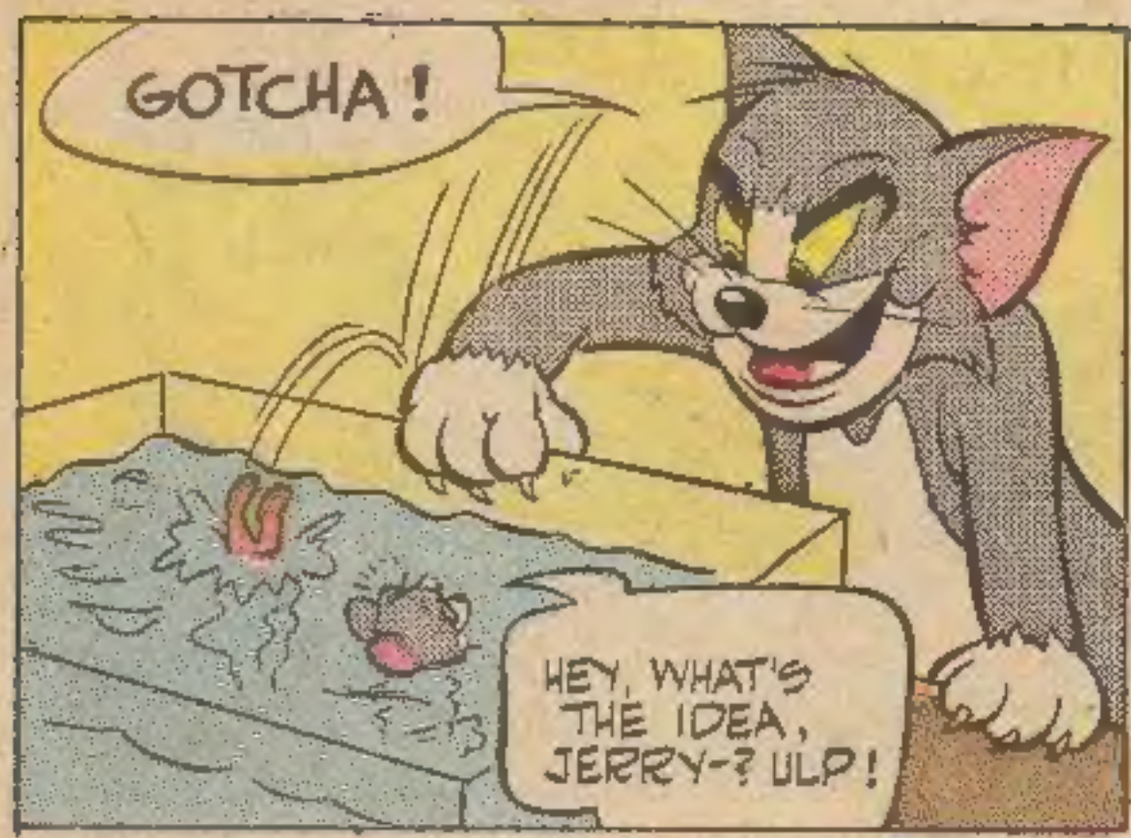

WELL, THERE'S THE NEAREST COLD WATER-- THINK YOU CAN MAKE IT ?
YEH, I THINK SO.


TOO BAD THAT HAD TO HAPPEN.
YEH, THE STUNT WORKED PERFECTLY, OTHERWISE.

IT ISN'T GONNA BE EASY TO DIP THIS LUMP !
WHY DON'T YOU JUST DIVE IN ?


DIVE ON MY LUMP ? ARE YOU CRAZY ? I'LL JUST DIP IT !
YOW!

PLUNK!


GOTCHA!
HEY, WHAT'S THE IDEA, JERRY-? ULP!

QUICK, TUFF, WE'LL DUCK IN THERE!
YEH, IT'S A PLACE TO HIDE, ANYWAY!

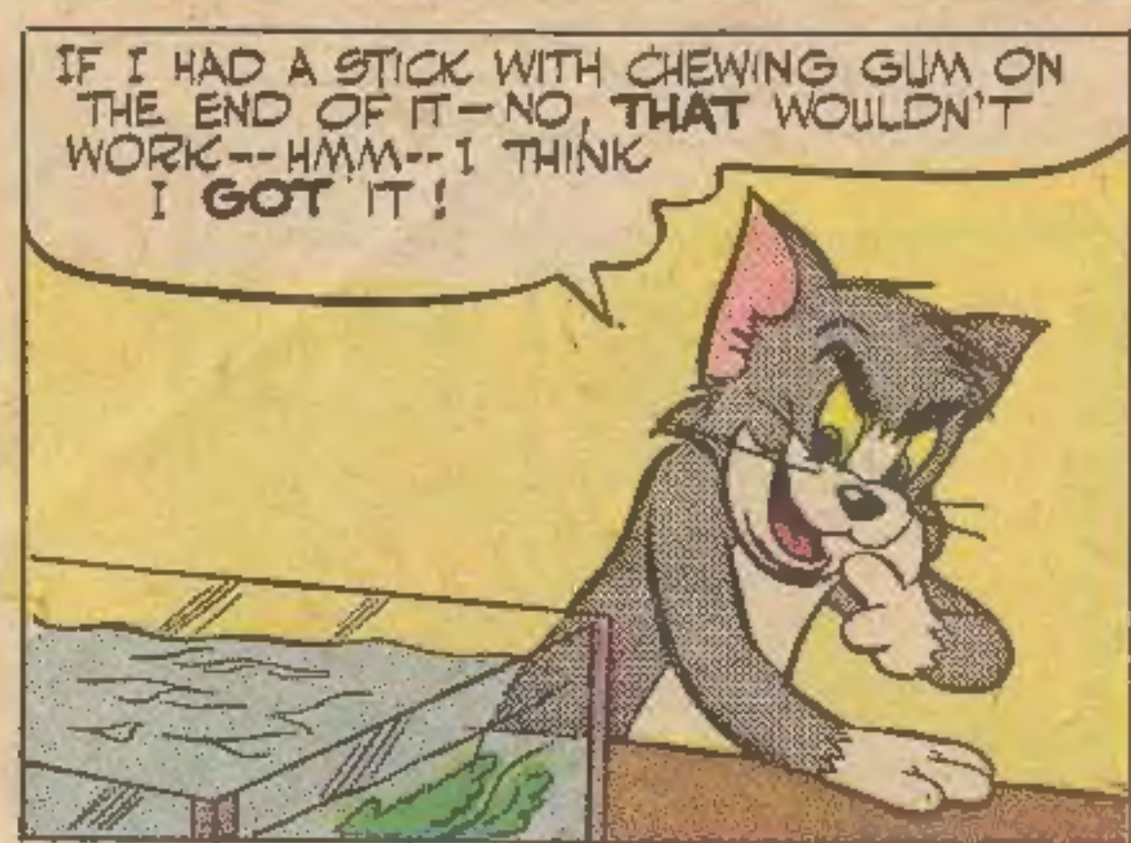
?
?
NO VACANCIES

LOOK, BUDDY, THIS'S A MATTER OF LIFE AN' DEATH!
ASK HIM TO BE REASONABLE.
NO VACANCIES

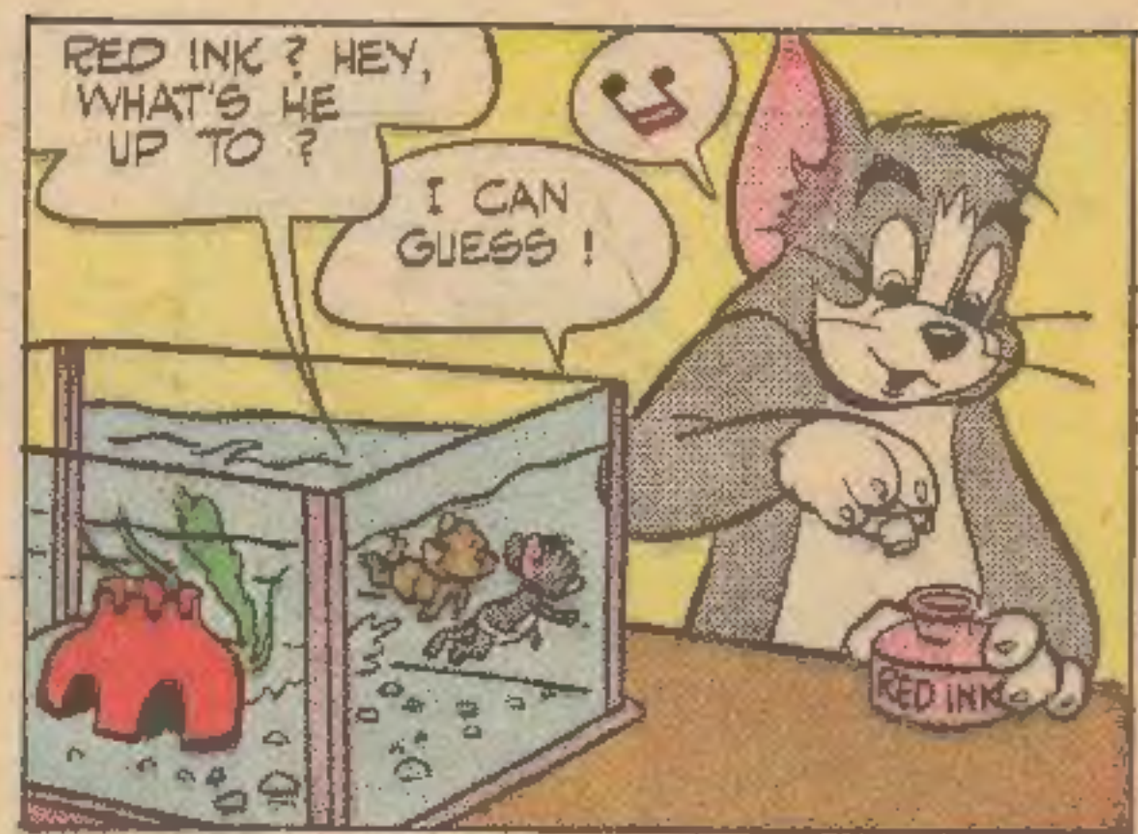
BE REASONABLE!
THAT DARN TOM CAT WILL START FISHIN' FOR US ANY MINUTE!
NO VACANCIES

HE SAYS NOTHING DOING...HIS HOME IS HIS CASTLE!
I'D SHOW HIM A THING OR TWO- IF HE WASN'T A SIAMESE FIGHTING FISH!

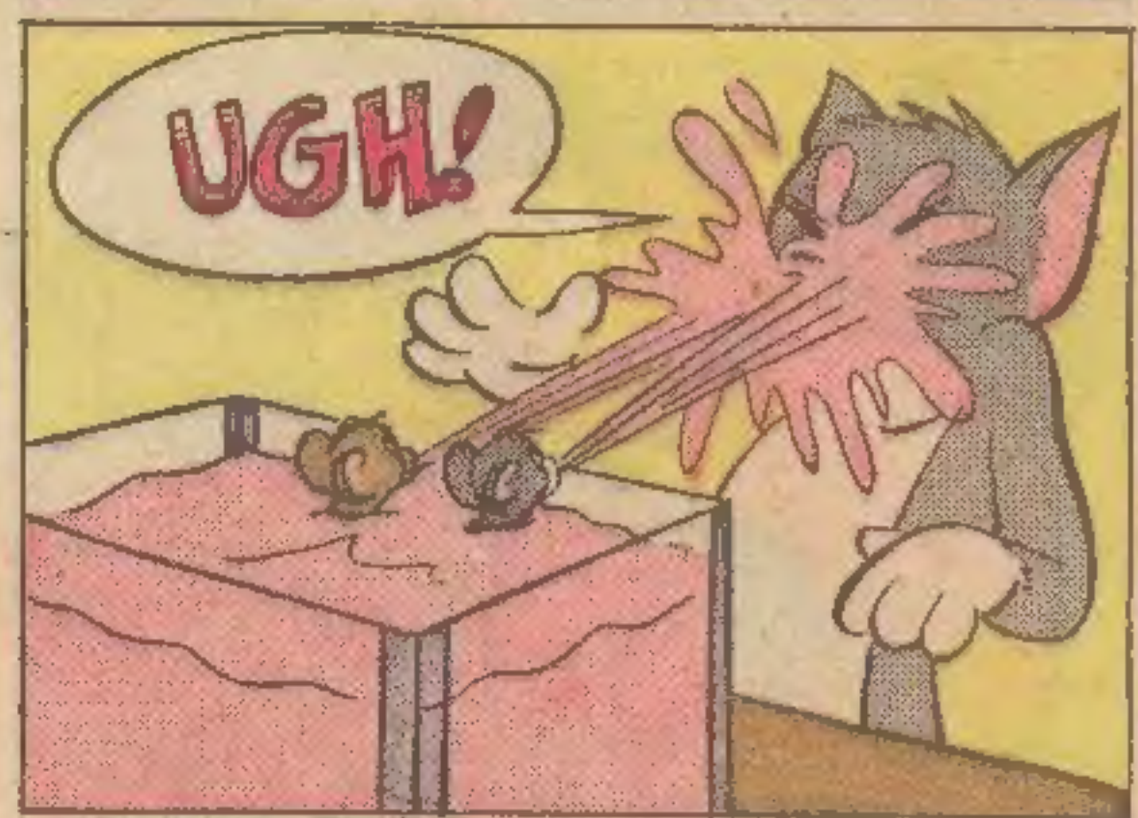
I COULD SCOOP 'EM OUT EASY ENOUGH- BUT I'D GET MY PAW WET!—THERE MUST BE AN EASY WAY!

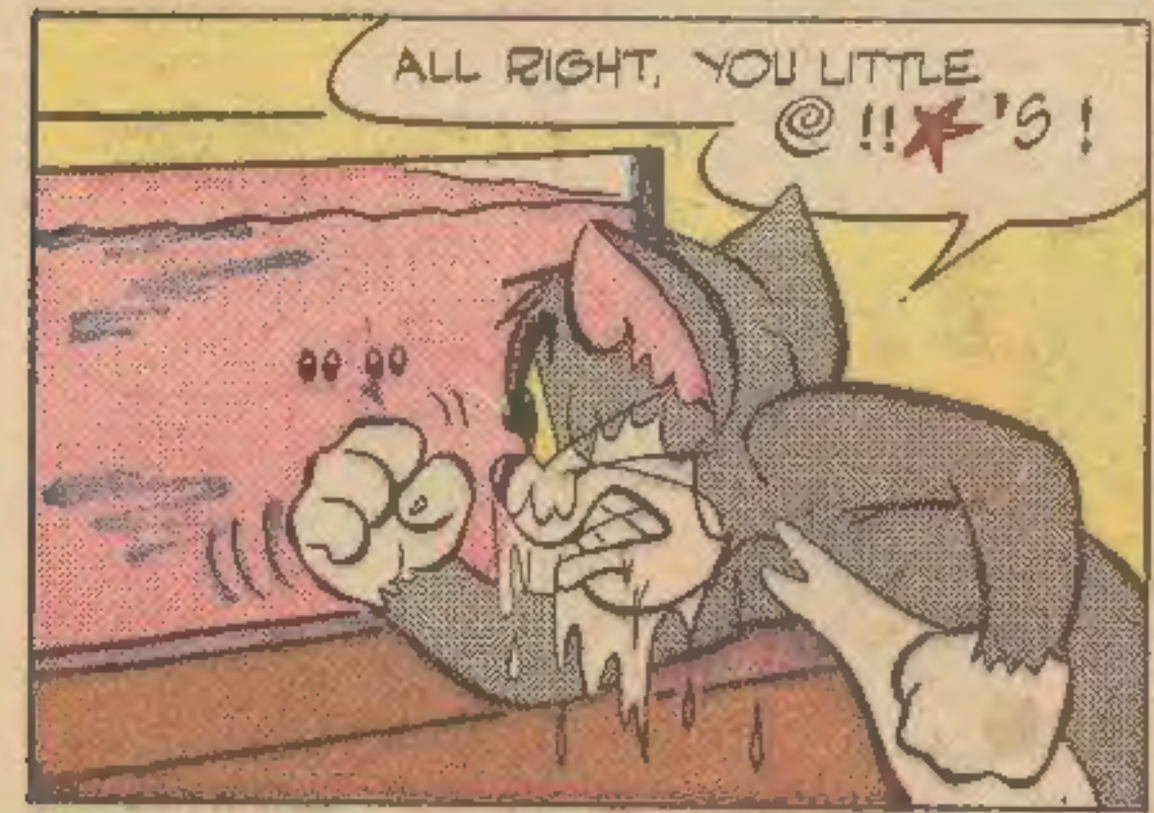

IF I HAD A STICK WITH CHEWING GUM ON THE END OF IT—NO, THAT WOULDN'T WORK--HMM--I THINK I GOT IT!

IF THIS DOESN'T BRING 'EM TO THE SURFACE, **NOTHING** WILL !
RED INK

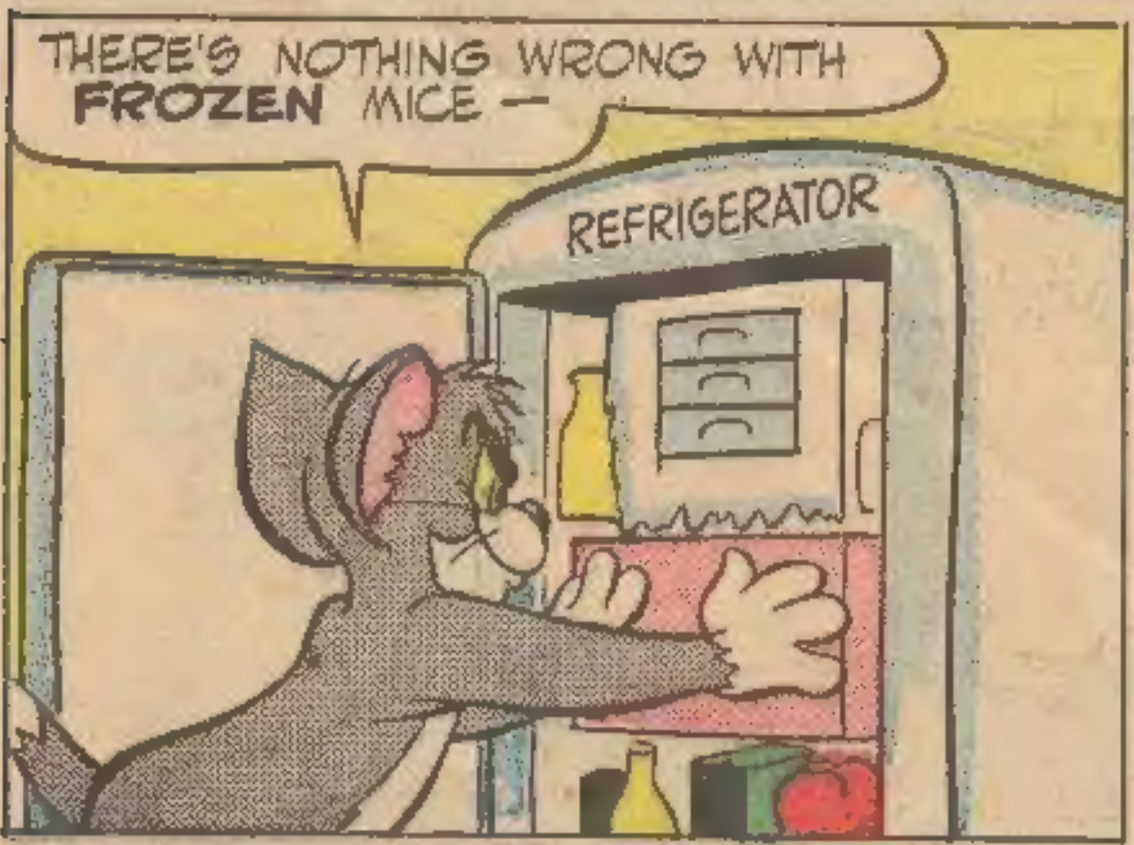

RED INK ? HEY, WHAT'S HE UP TO ?
I CAN GUESS !
RED INK

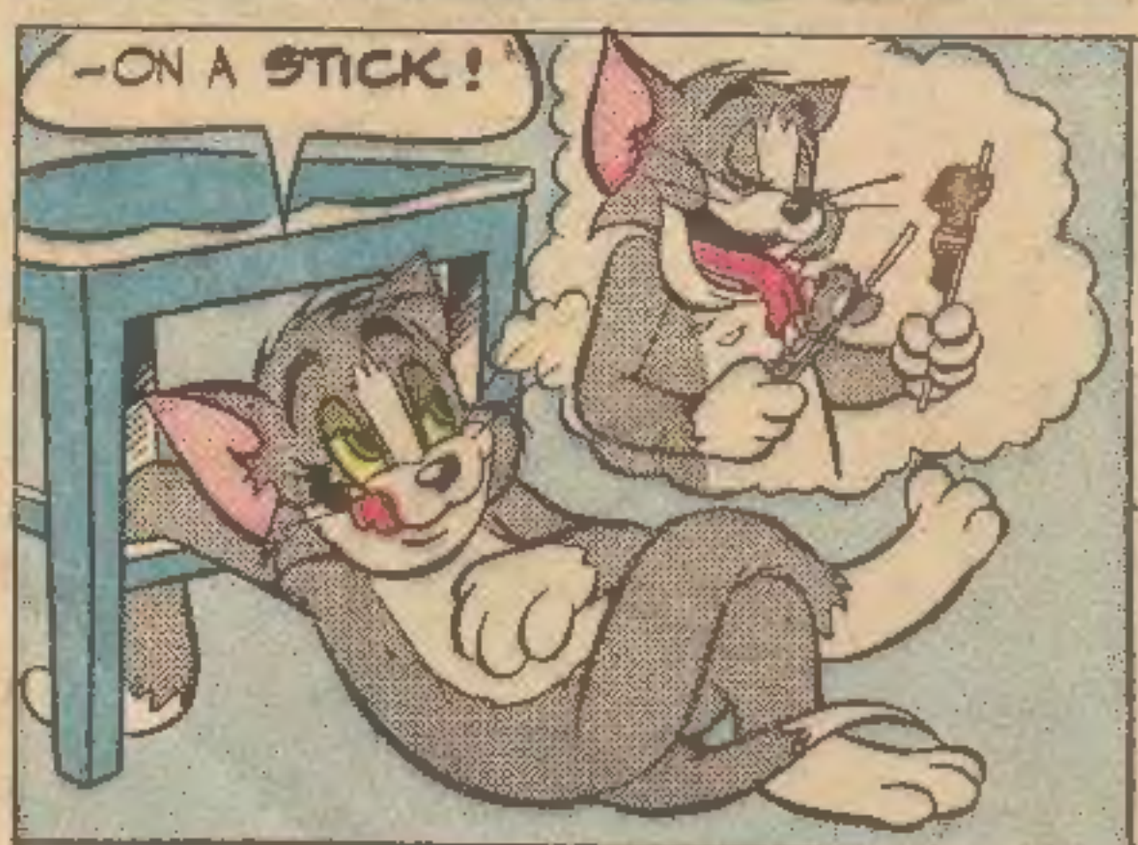
NOW WATCH 'EM POP UP LIKE CORKS !

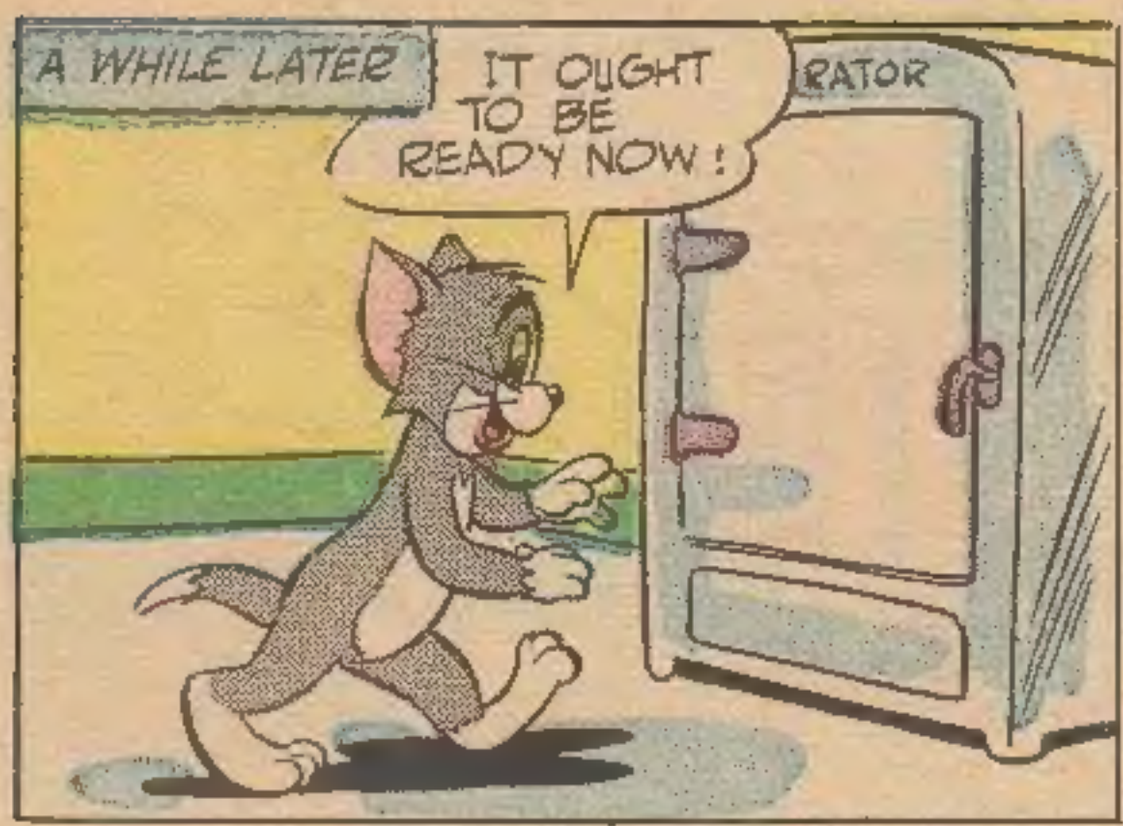

UGH!

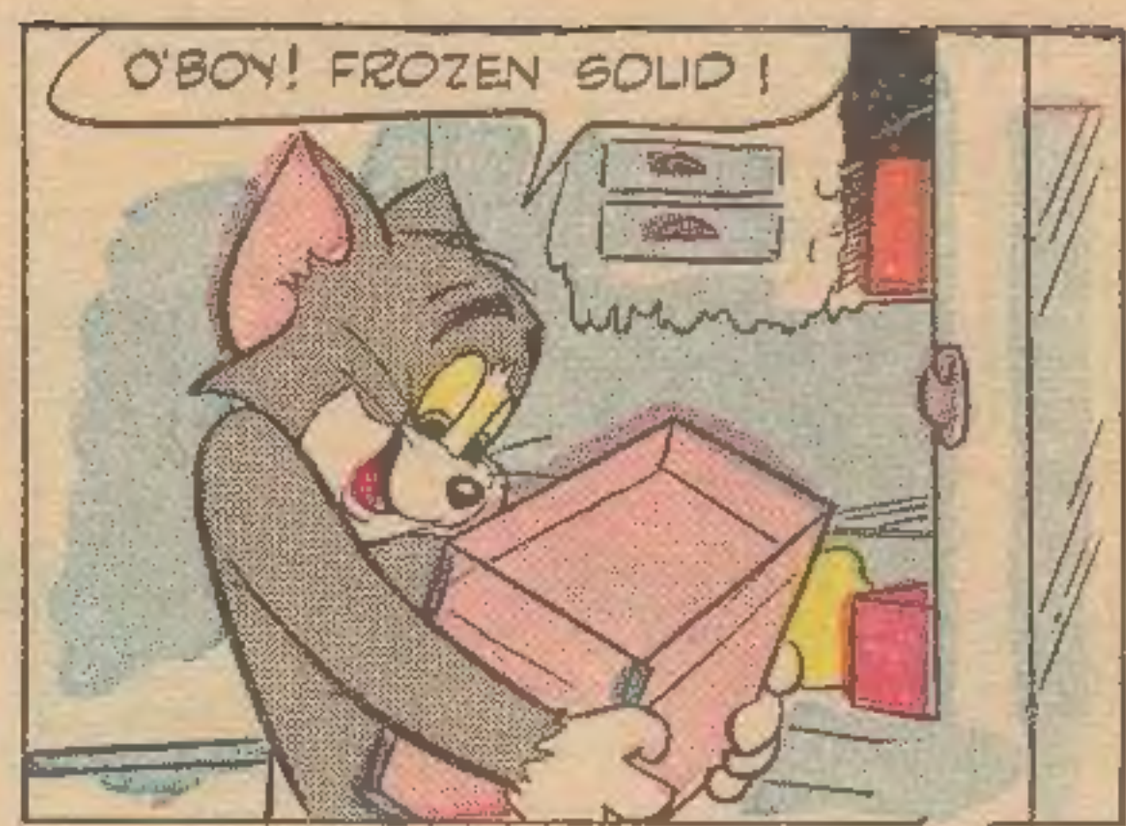

ALL RIGHT, YOU LITTLE @!!✱'S !

I SAID I'D GET 'EM OUT OF THIS THING WITHOUT WETTING A PAW— AND I'LL **DO** IT !


THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH **FROZEN** MICE —
REFRIGERATOR


—ON A **STICK** !

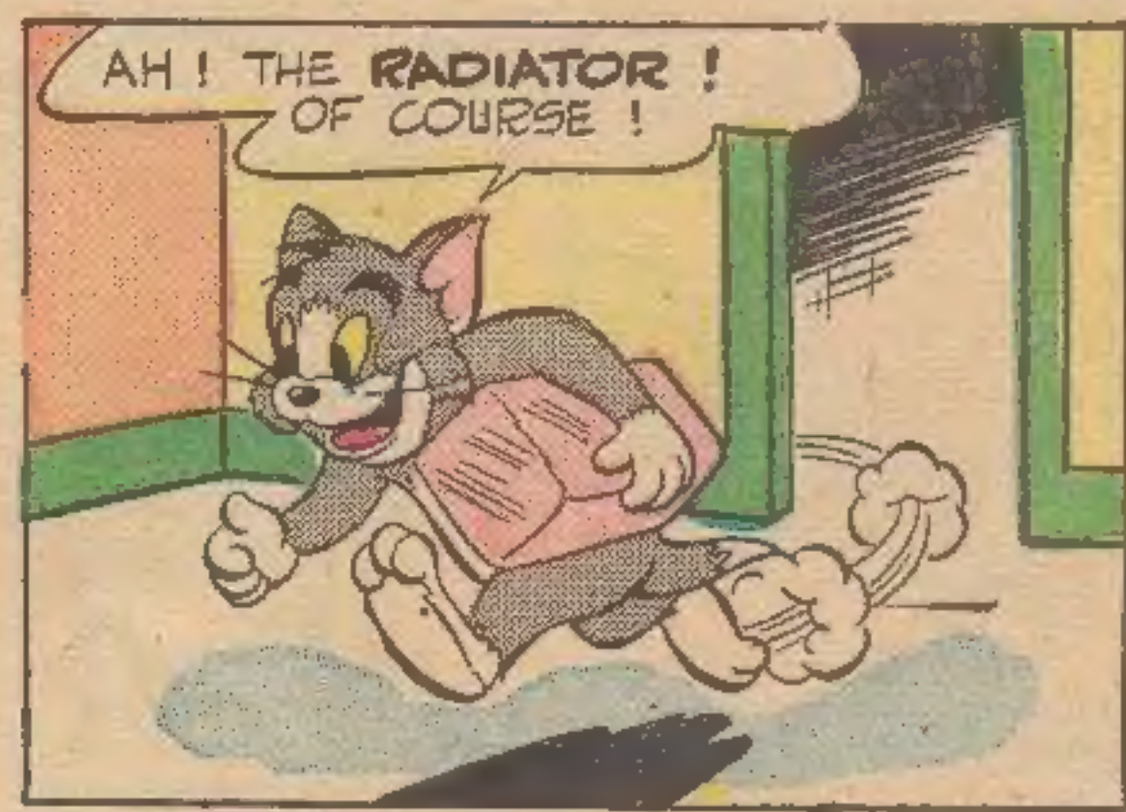

A WHILE LATER
IT OUGHT TO BE READY NOW!
RATOR

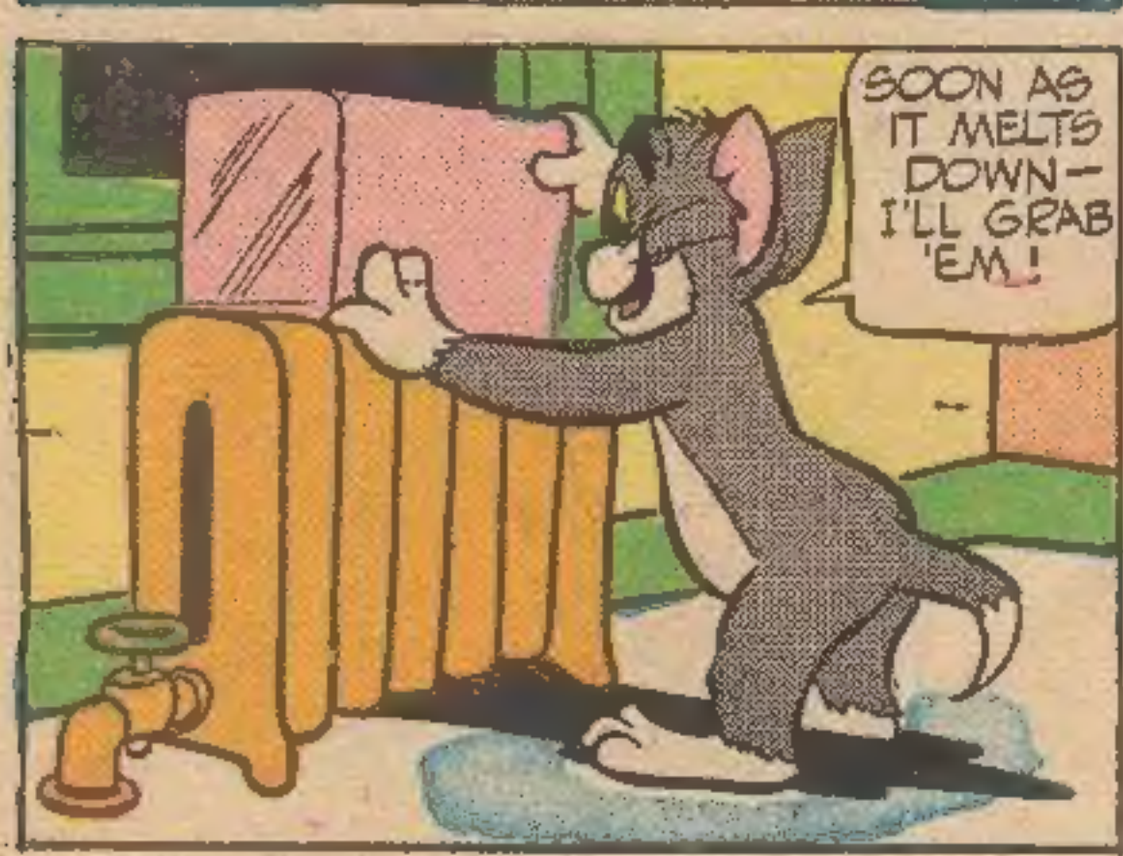

O'BOY! FROZEN SOLID!

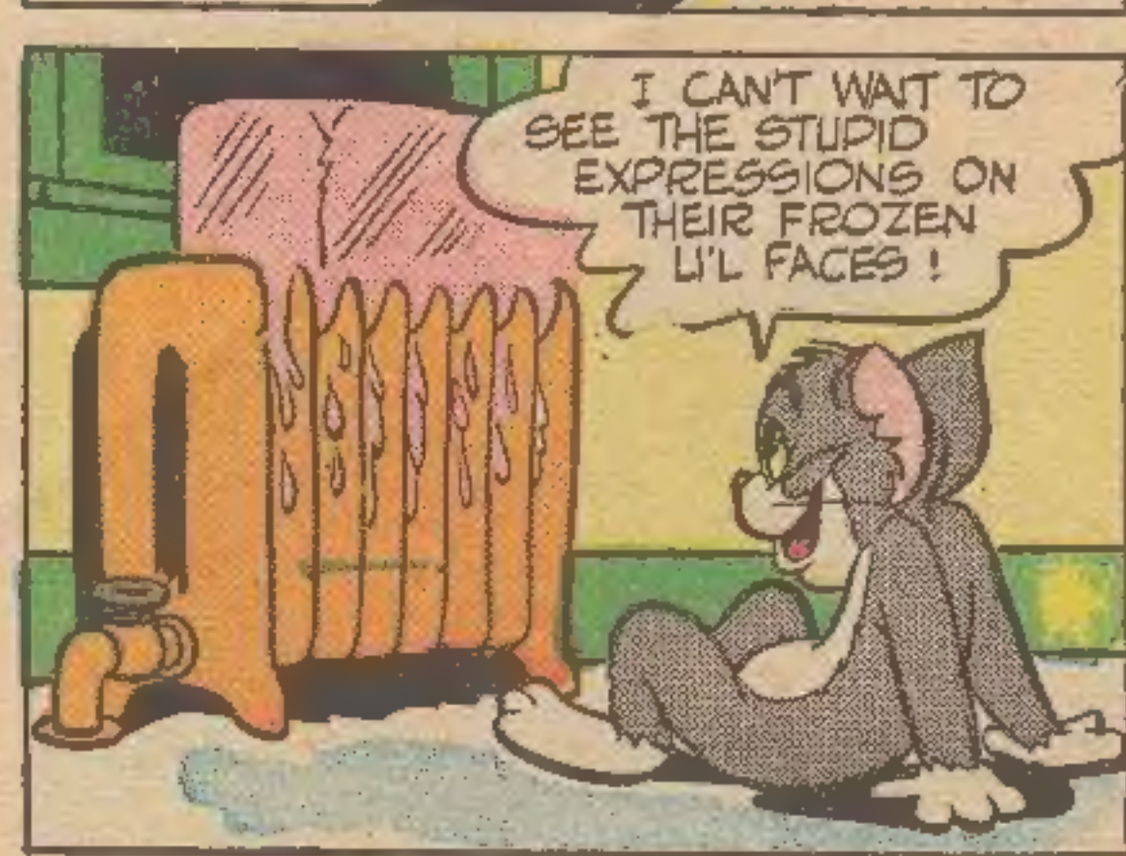
NOW, MY LUSCIOUS LITTLE FRIENDS –
REFRIGERATOR
KLUNK

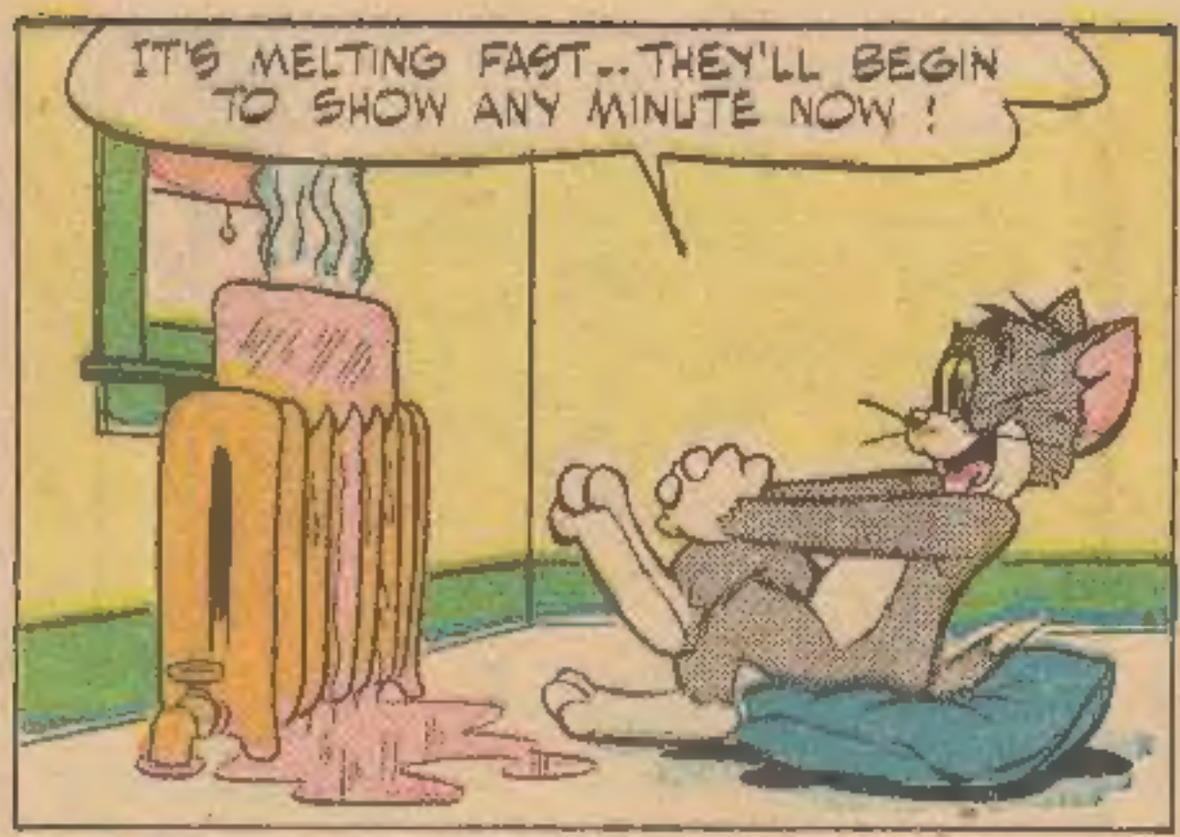
LET'S SEE YOU E CAPE FROM THIS C E OF ICE!

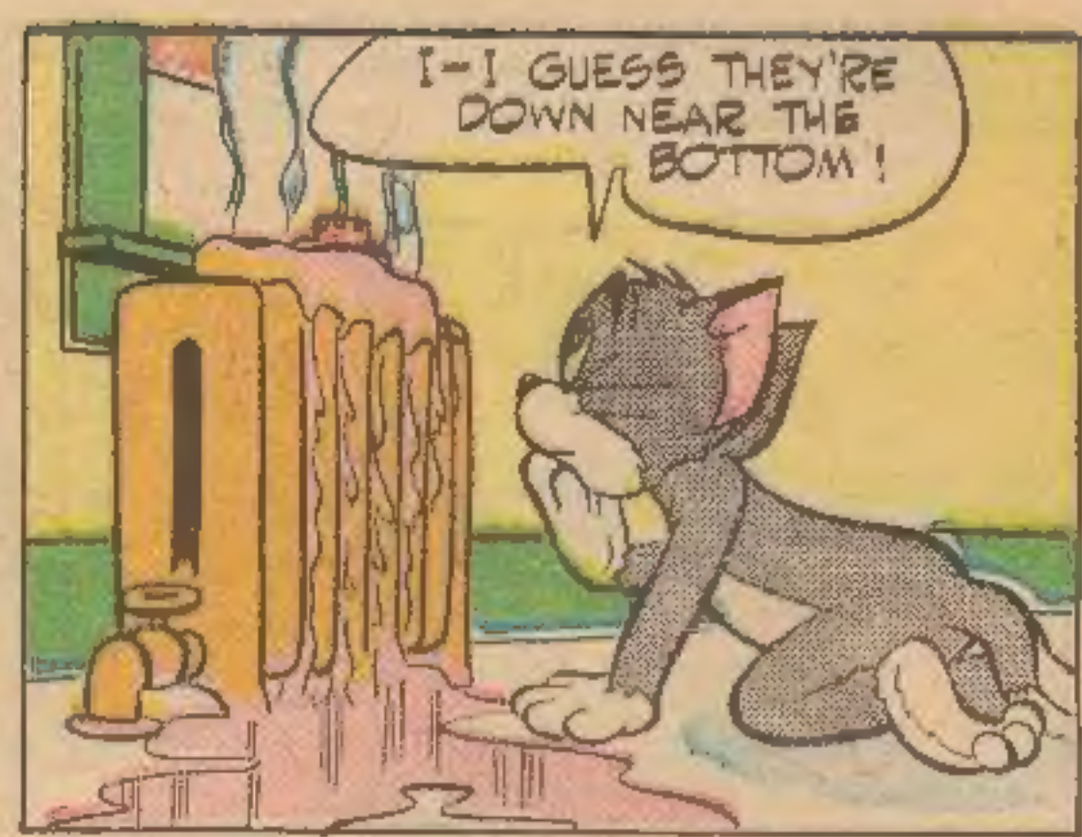
I'VE GOT ONE MORE PROBLEM–A MINOR ONE OF COURSE– BUT I'VE GOT TO FIGURE A WAY TO GET 'EM OUT OF THIS CAKE OF ICE!


AH! THE RADIATOR! OF COURSE!

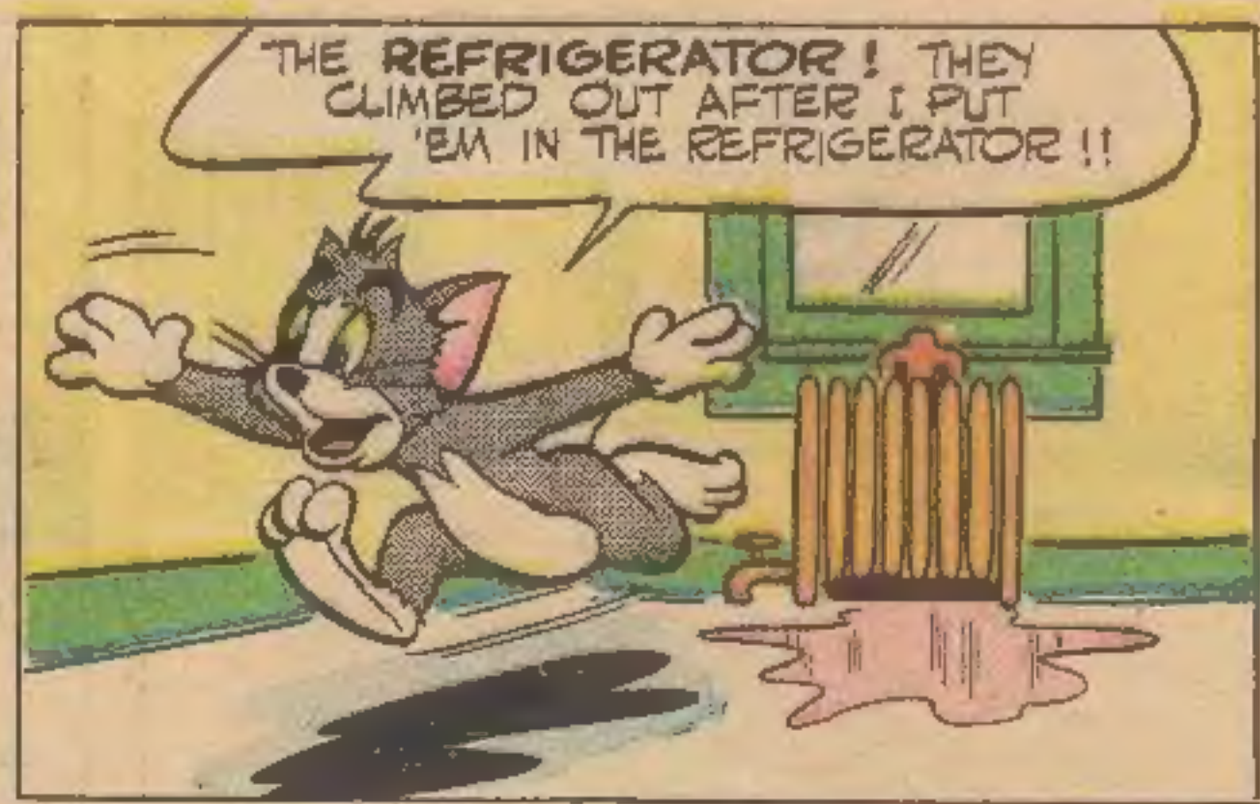

SOON AS IT MELTS DOWN– I'LL GRAB 'EM!

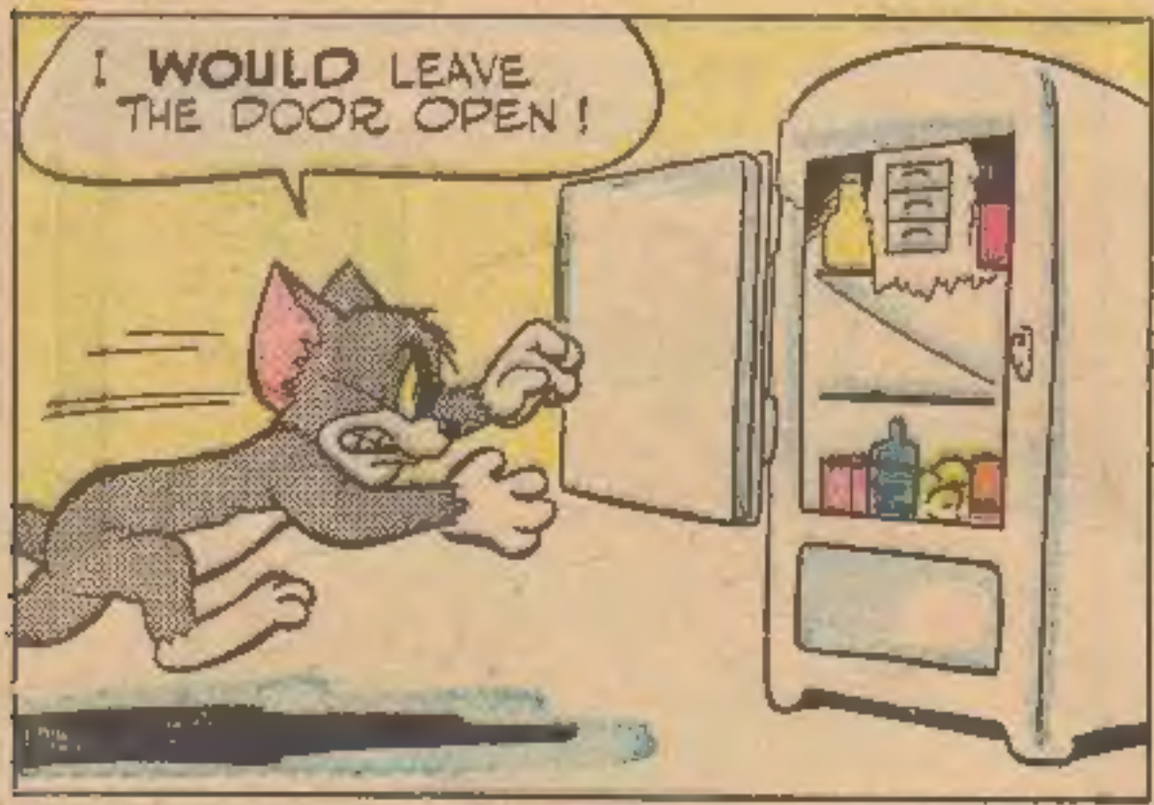

I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE STUPID EXPRESSIONS ON THEIR FROZEN LI'L FACES!


IT'S MELTING FAST.. THEY'LL BEGIN TO SHOW ANY MINUTE NOW !


I-I GUESS THEY'RE DOWN NEAR THE BOTTOM !

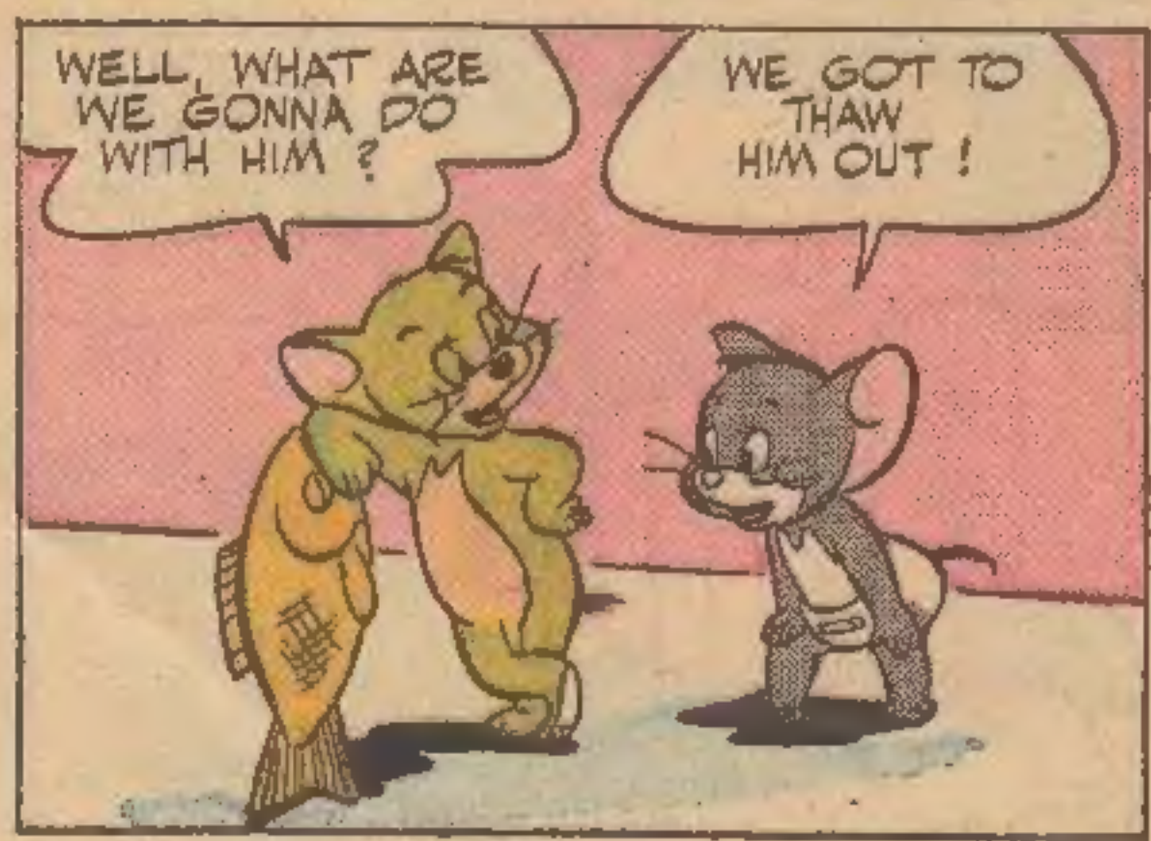
TH-THEY'RE NOT THERE ! THEY WEREN'T THERE ALL ALONG !

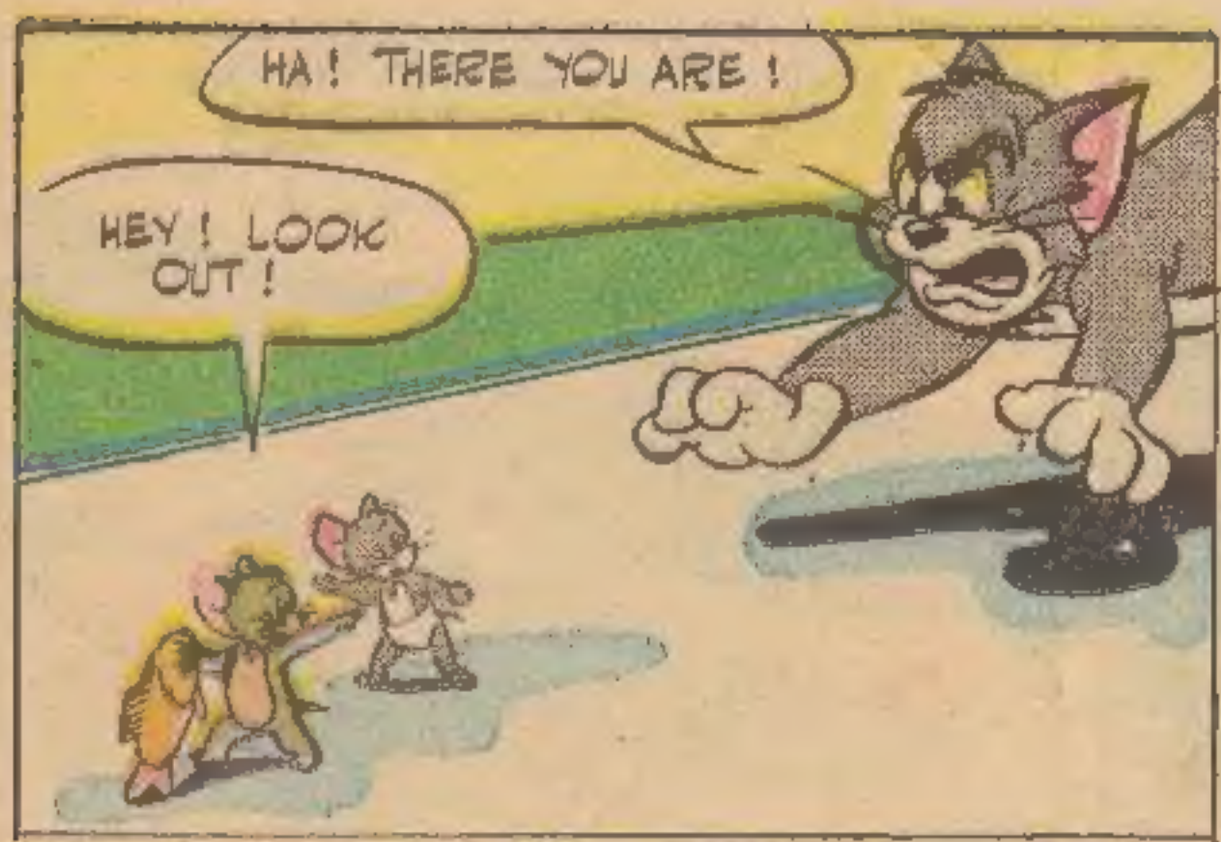

THE REFRIGERATOR ! THEY CLIMBED OUT AFTER I PUT 'EM IN THE REFRIGERATOR !!

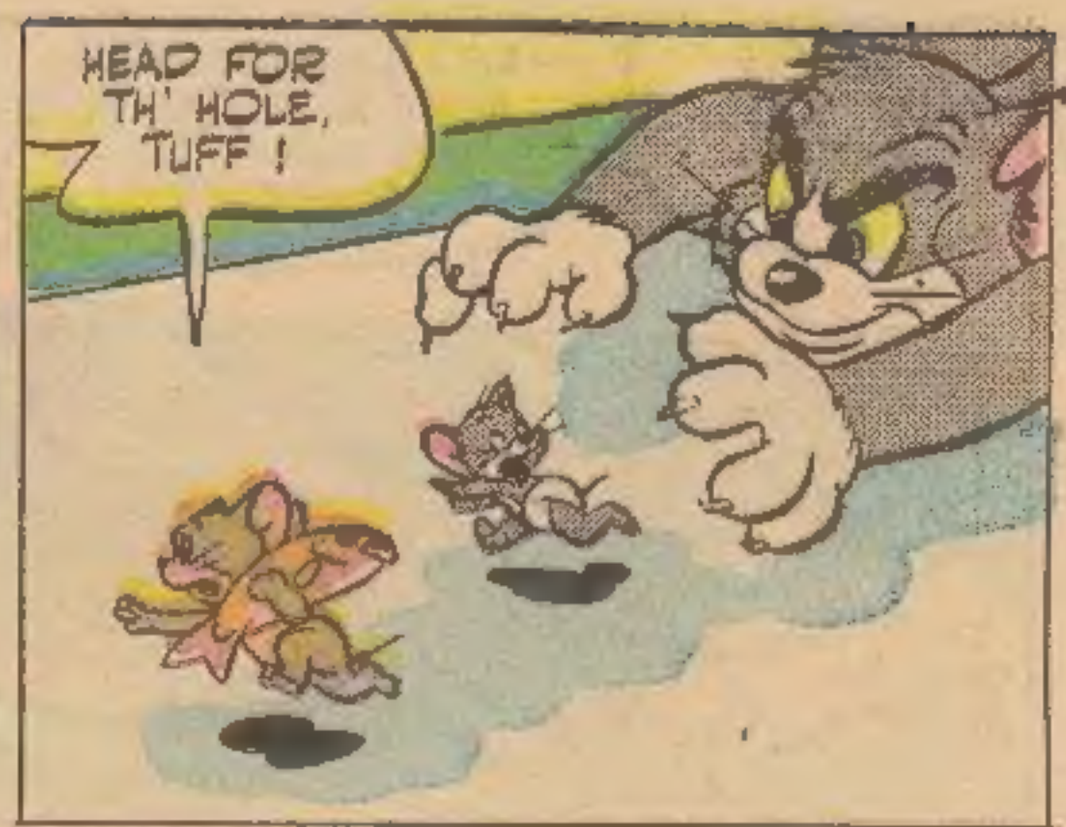

I WOULD LEAVE THE DOOR OPEN !

@!!★ THEY'RE GONE !

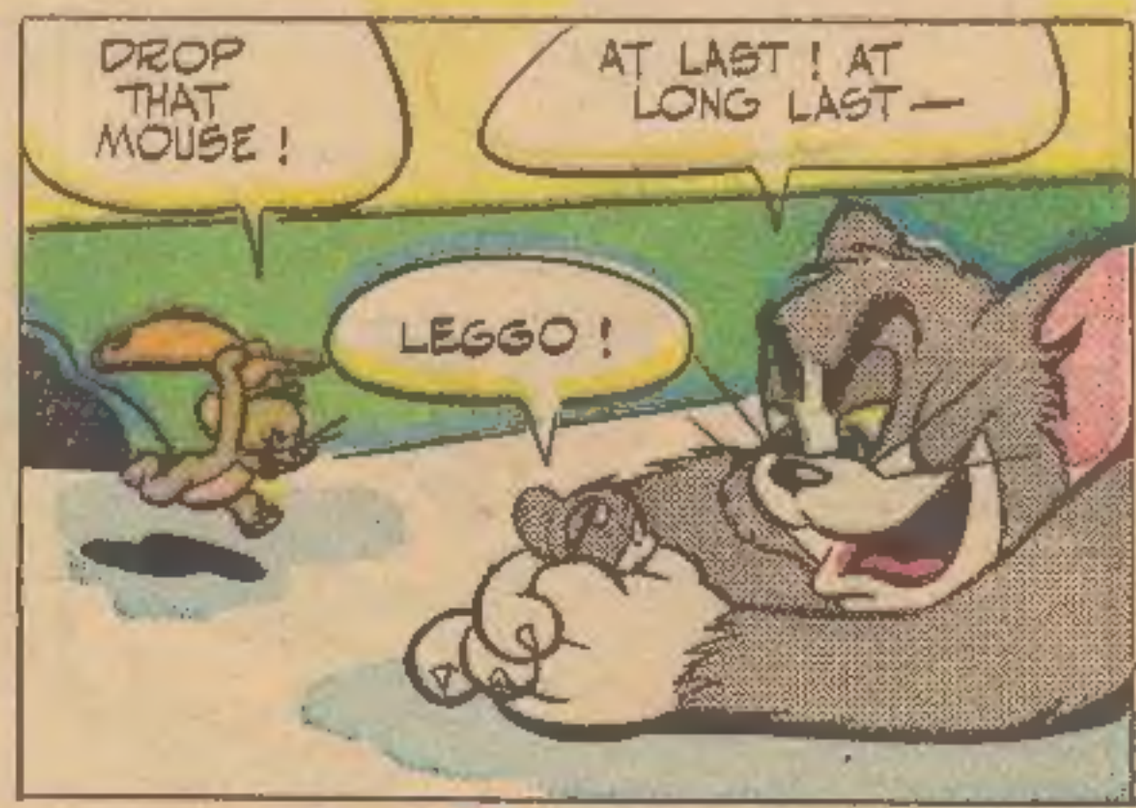
GOSH, THIS POOR FISH IS STIFF AS A BOARD !
WELL, IF WE HADN'T RUN AROUND THAT MILK BOTTLE 963 TIMES, WE'D BE FROZEN STIFF TOO !


WELL, WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO WITH HIM ?
WE GOT TO THAW HIM OUT !

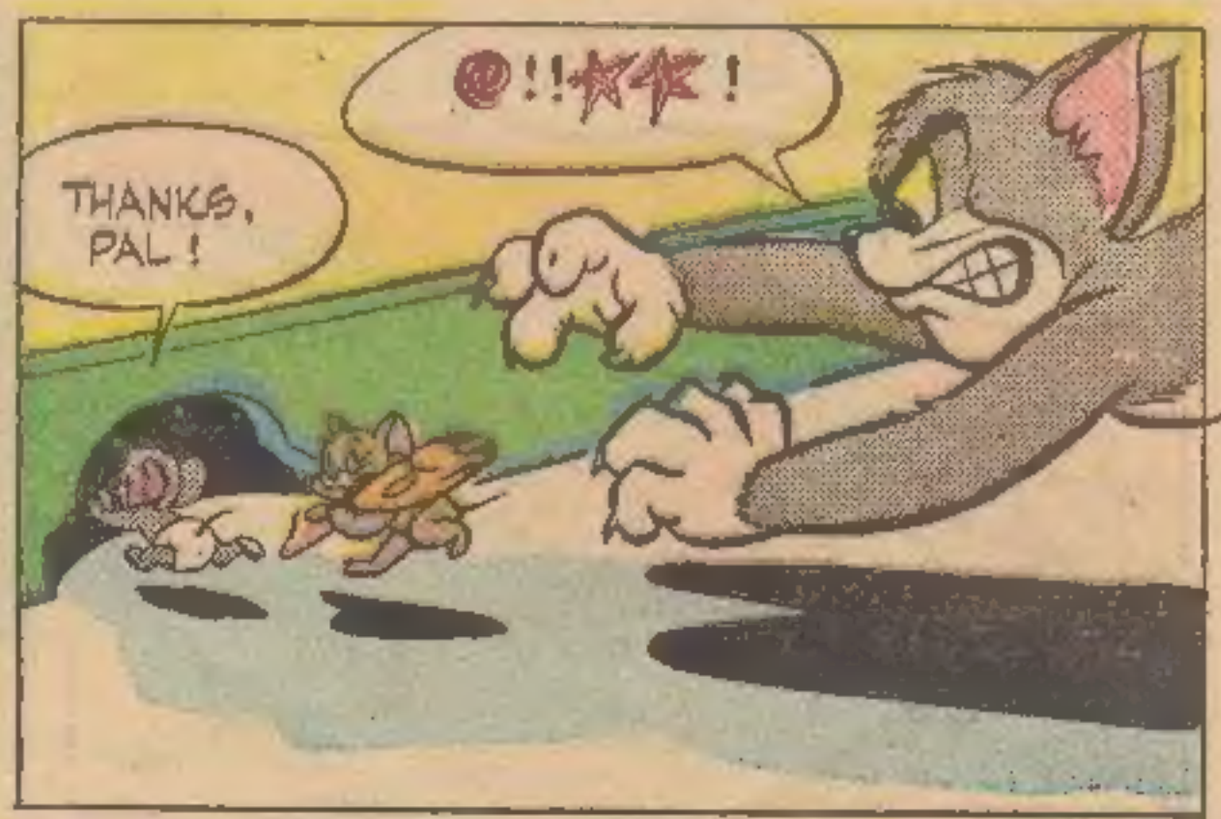

HA! THERE YOU ARE!
HEY! LOOK OUT!


HEAD FOR TH' HOLE, TUFF!

GOTCHA!
HELP, JERRY!

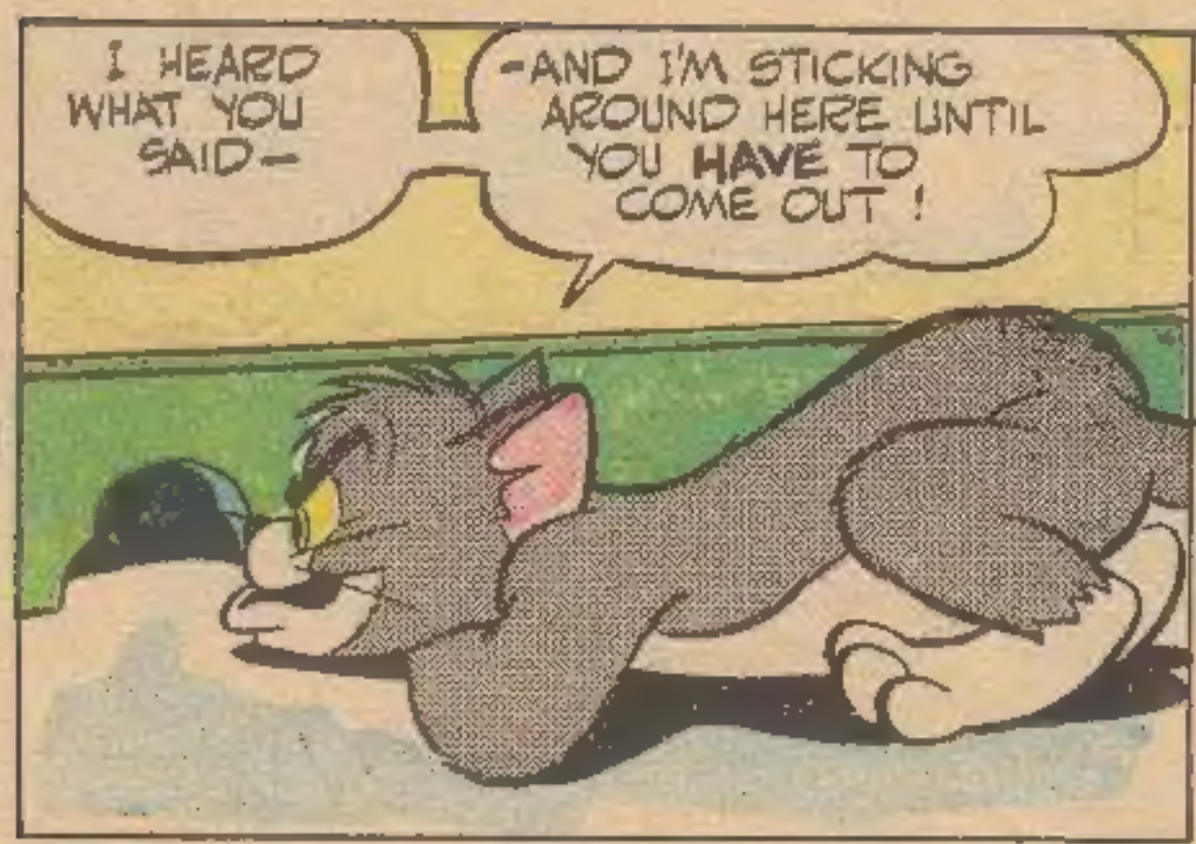

DROP THAT MOUSE!
AT LAST! AT LONG LAST—
LEGGO!

WAP!
OW!

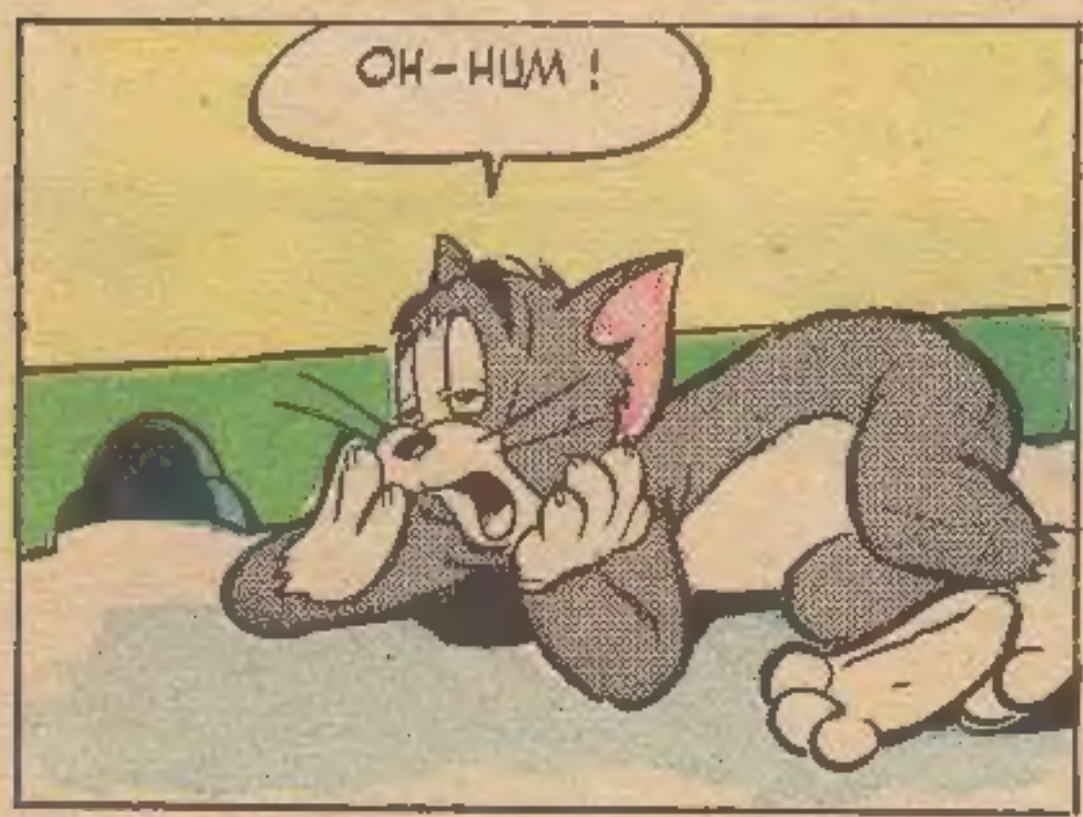

THANKS, PAL!
@!!*&*!

PERCY TH' PERCH HERE MAKES A GOOD WEAPON!
BRRRRAH!

HEY, WE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE SO WE CAN THAW THIS GUY OUT!
HOW C'N WE GET PAST THAT BIG HUNGRY BOOB OUT THERE?

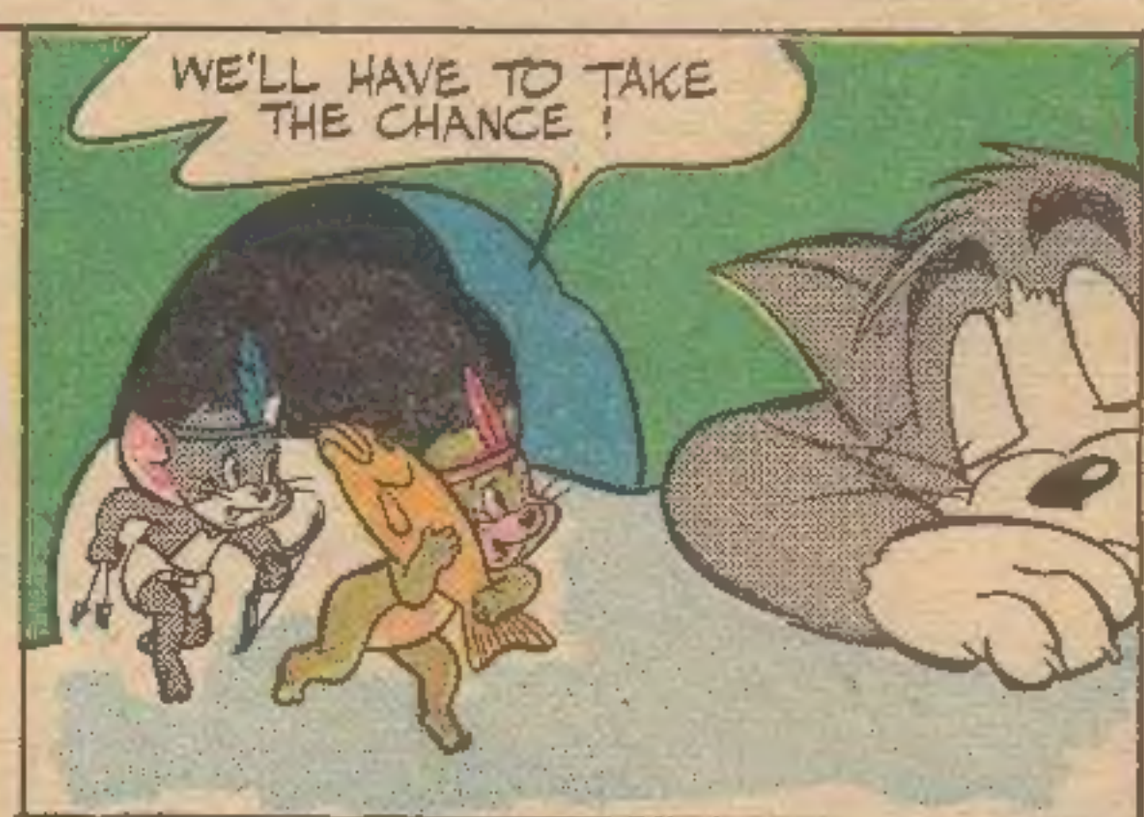

I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID—
—AND I'M STICKING AROUND HERE UNTIL YOU **HAVE** TO COME OUT !

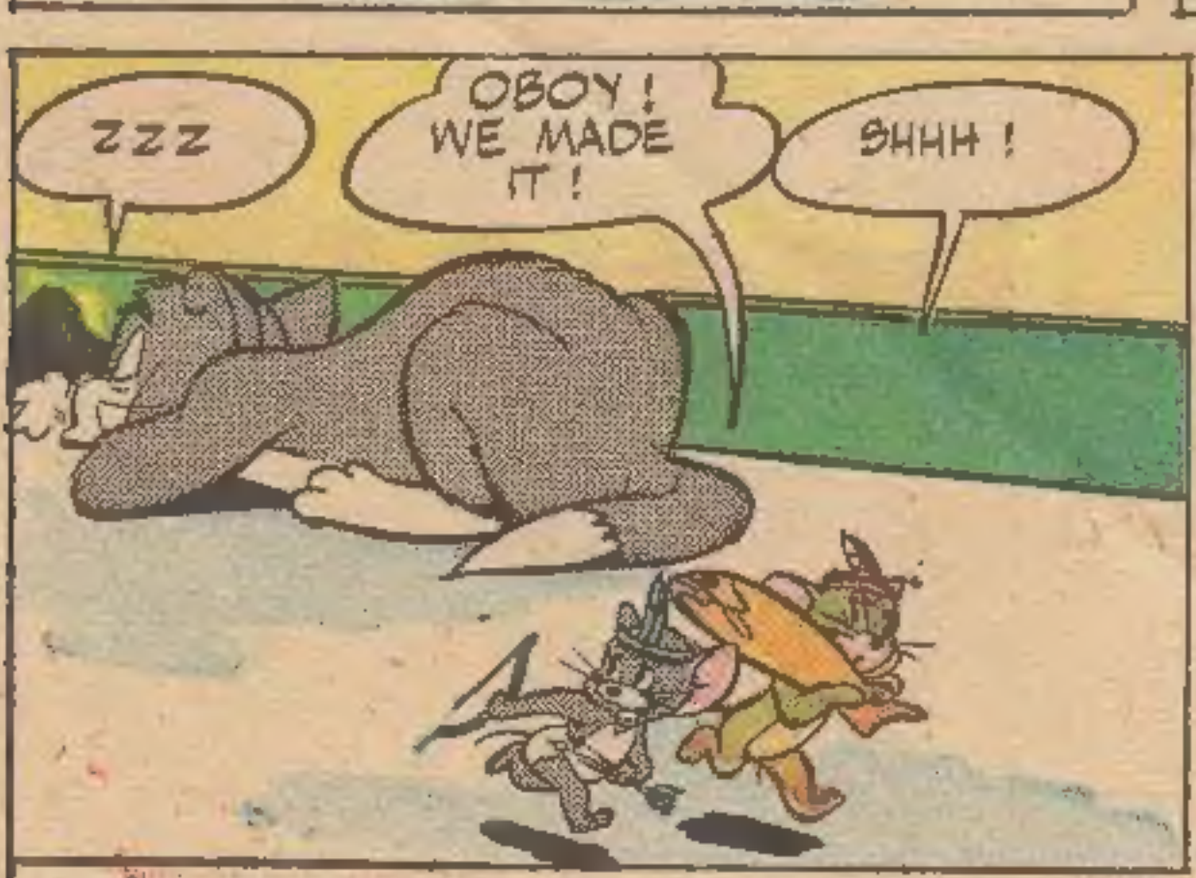
I MAY NOT HAVE ANY BRAINS, BUT I GOT **PATIENCE** !

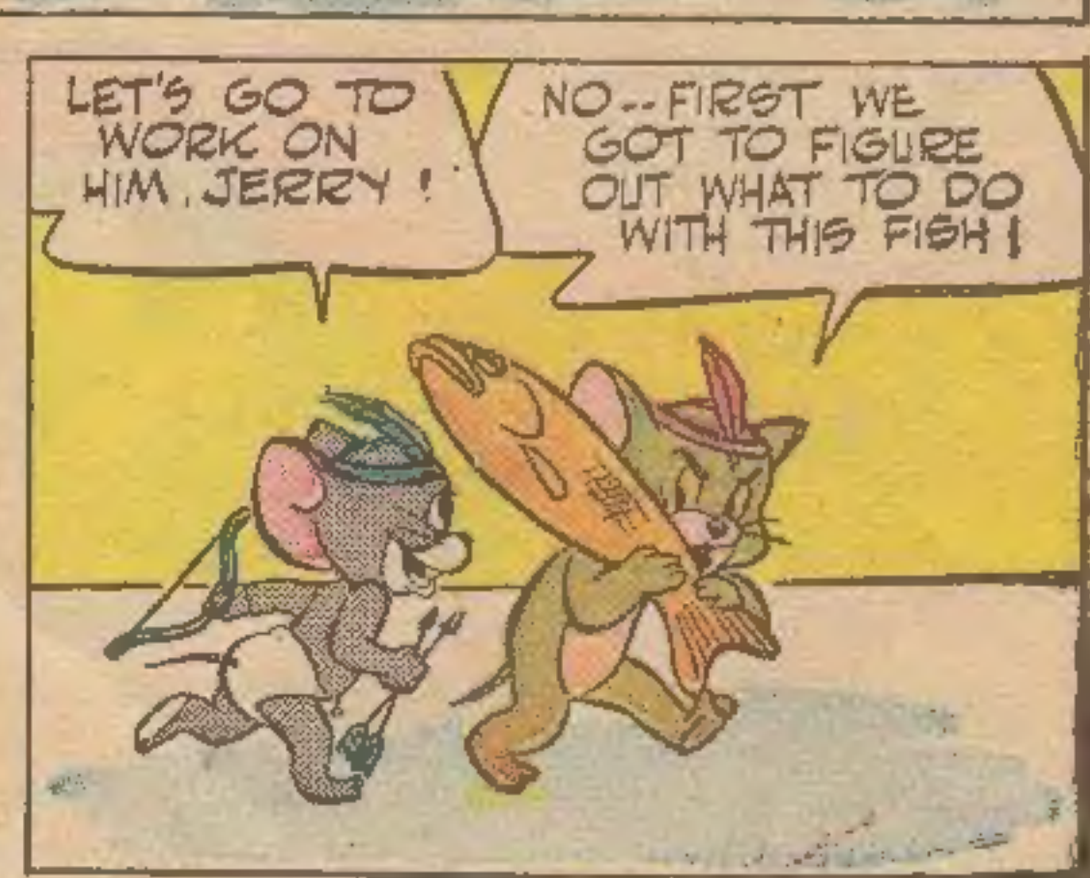

OH-HUM !

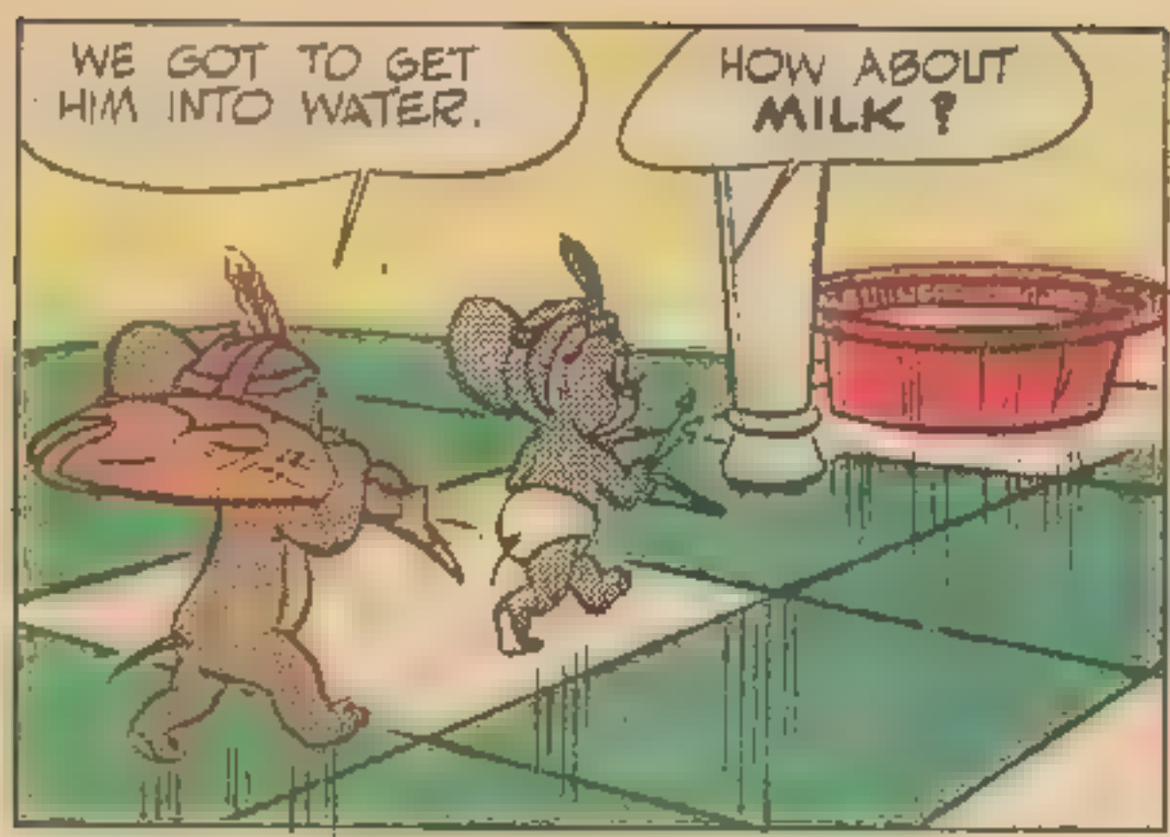
ZZZ
ZZ
Z
?

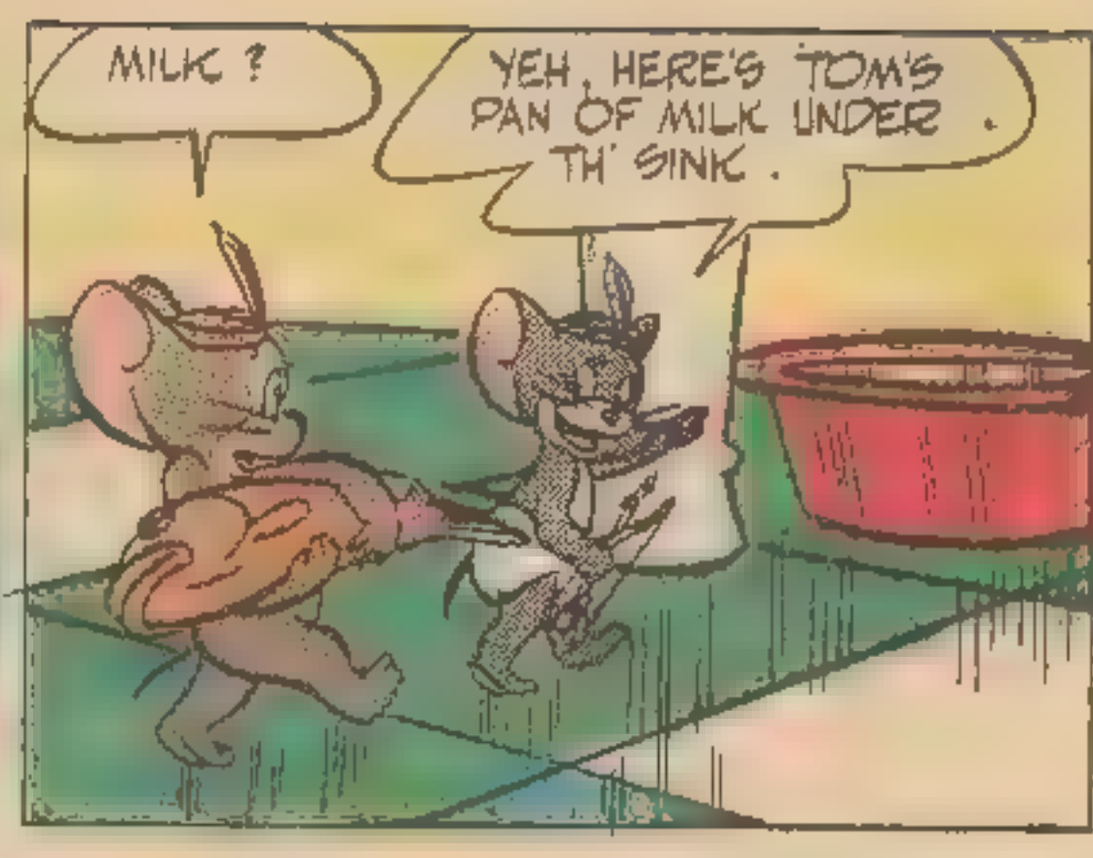
HE'S FAST ASLEEP--LET'S GO !
HE MAY BE FAKING !
ZZ

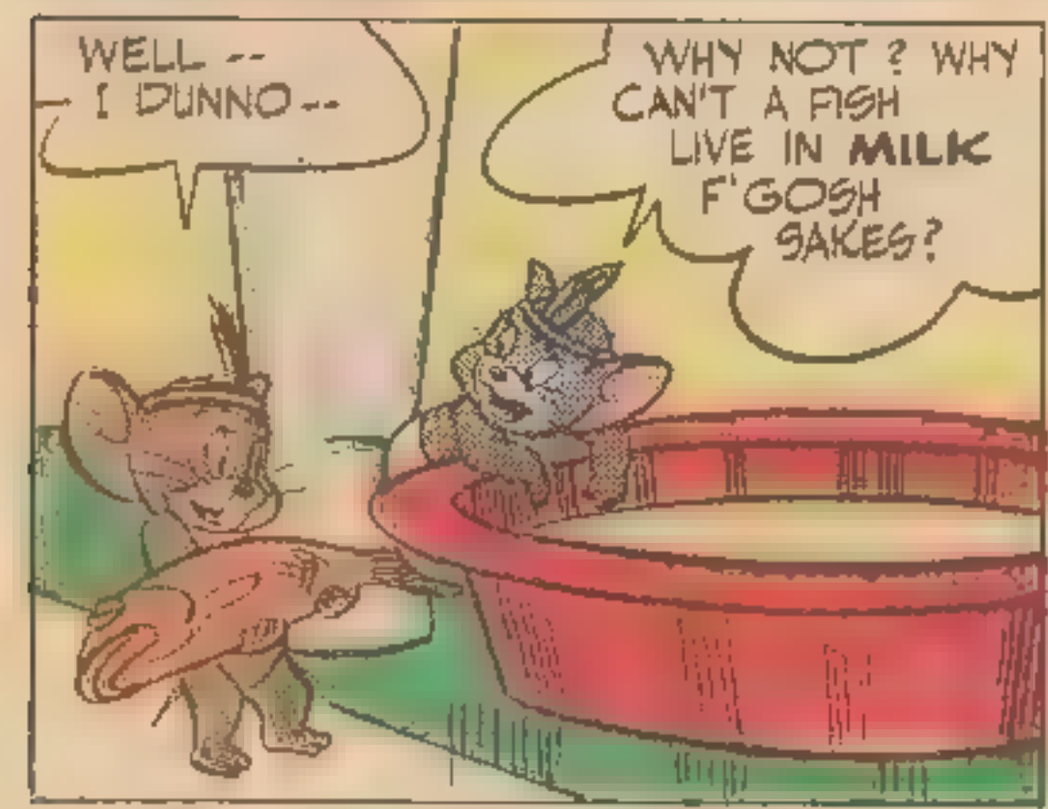

WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE CHANCE !

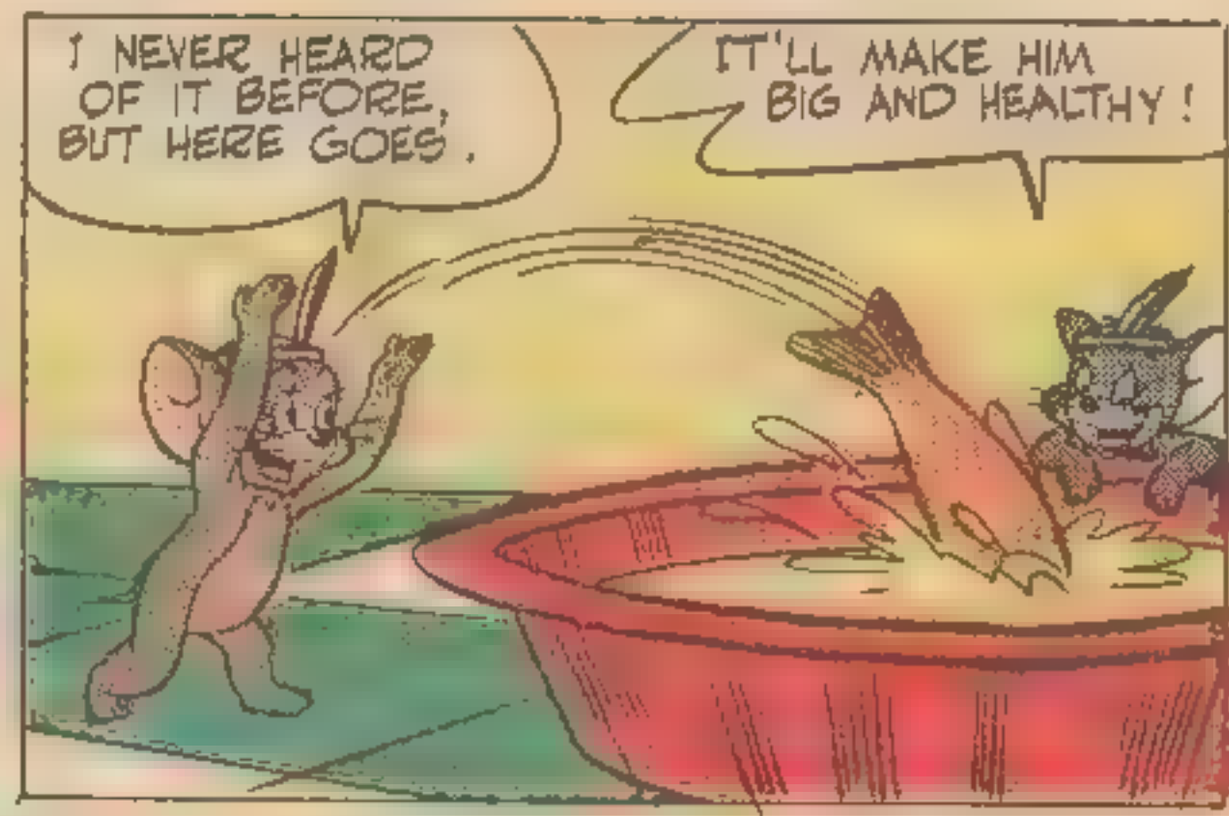

ZZZ
OBOY ! WE MADE IT !
SHHH !

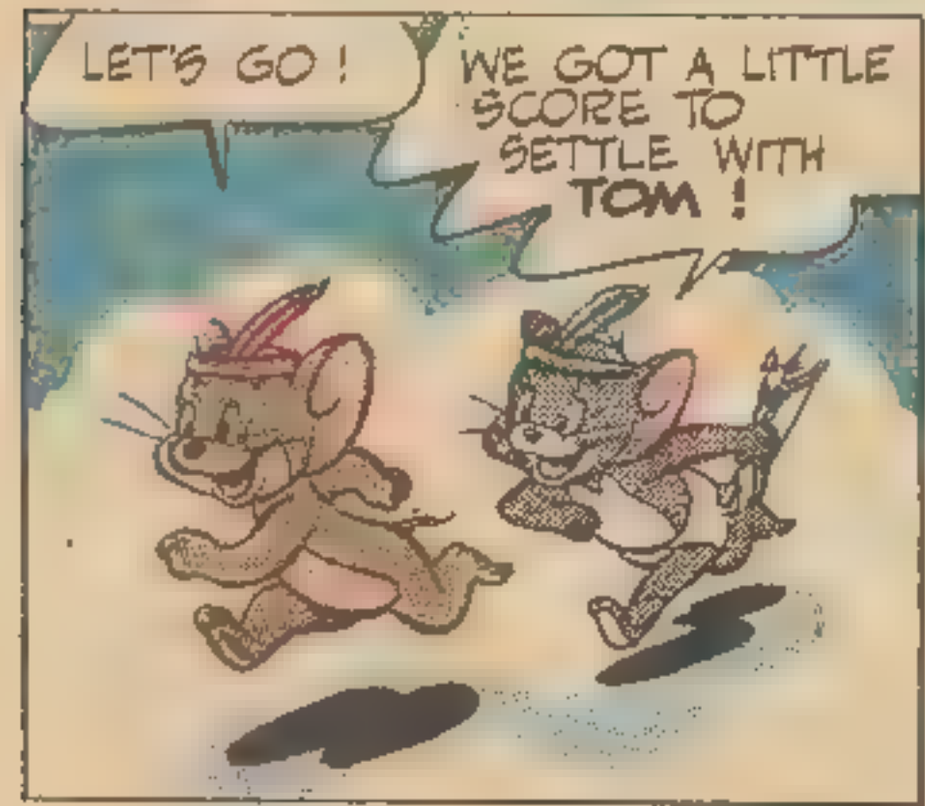

LET'S GO TO WORK ON HIM, JERRY !
NO--FIRST WE GOT TO FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO WITH THIS FISH !

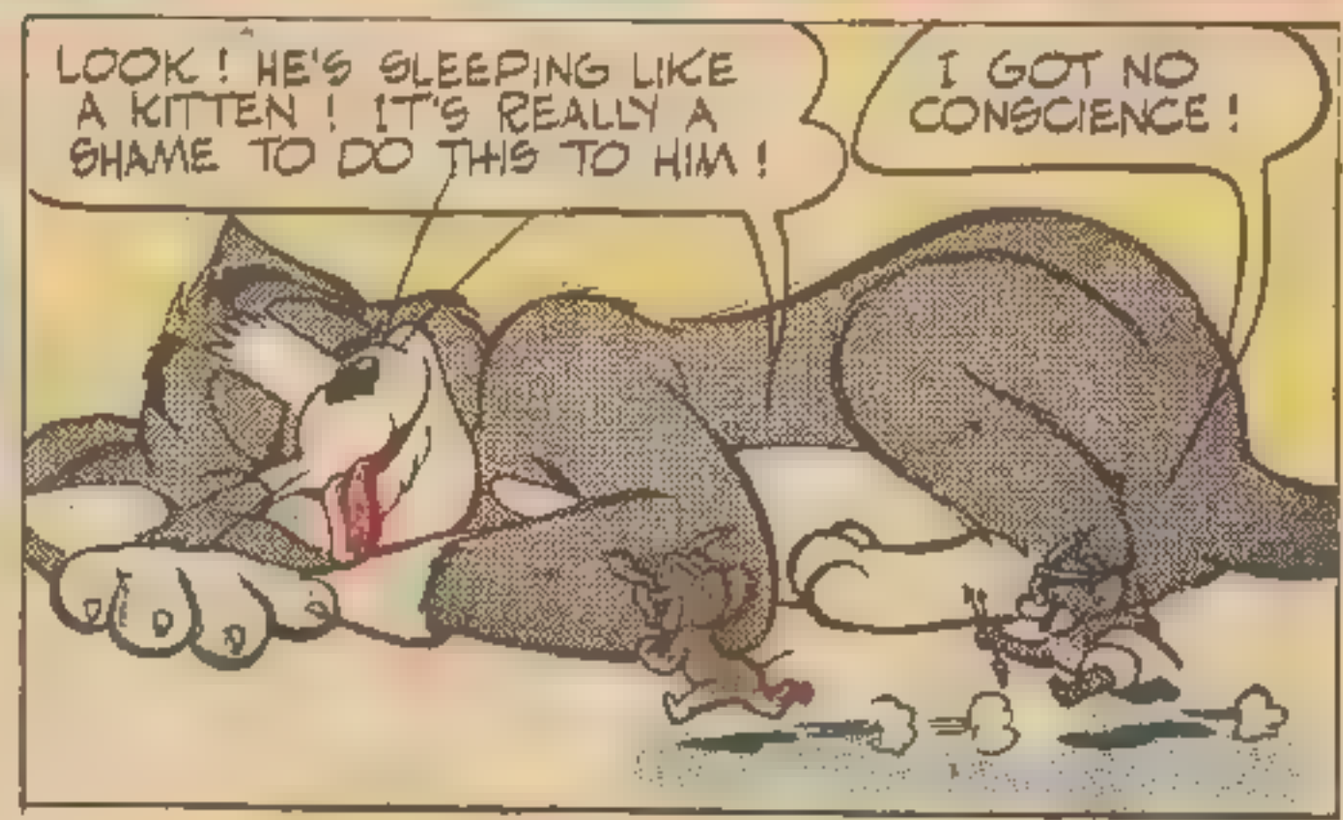

WE GOT TO GET HIM INTO WATER.
HOW ABOUT MILK ?

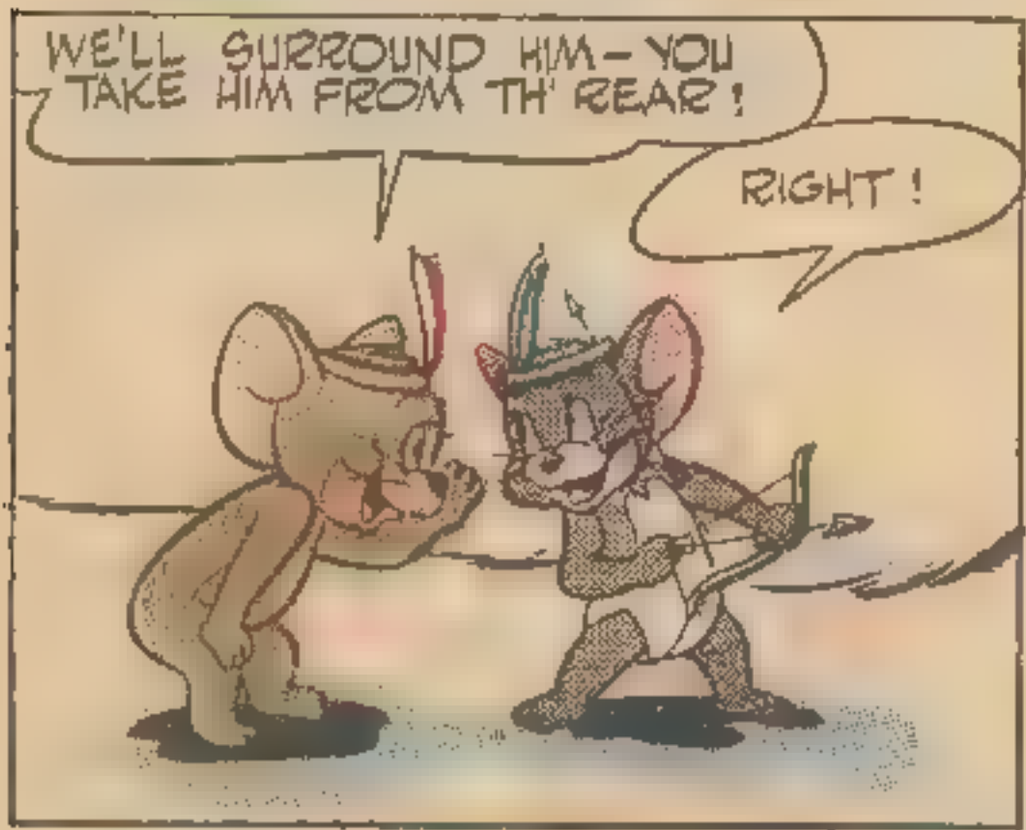

MILK ?
YEH, HERE'S TOM'S PAN OF MILK UNDER TH' SINK.

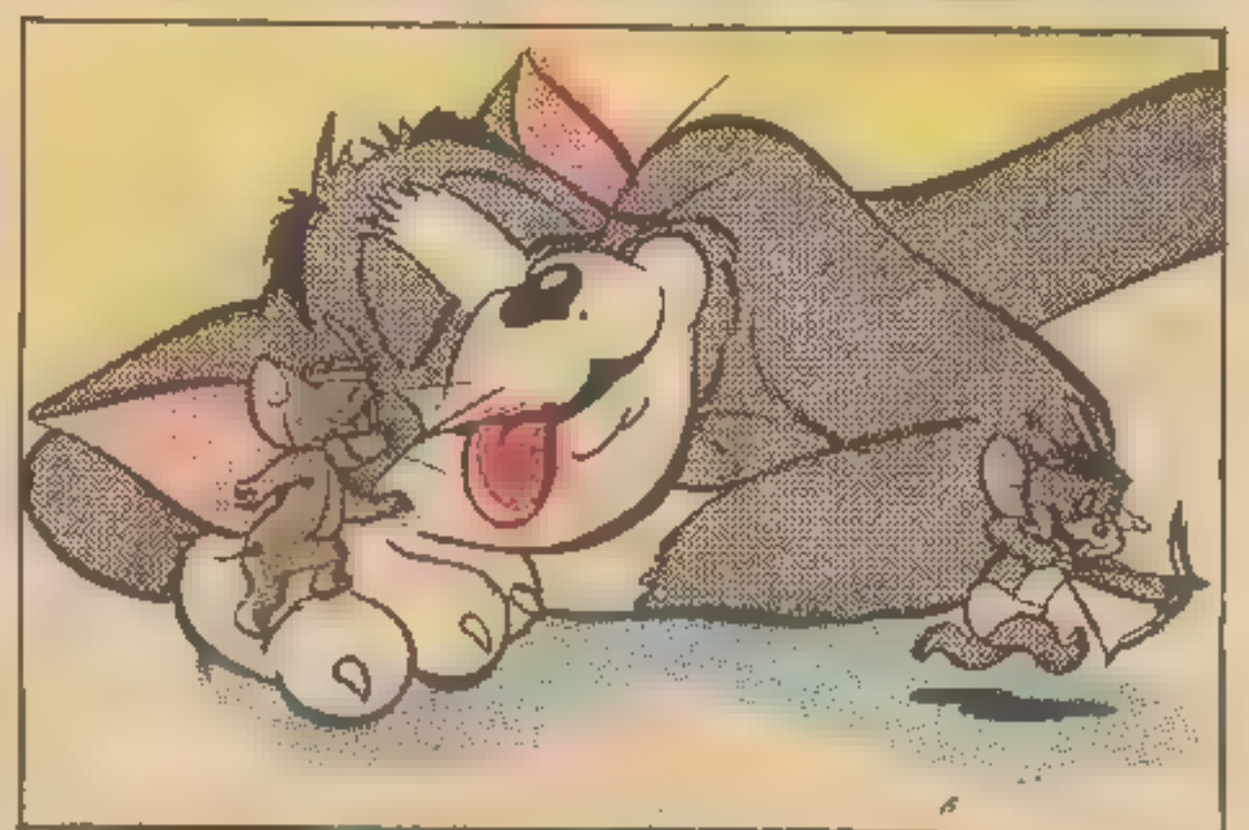

WELL -- I DUNNO --
WHY NOT ? WHY CAN'T A FISH LIVE IN MILK F'GOSH SAKES?

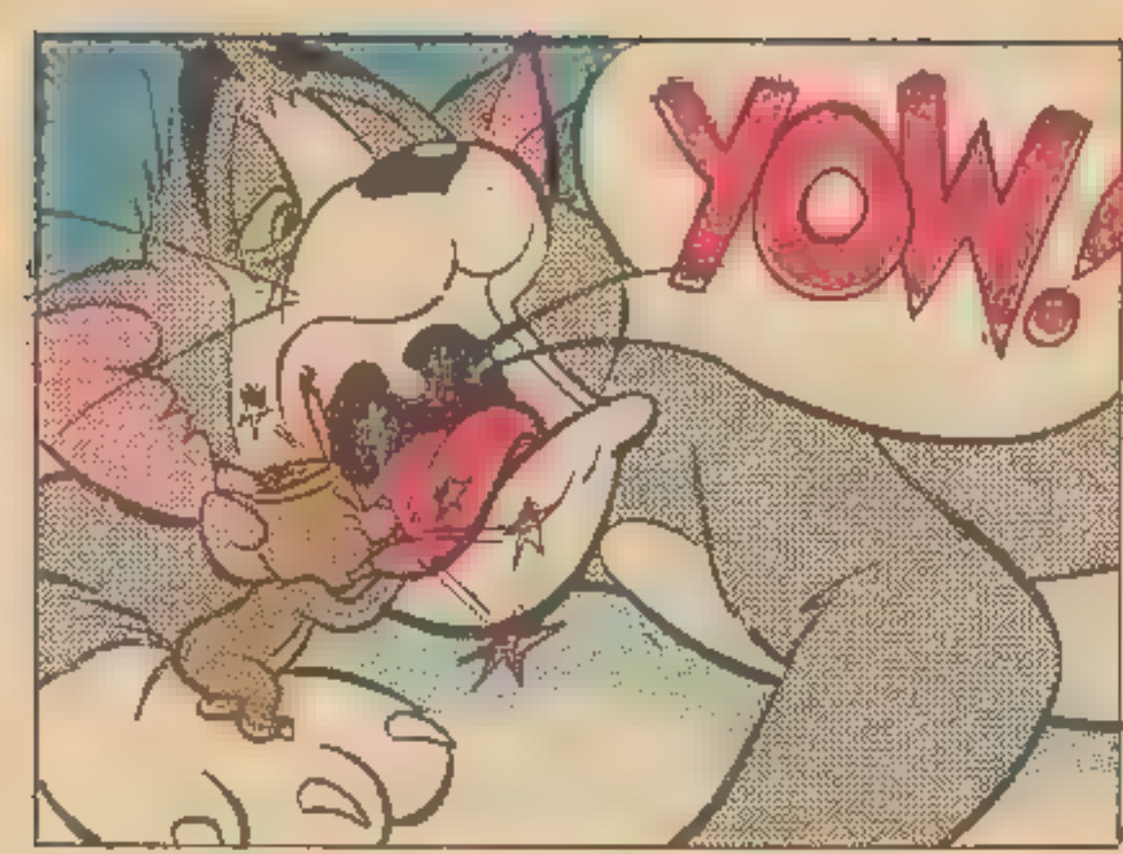

I NEVER HEARD OF IT BEFORE, BUT HERE GOES.
IT'LL MAKE HIM BIG AND HEALTHY !

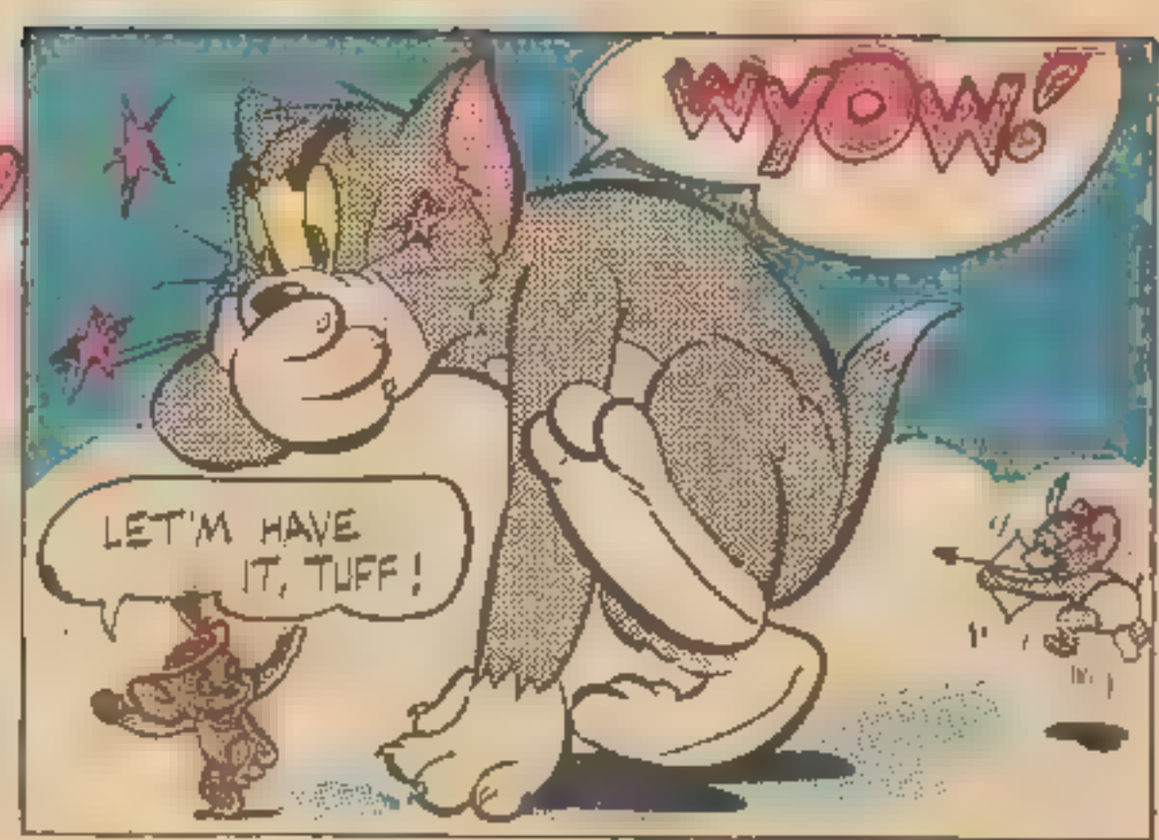

LET'S GO !
WE GOT A LITTLE SCORE TO SETTLE WITH TOM !

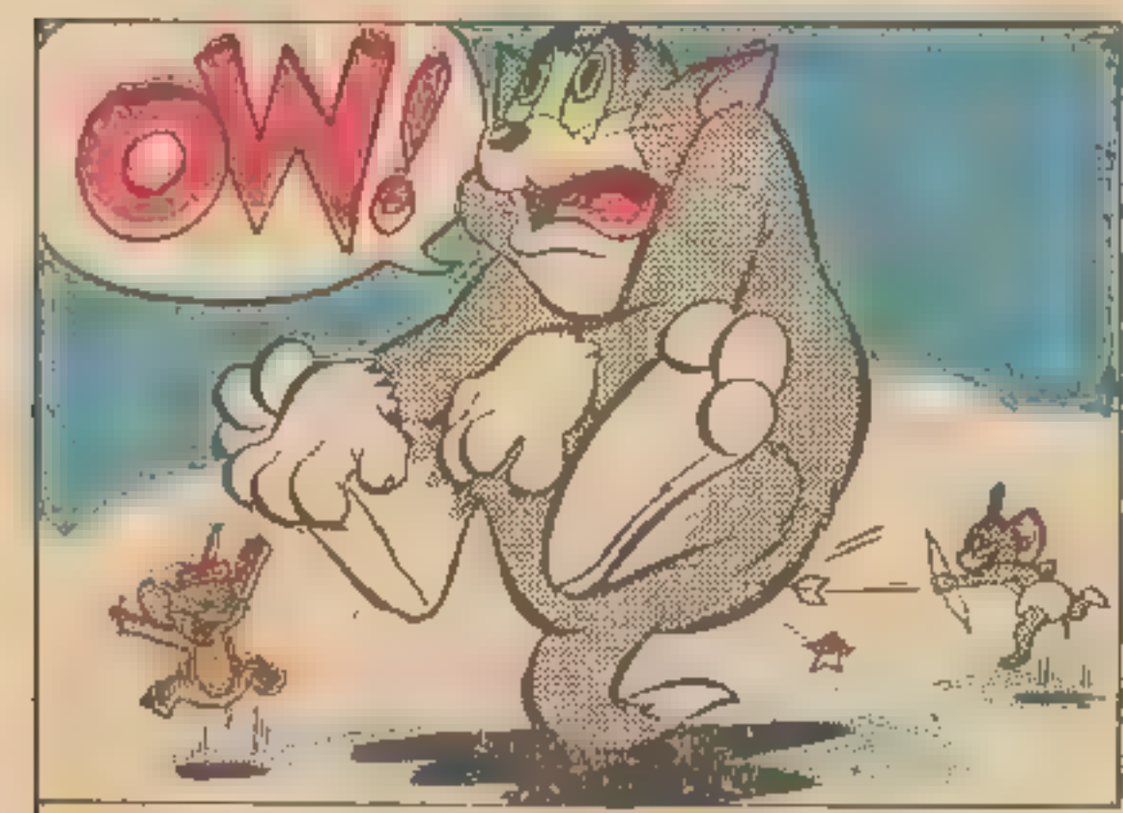

LOOK ! HE'S SLEEPING LIKE A KITTEN ! IT'S REALLY A SHAME TO DO THIS TO HIM !
I GOT NO CONSCIENCE !

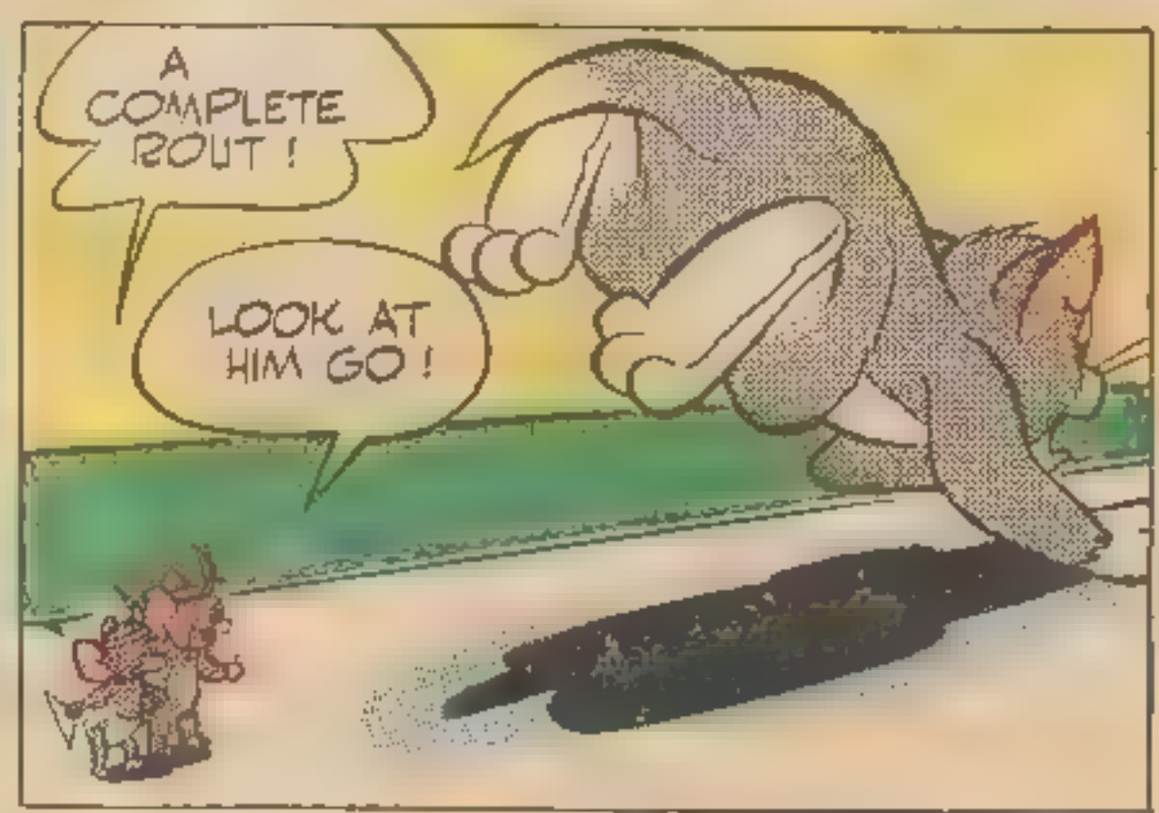

WE'LL SURROUND HIM - YOU TAKE HIM FROM TH' REAR !
RIGHT !

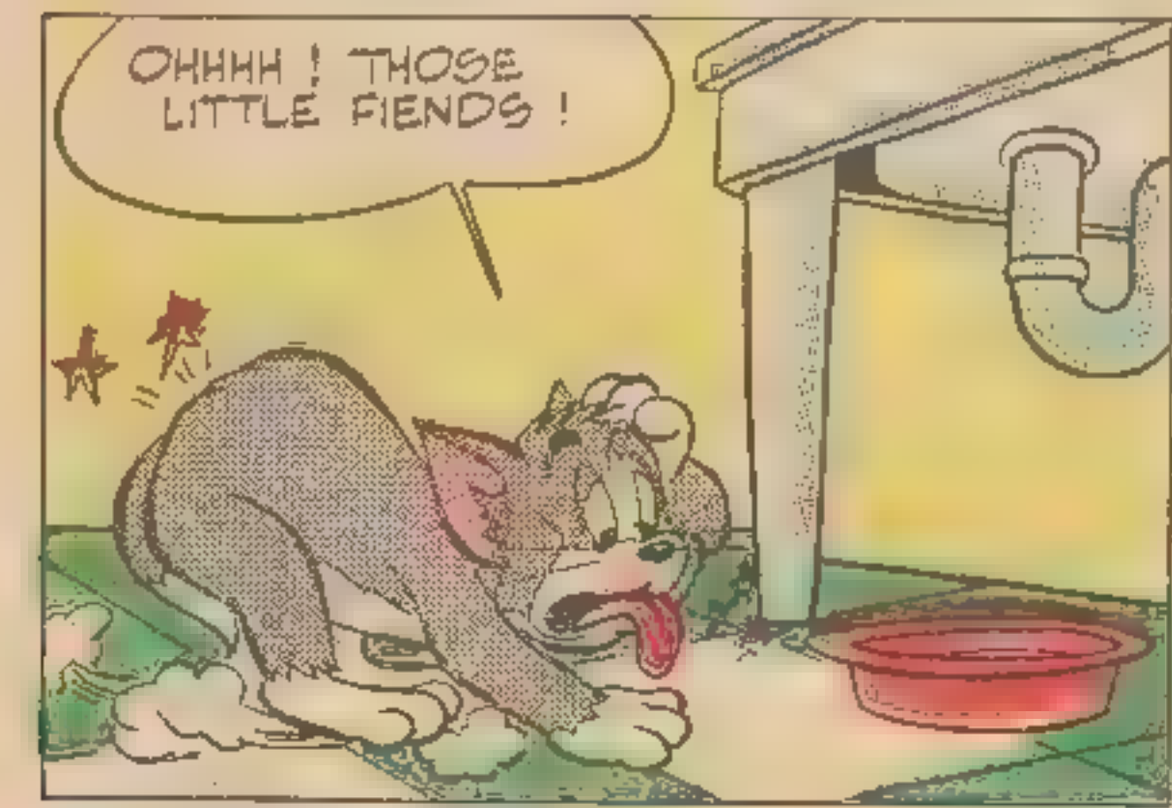


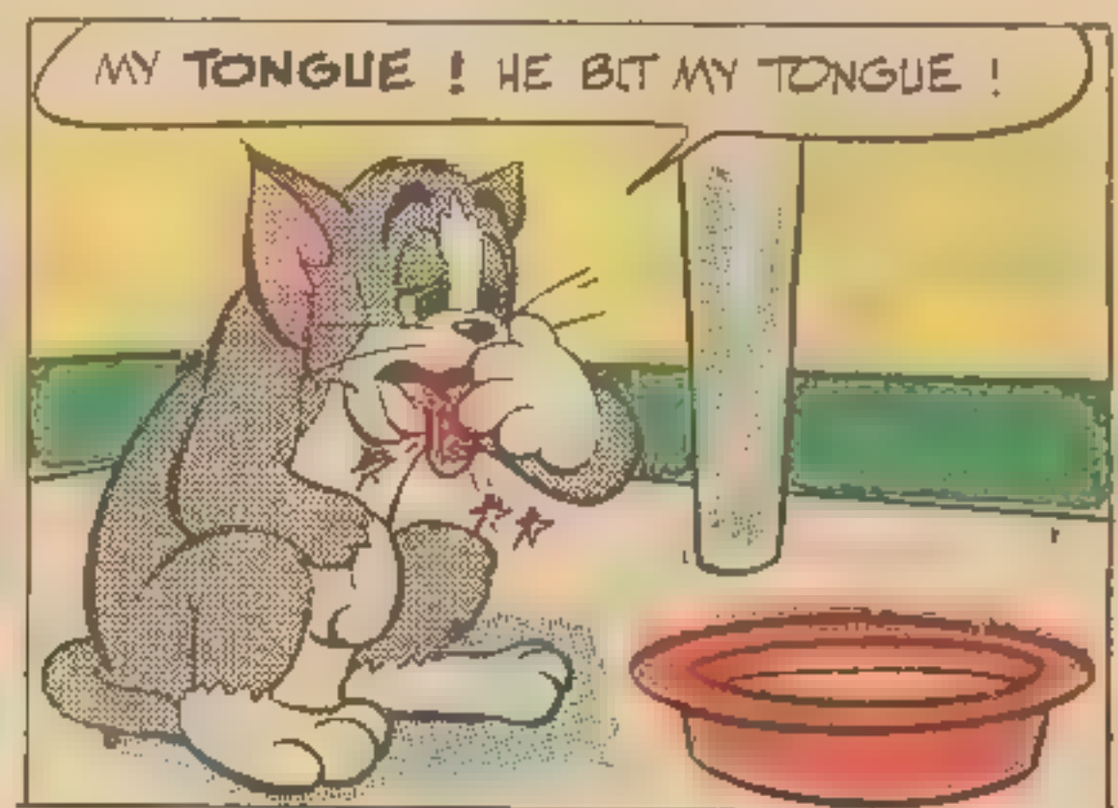


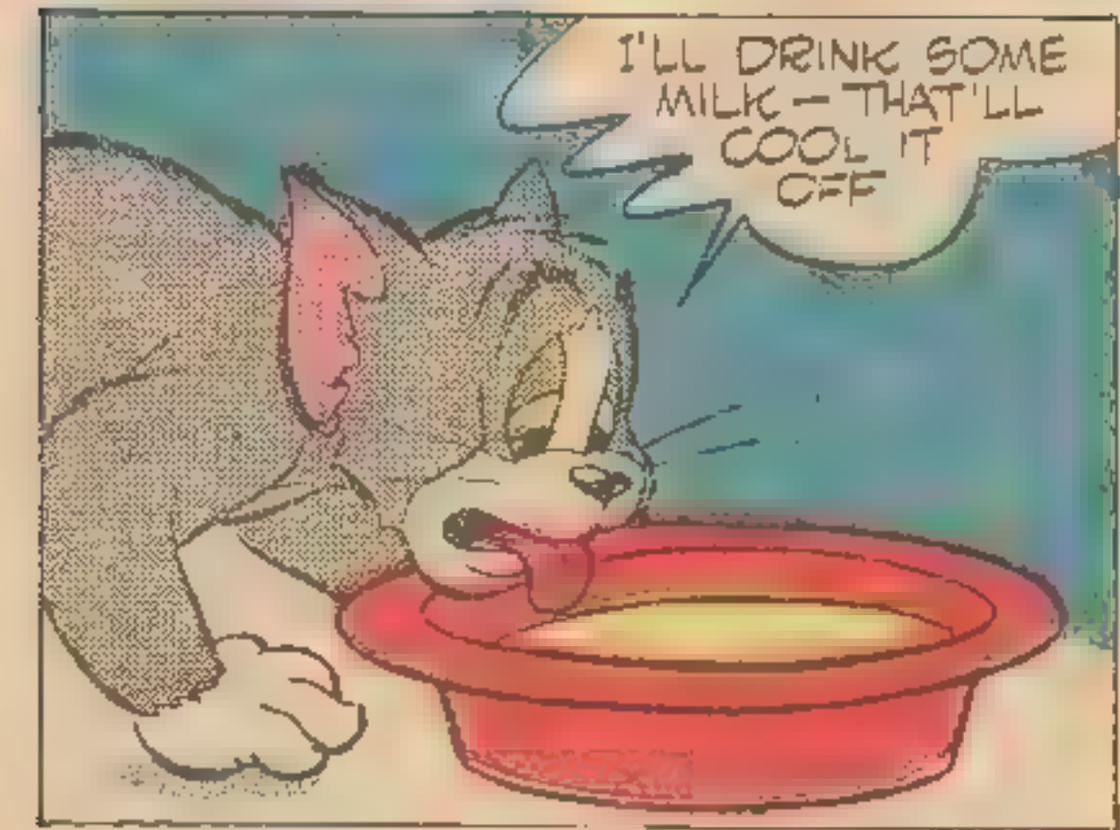


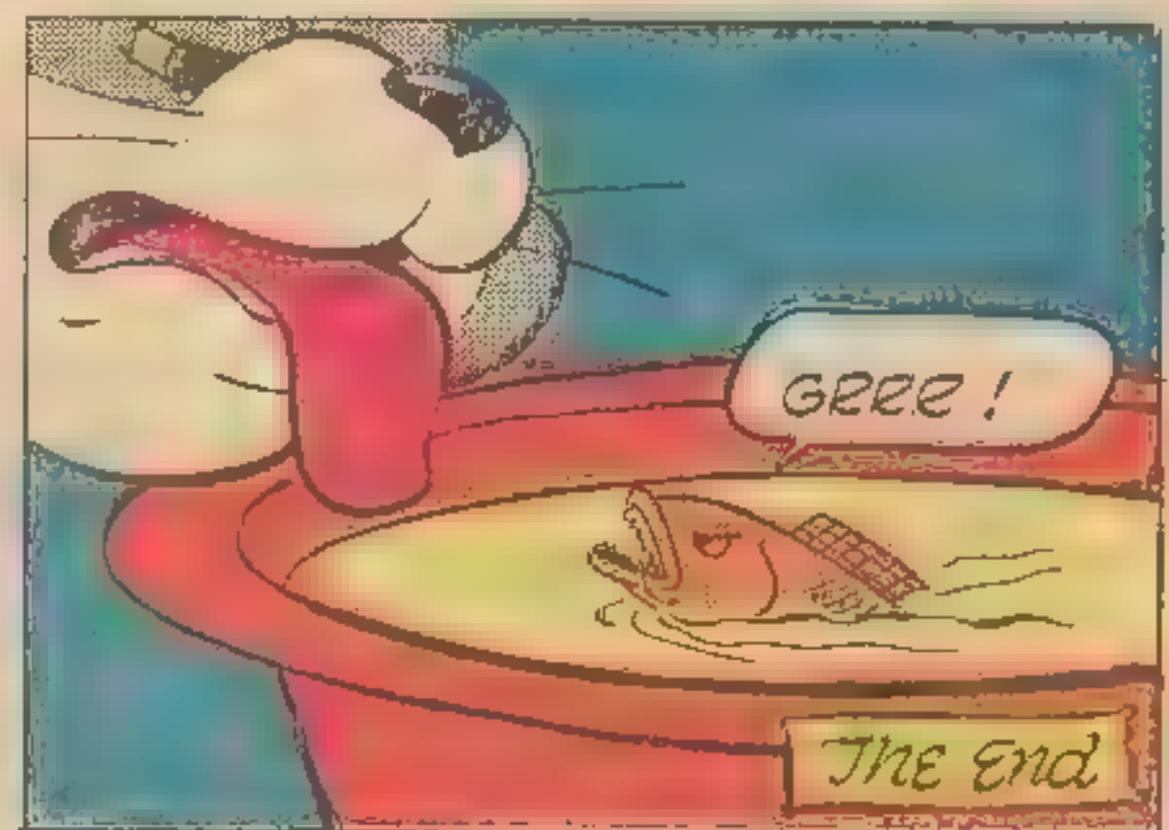








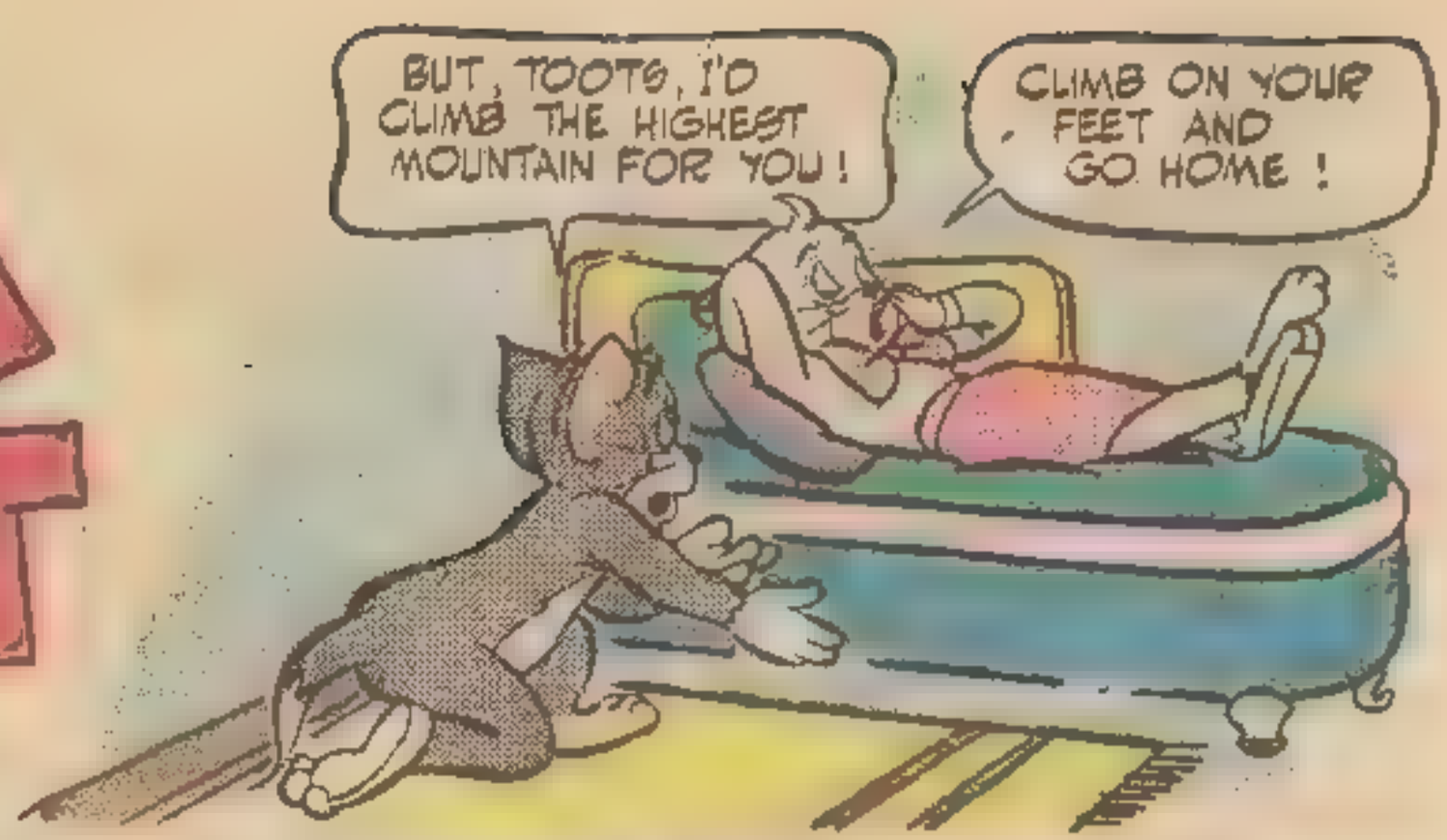


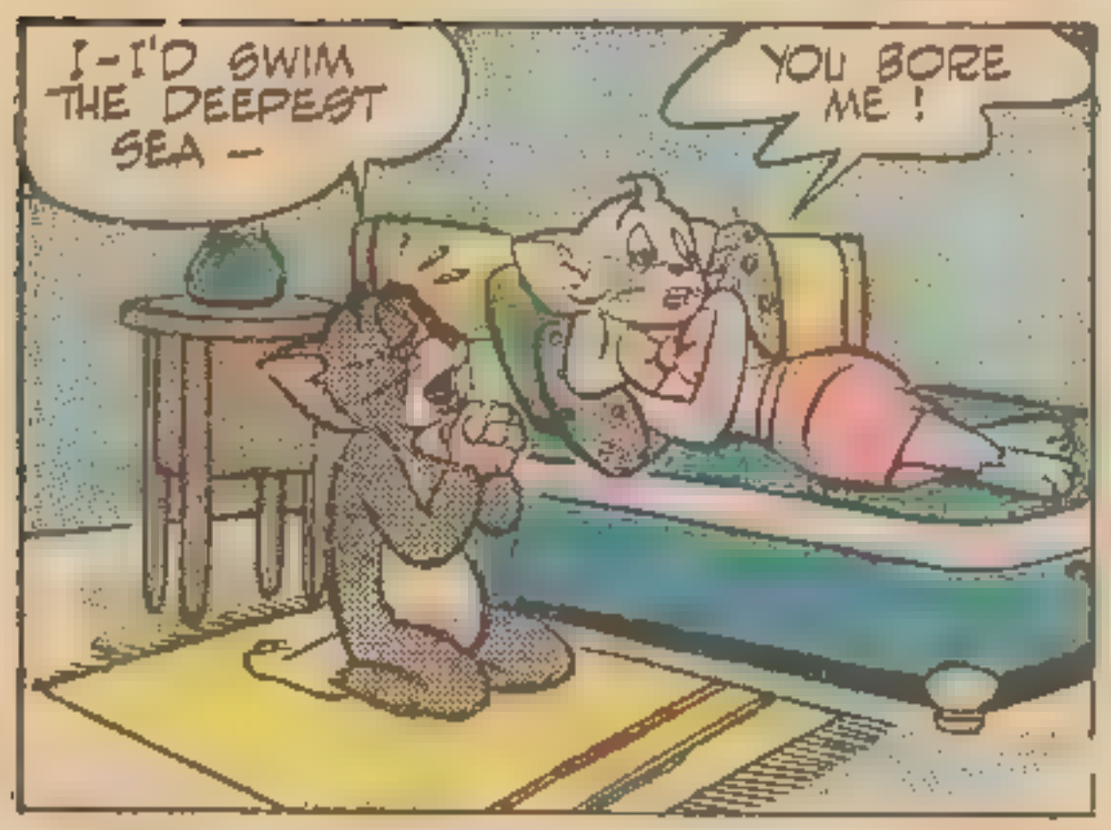


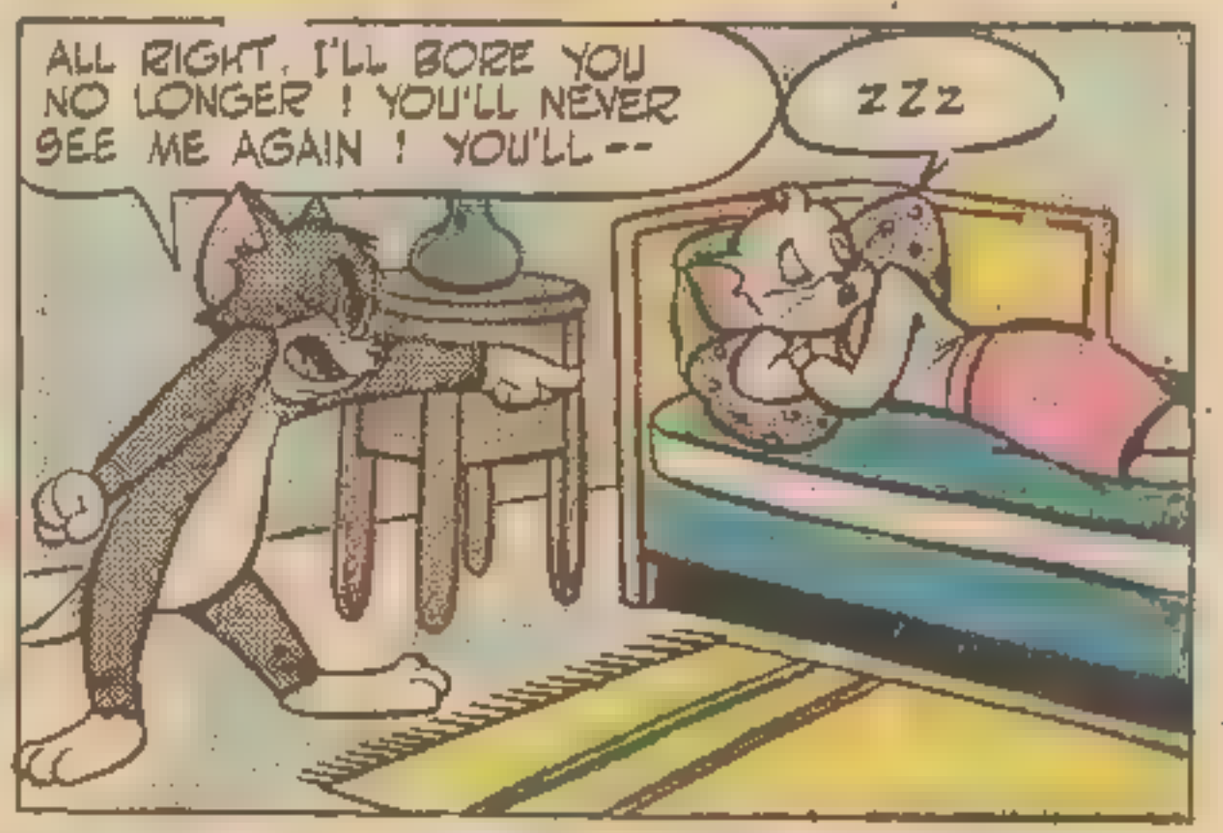
M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

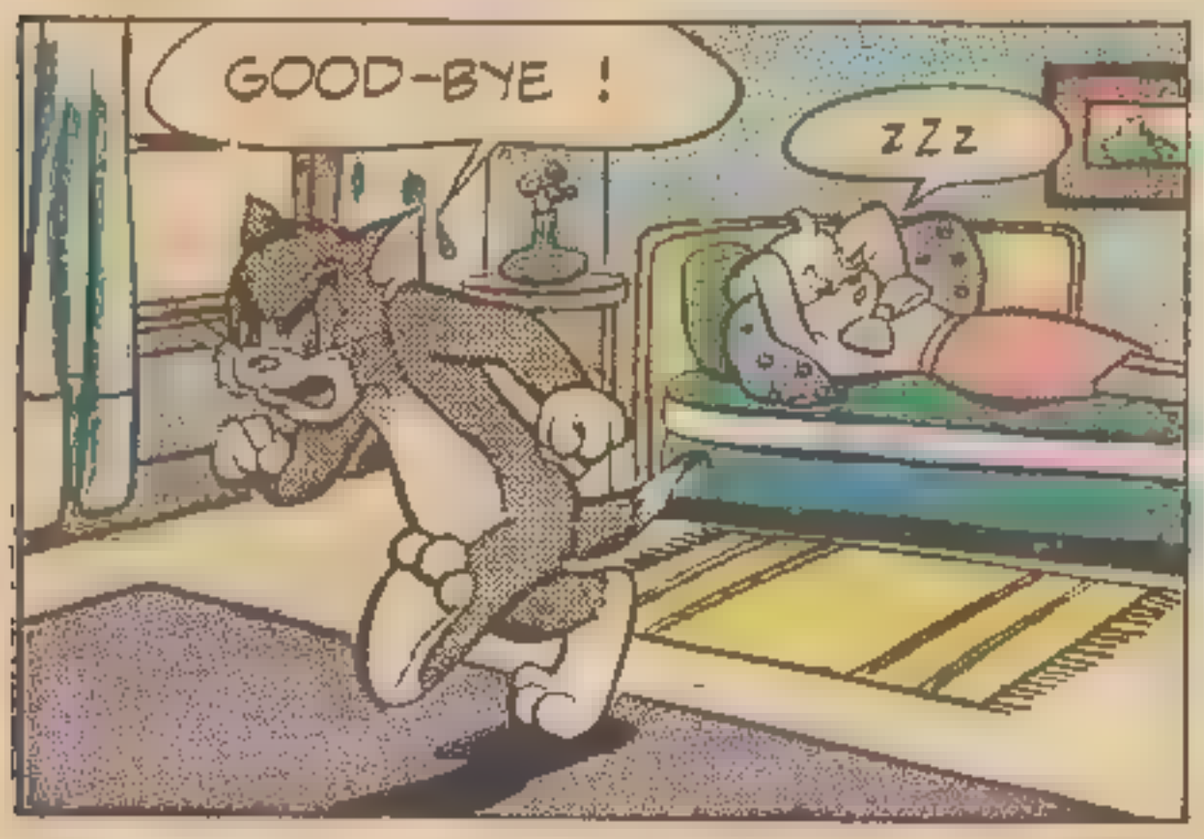
M-G-M presents

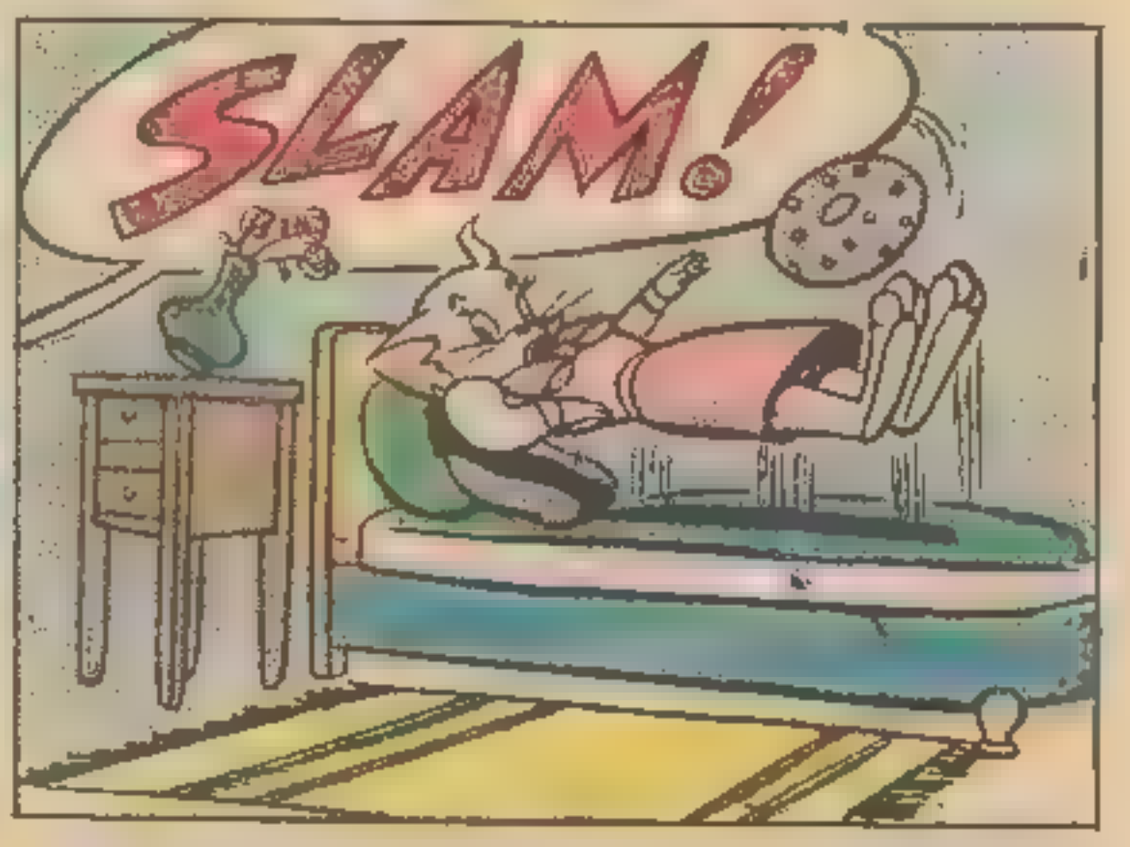
TOM CAT

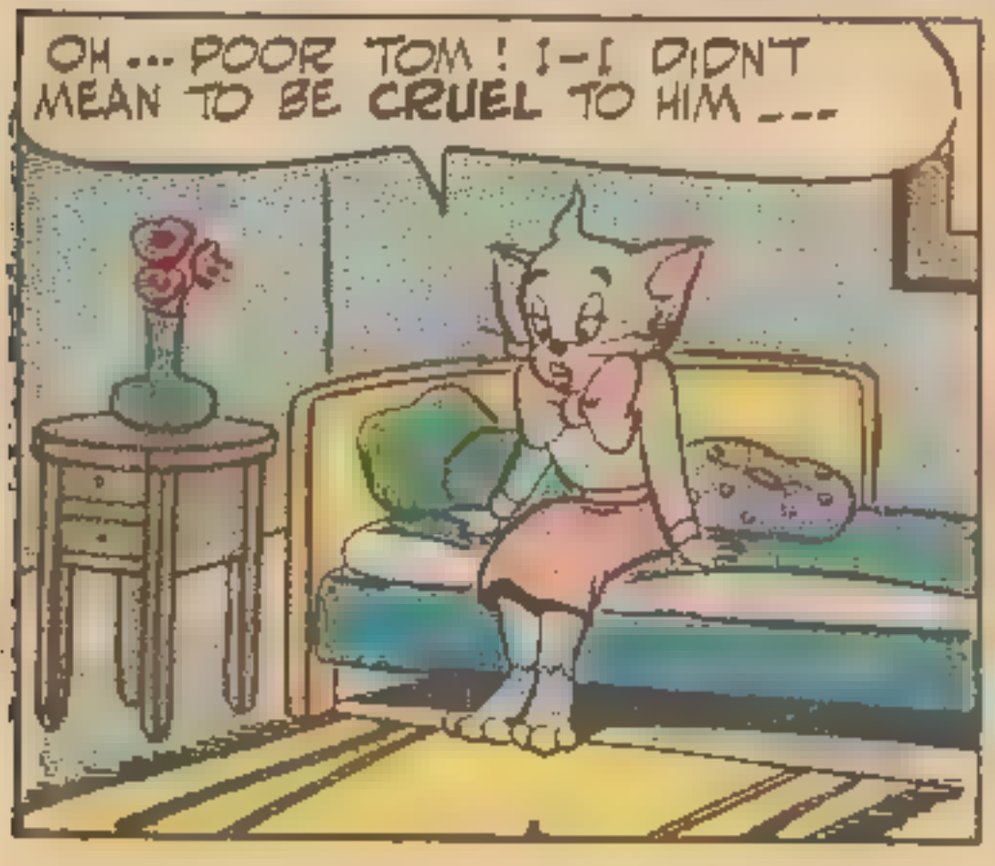


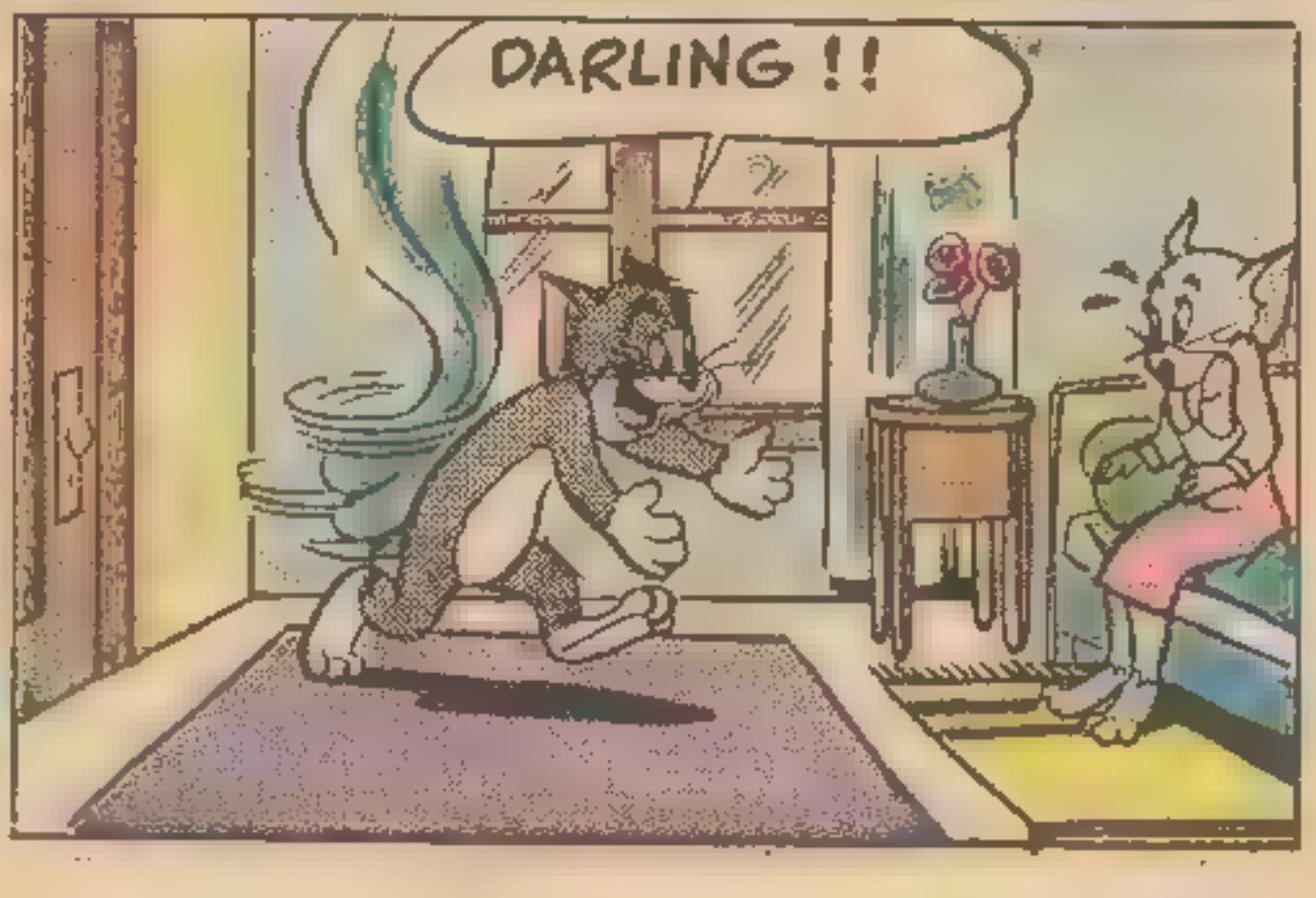


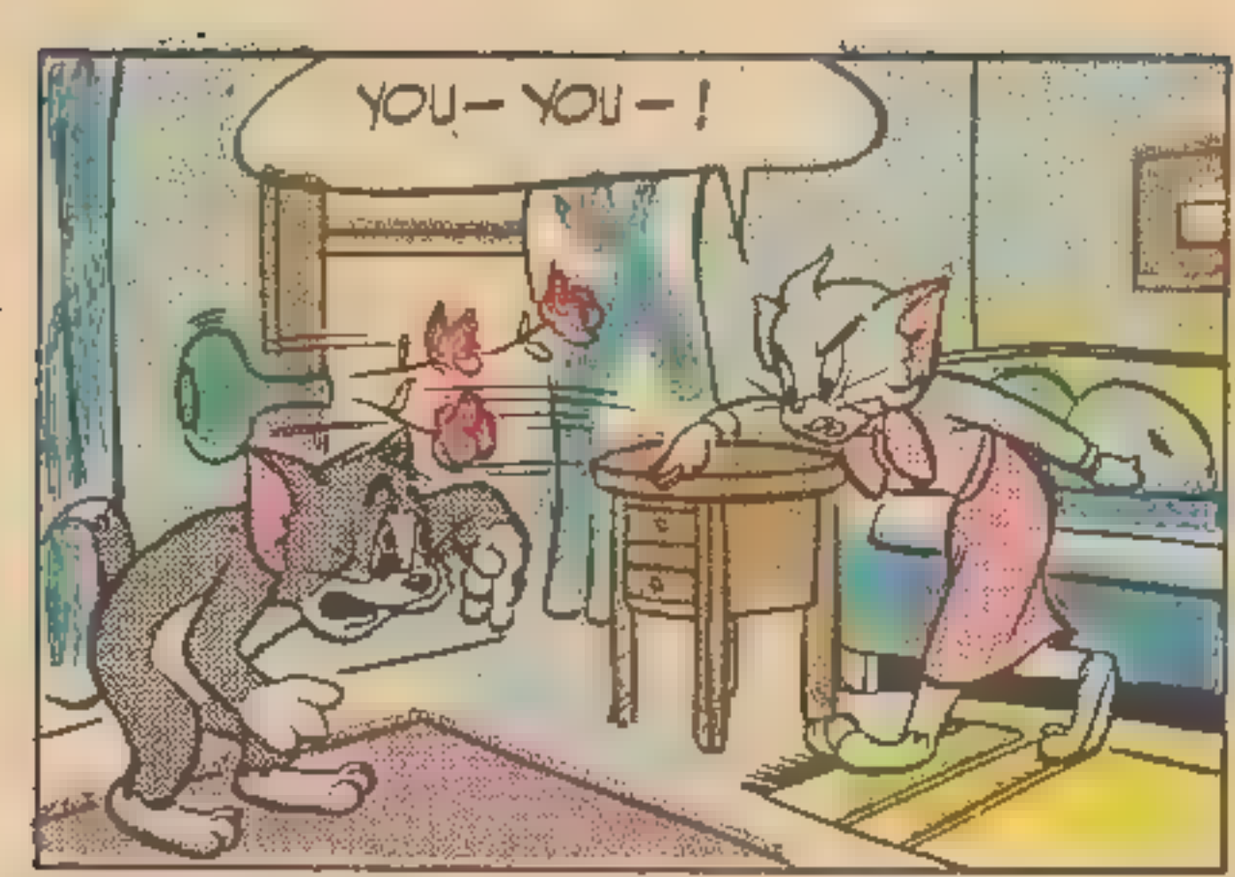


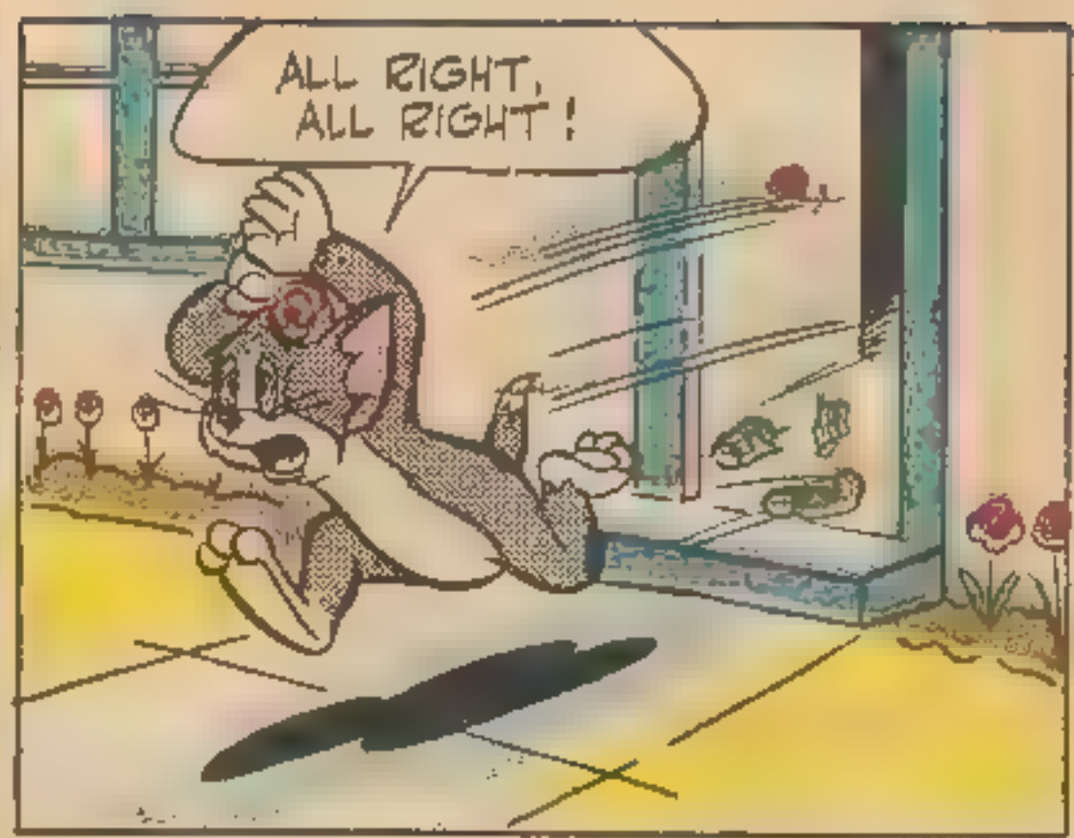


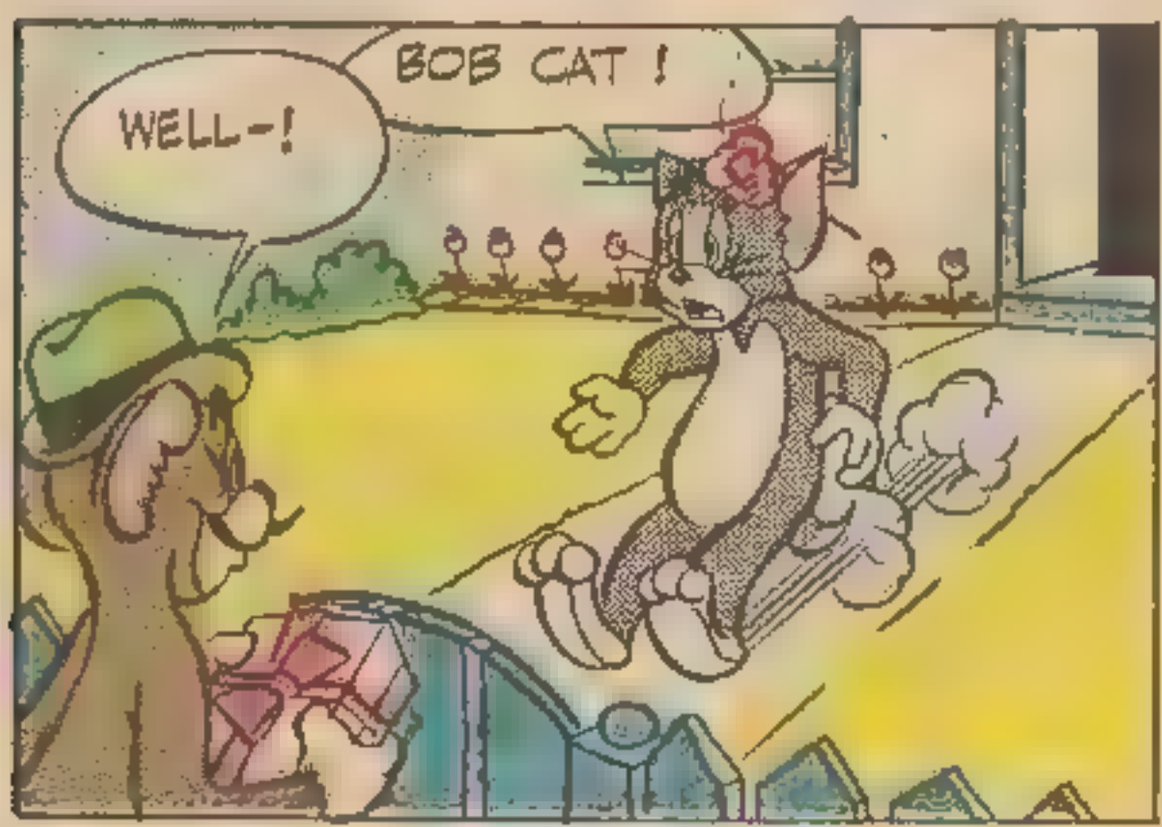


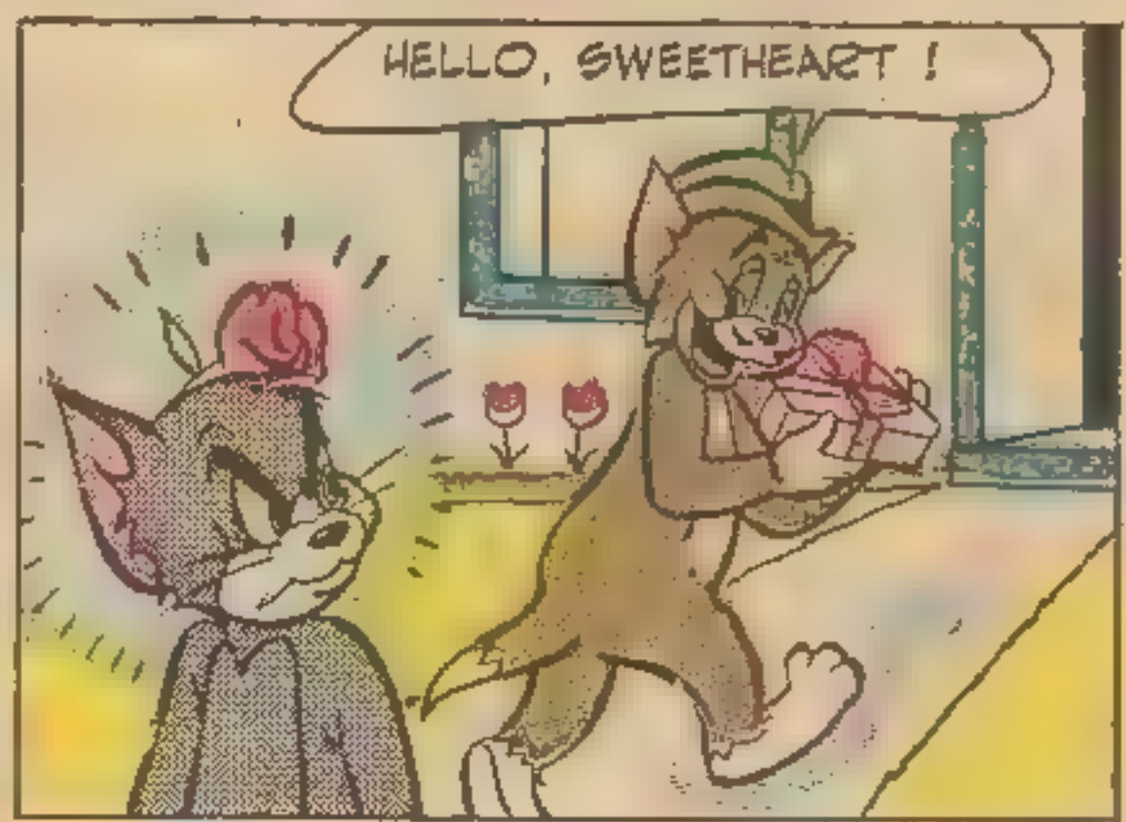


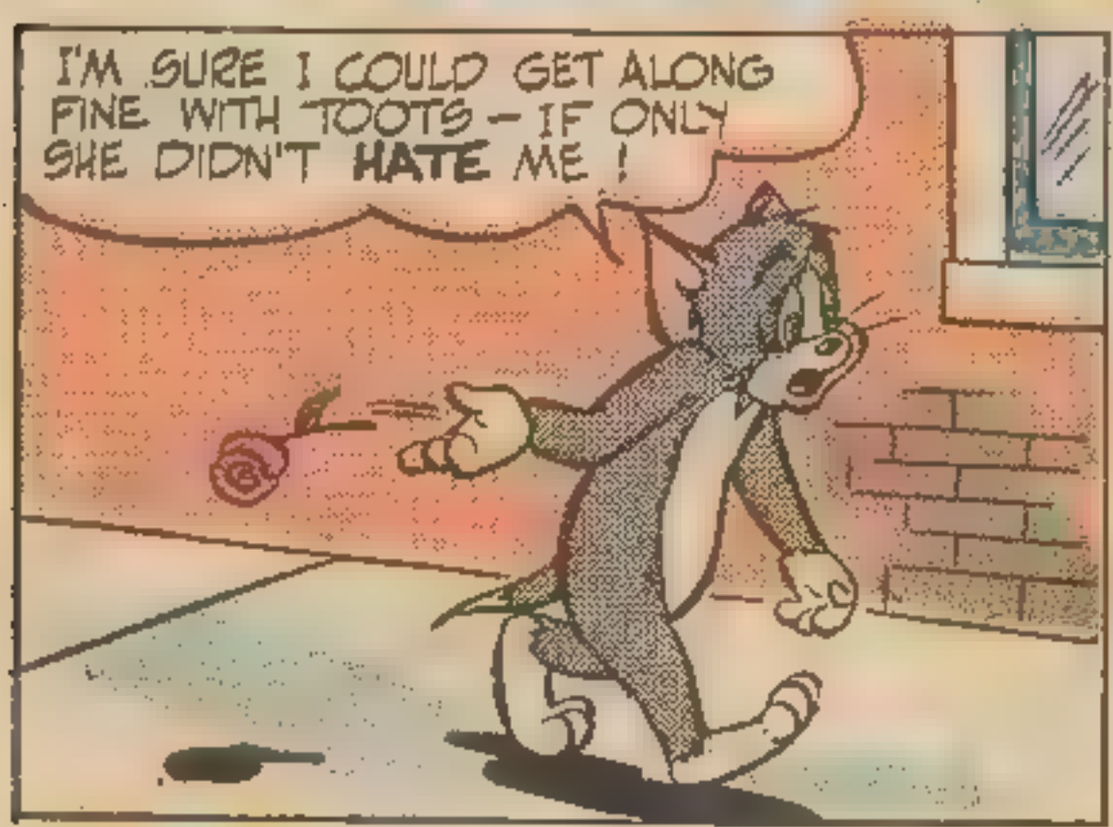


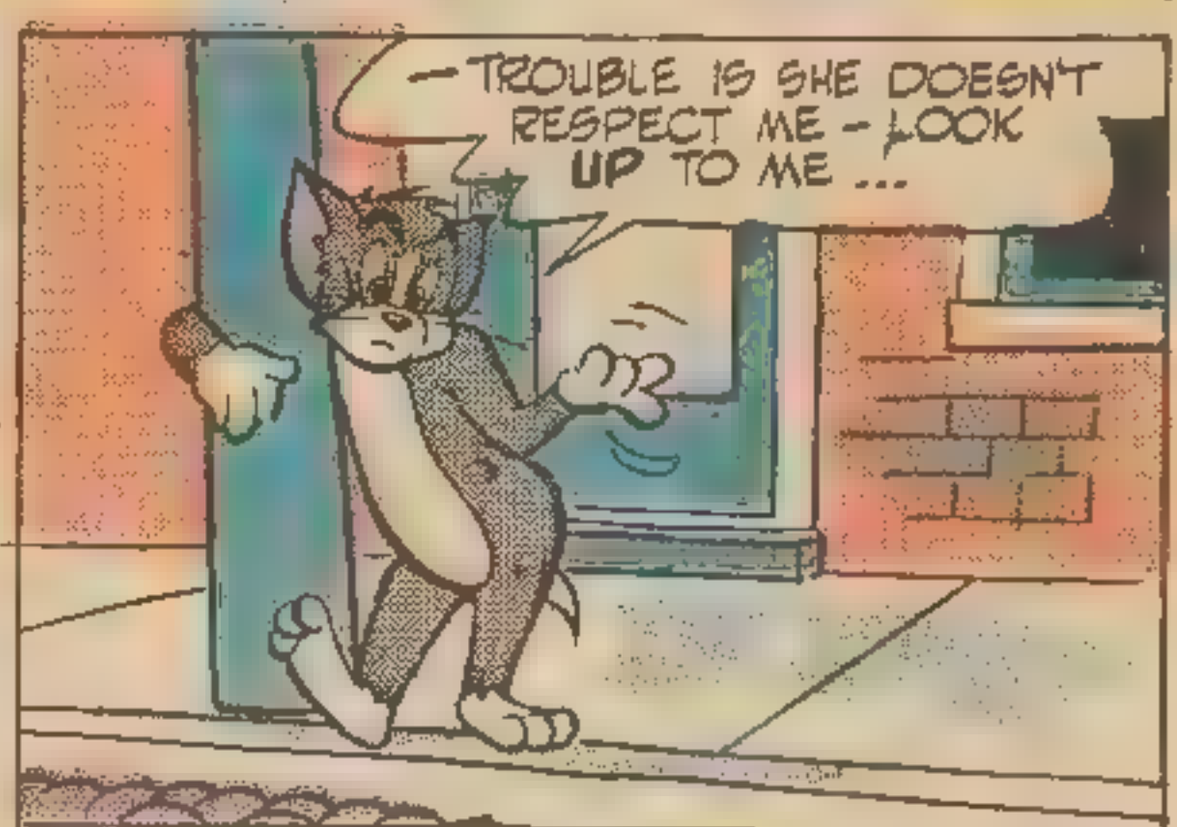

YOU – YOU – !

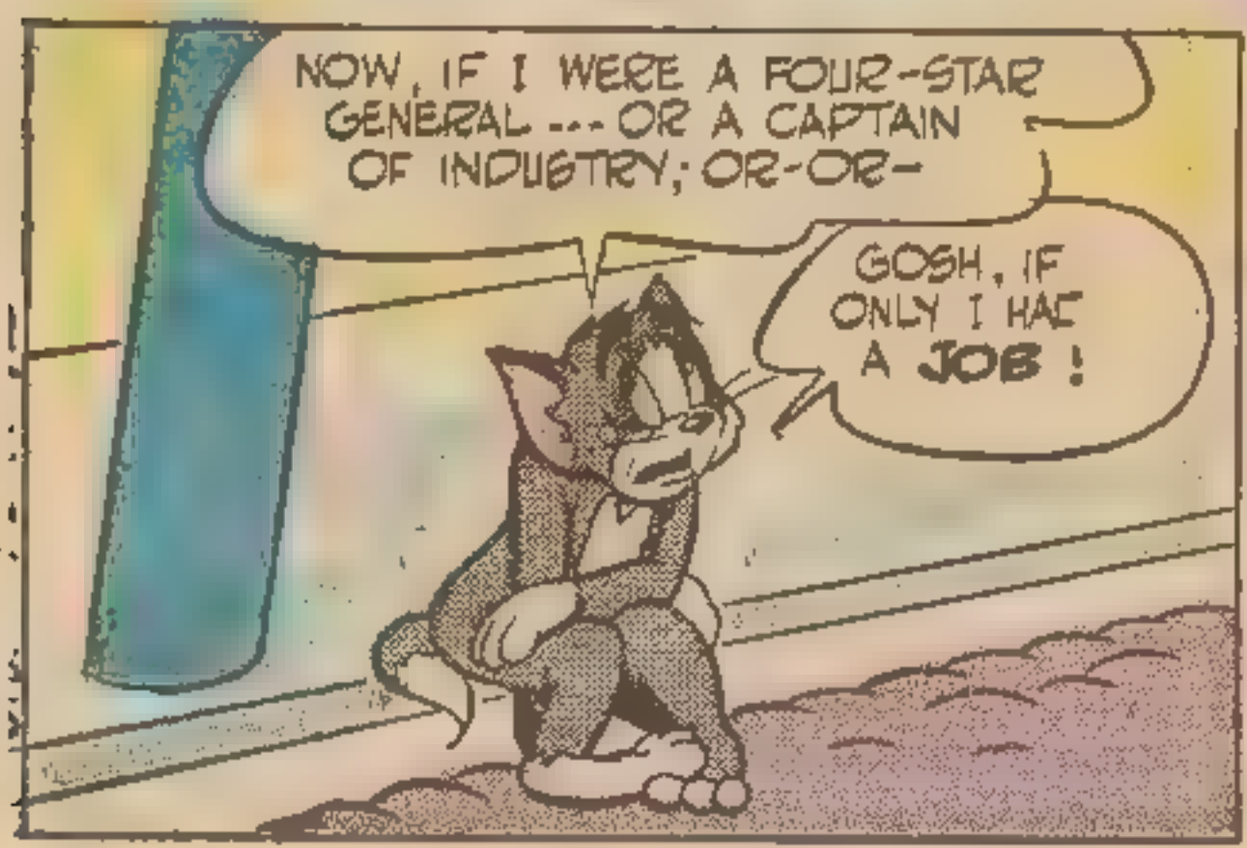

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT !

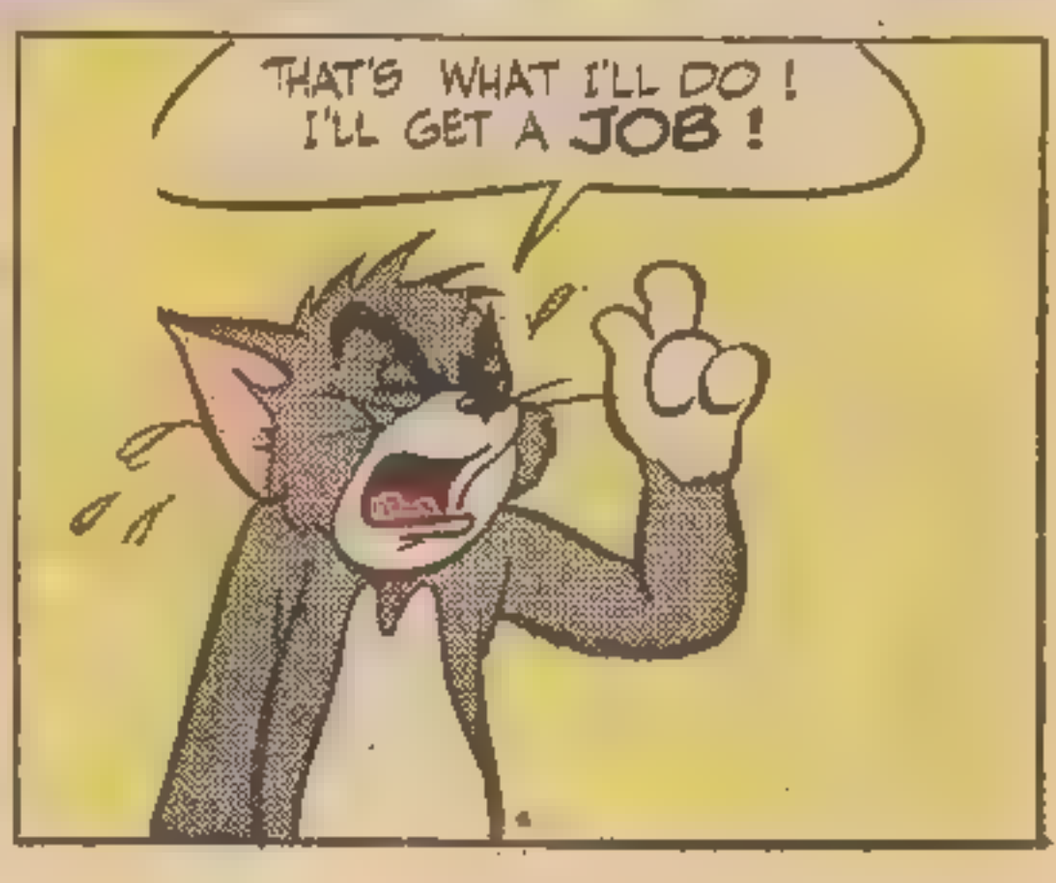

WELL–!
BOB CAT !

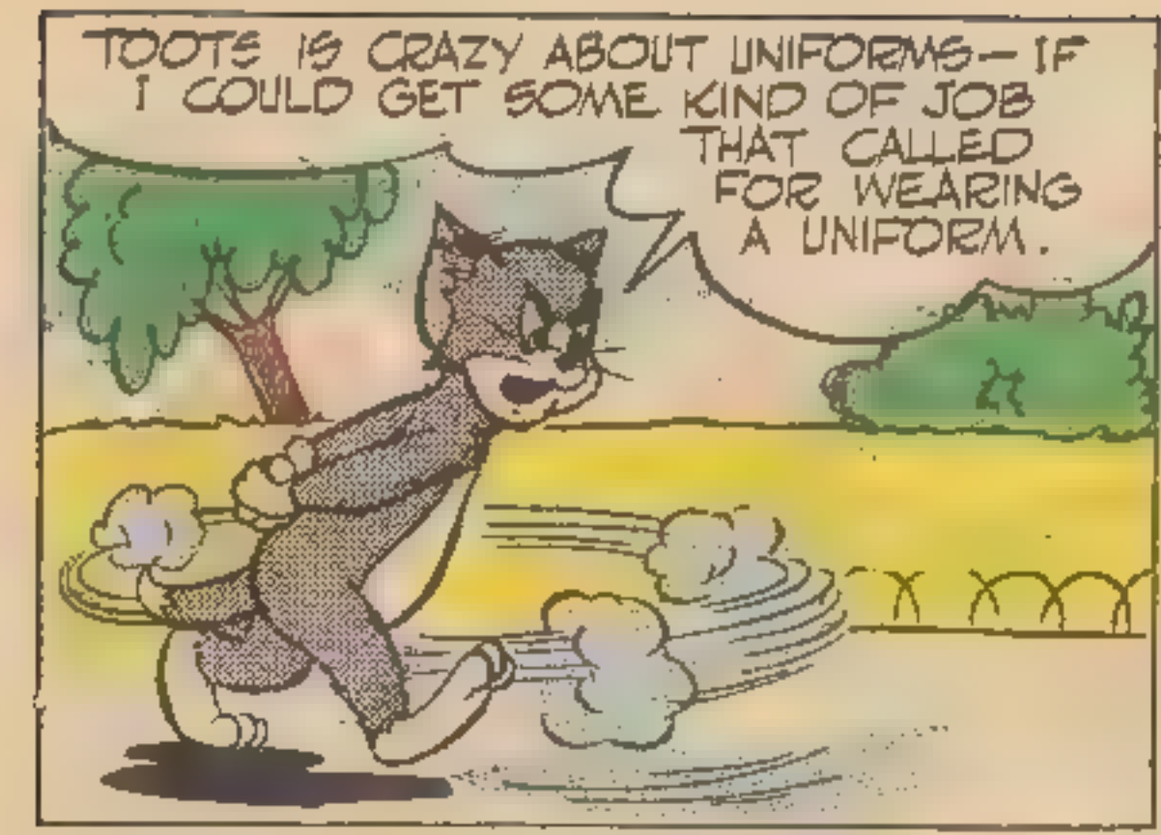

HELLO, SWEETHEART !

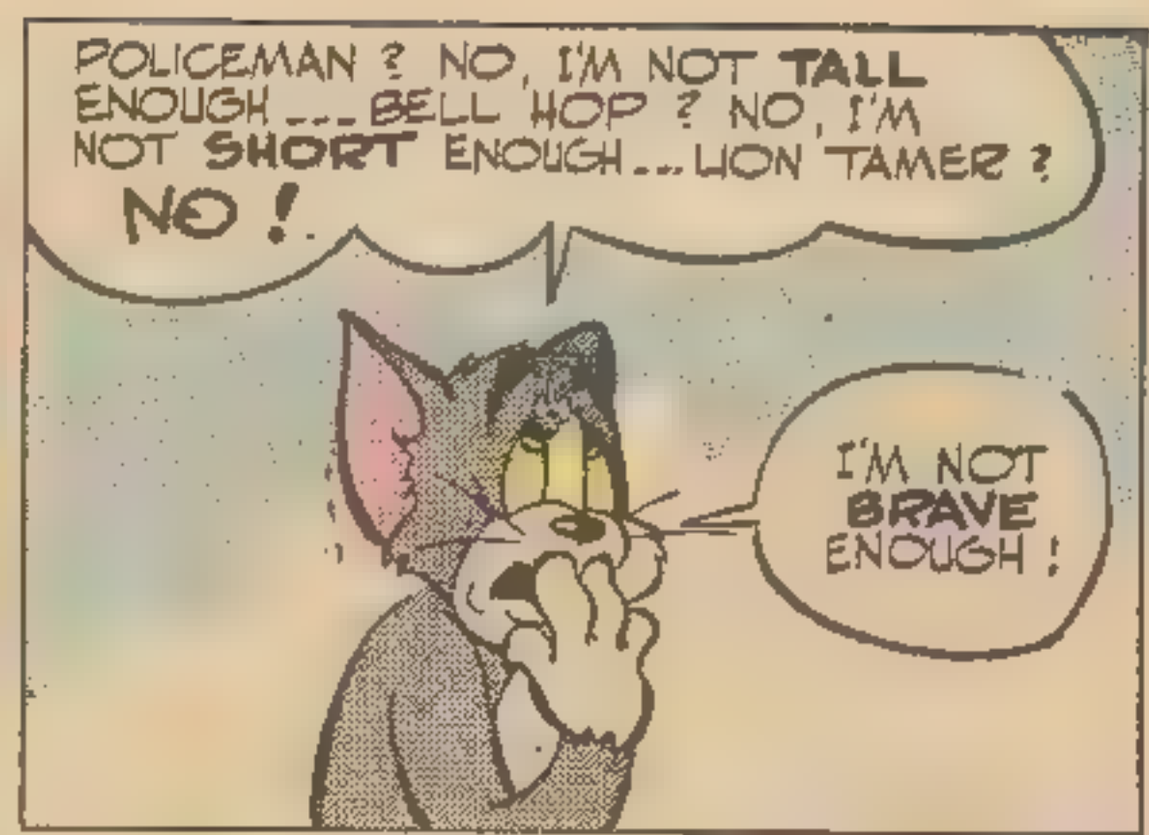

I'M SURE I COULD GET ALONG FINE WITH TOOTS – IF ONLY SHE DIDN'T **HATE** ME !

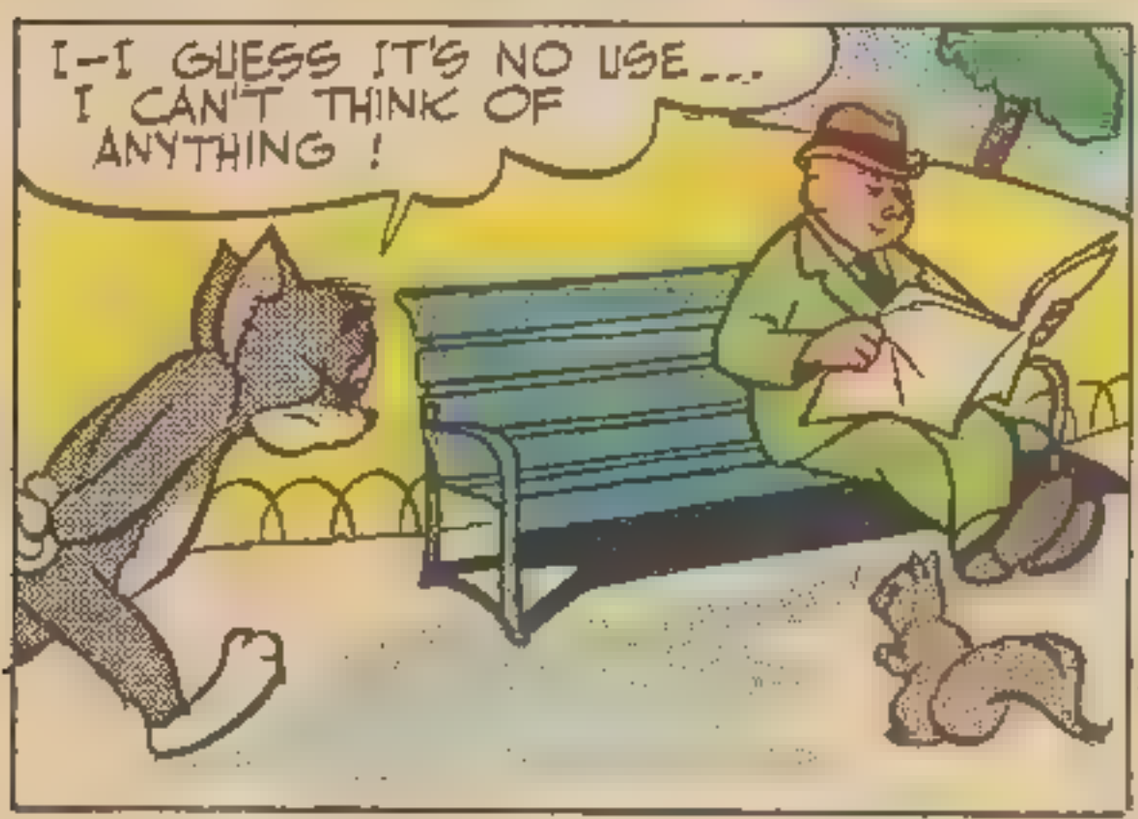

– TROUBLE IS SHE DOESN'T RESPECT ME – LOOK **UP** TO ME ...

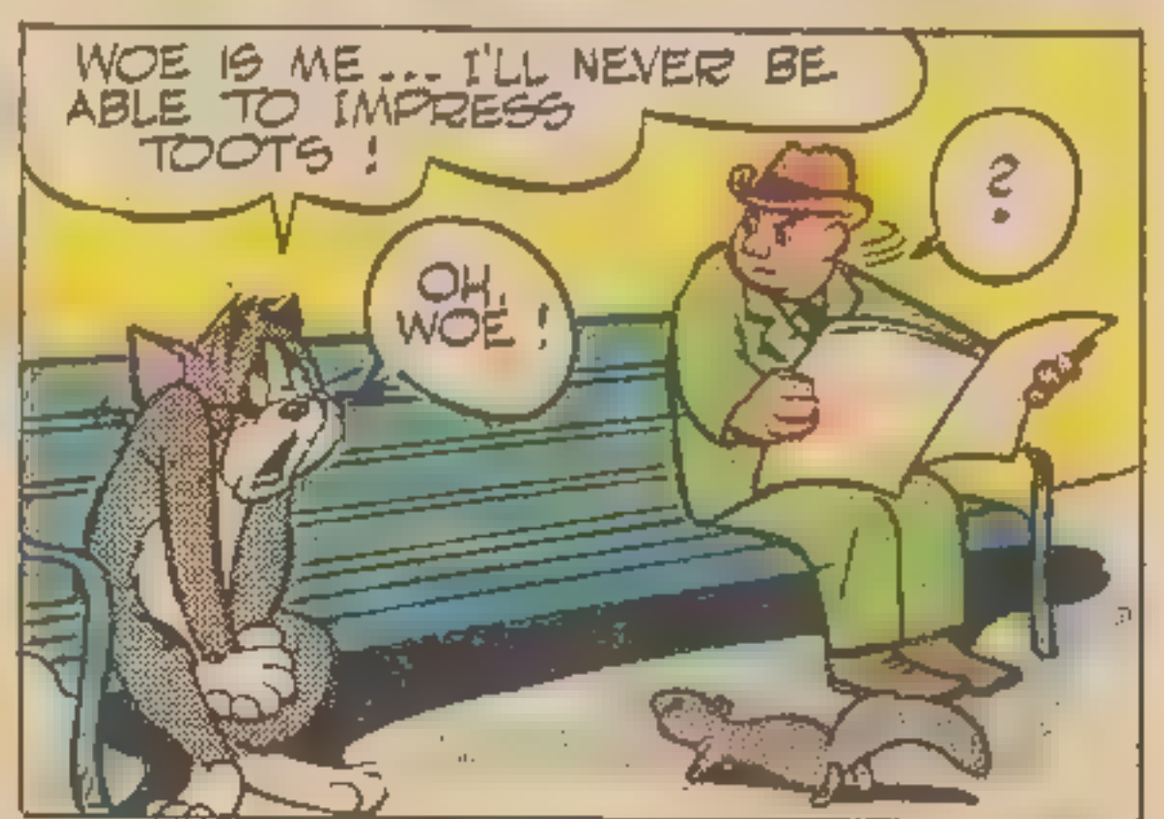

NOW, IF I WERE A FOUR-STAR GENERAL --- OR A CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY; OR-OR–
GOSH, IF ONLY I HAD A **JOB** !

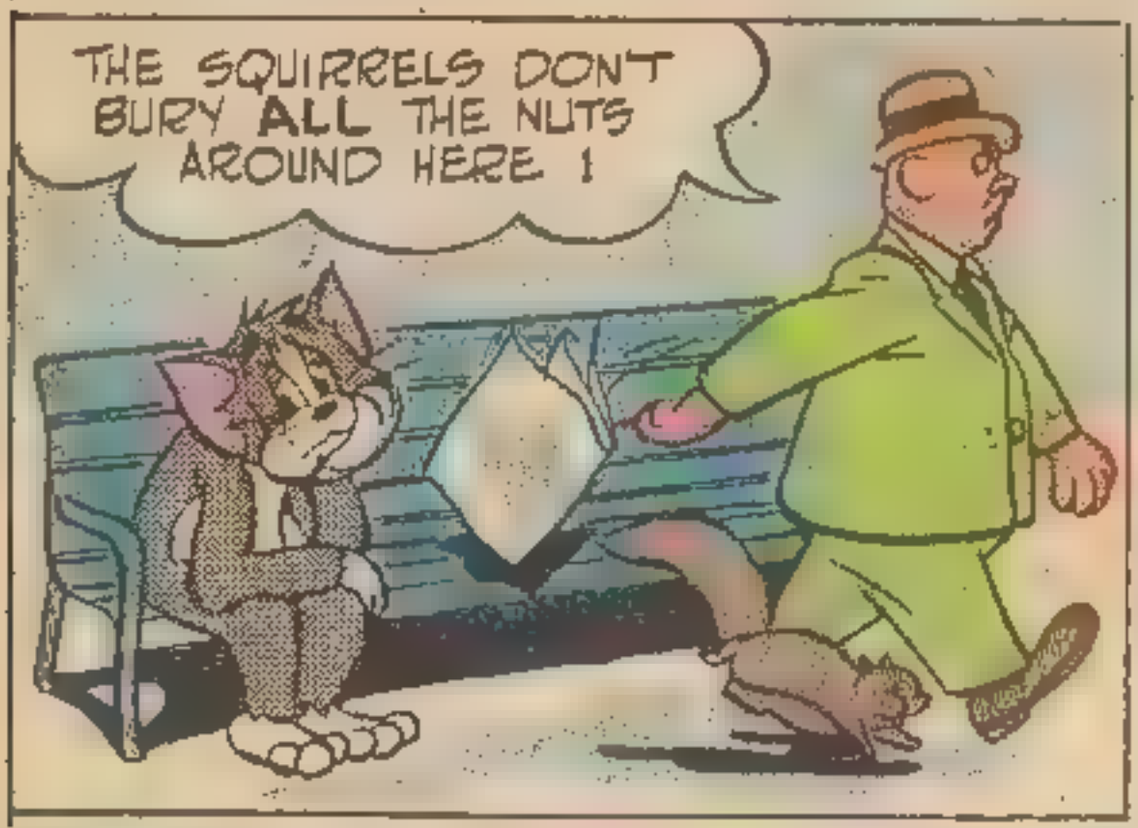

THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO ! I'LL GET A **JOB** !

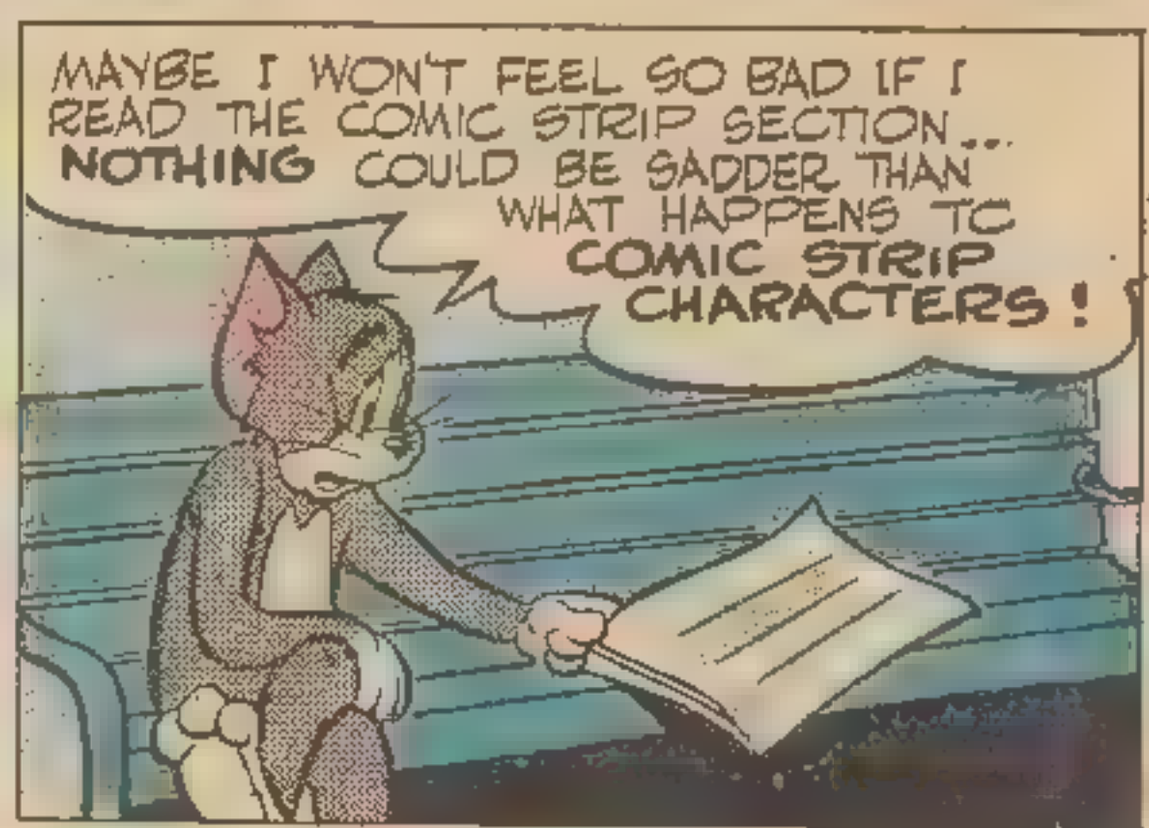

TOOTS IS CRAZY ABOUT UNIFORMS— IF I COULD GET SOME KIND OF JOB THAT CALLED FOR WEARING A UNIFORM.

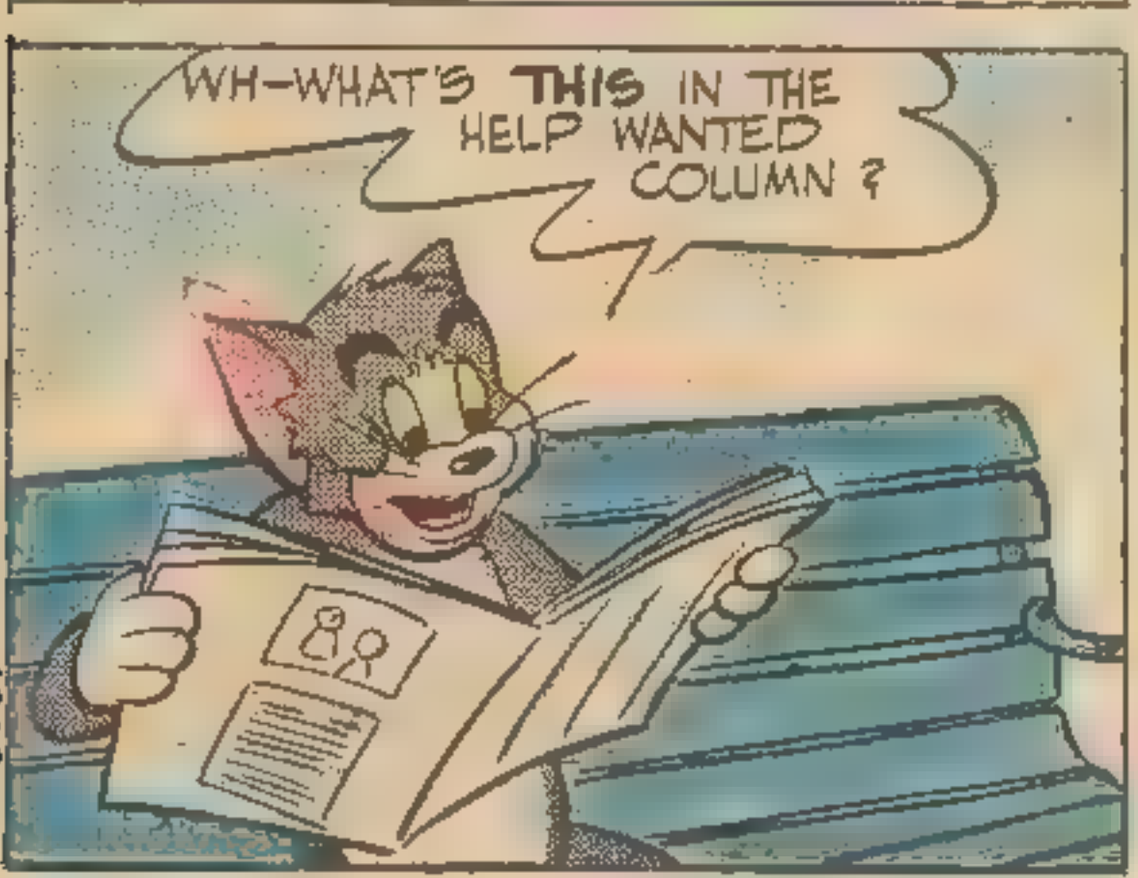

POLICEMAN ? NO, I'M NOT TALL ENOUGH ... BELL HOP ? NO, I'M NOT SHORT ENOUGH ... LION TAMER ? NO !
I'M NOT BRAVE ENOUGH !

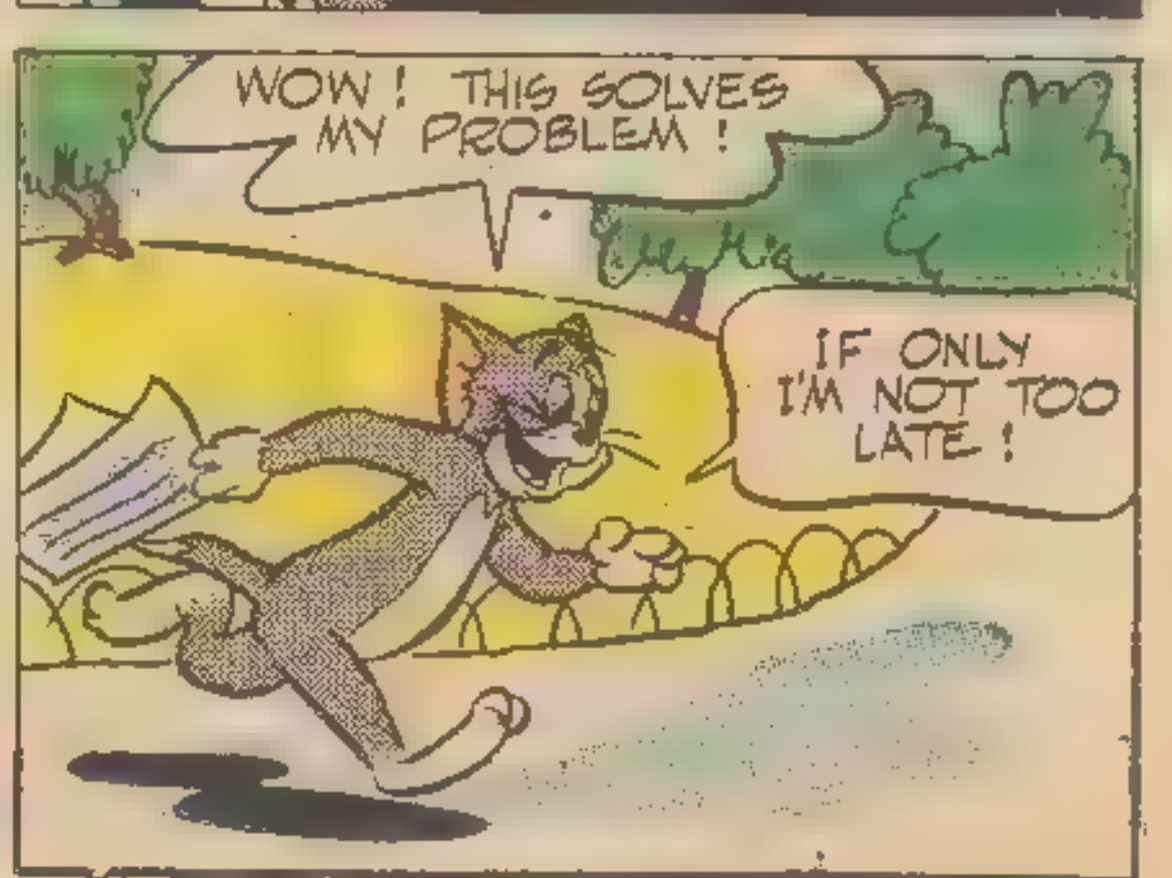

I-I GUESS IT'S NO USE... I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING !

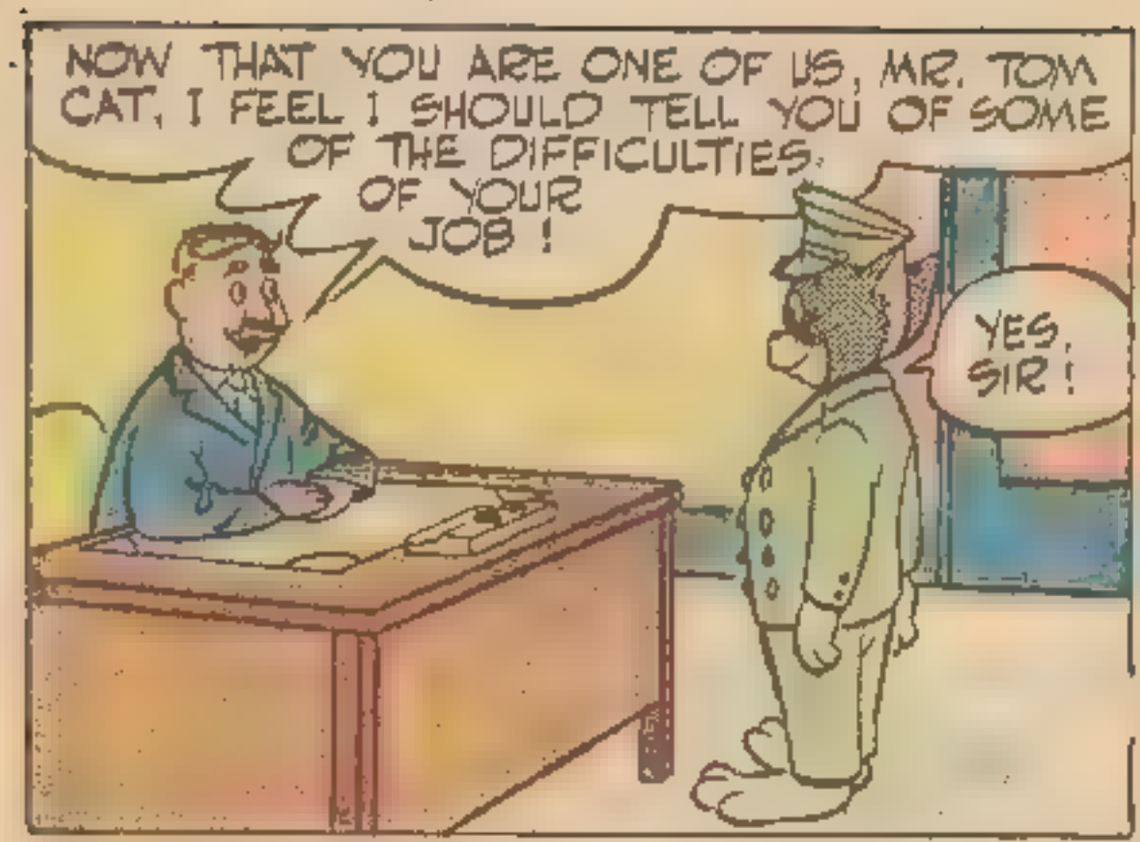

WOE IS ME... I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO IMPRESS TOOTS !
OH, WOE !
?

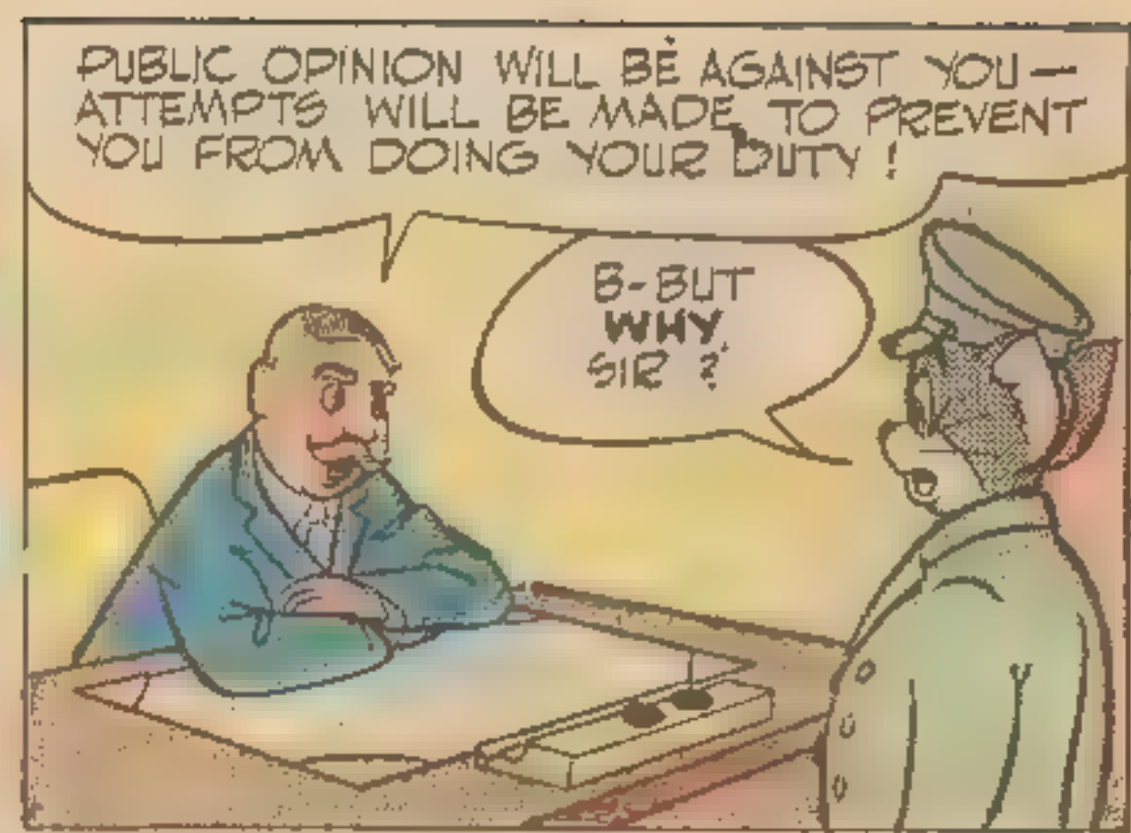

THE SQUIRRELS DON'T BURY ALL THE NUTS AROUND HERE !

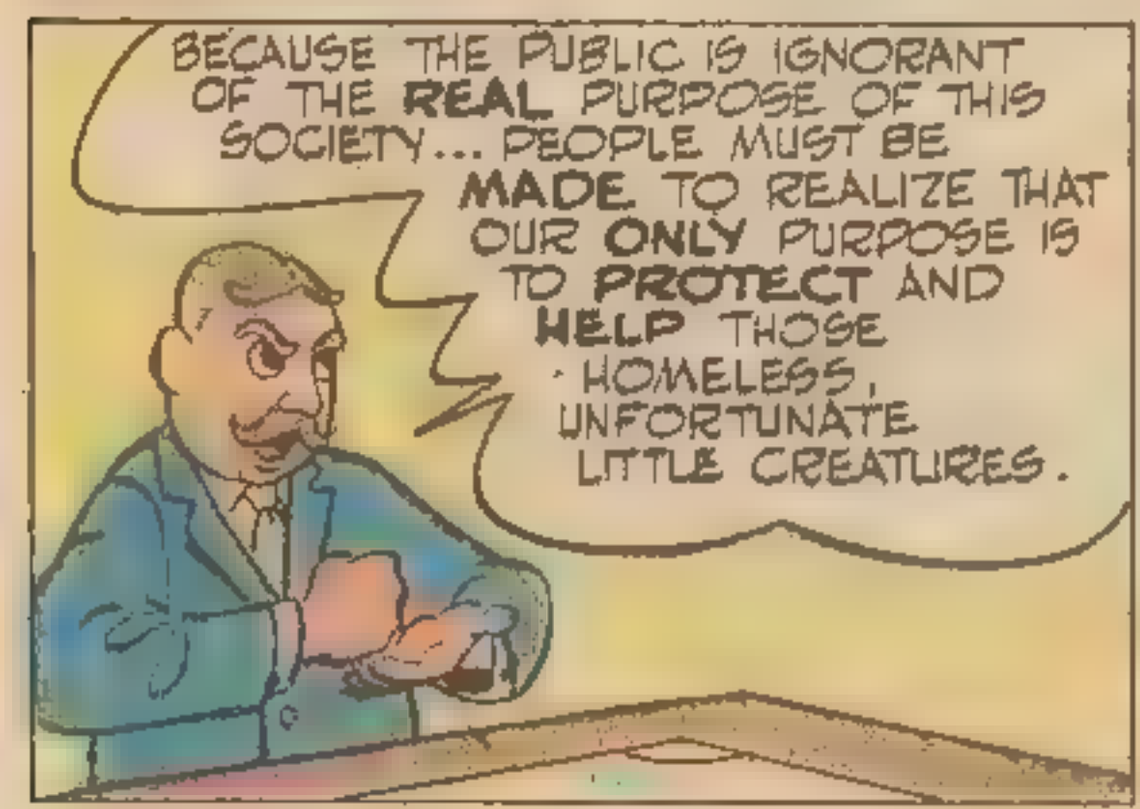

MAYBE I WON'T FEEL SO BAD IF I READ THE COMIC STRIP SECTION... NOTHING COULD BE SADDER THAN WHAT HAPPENS TO COMIC STRIP CHARACTERS !

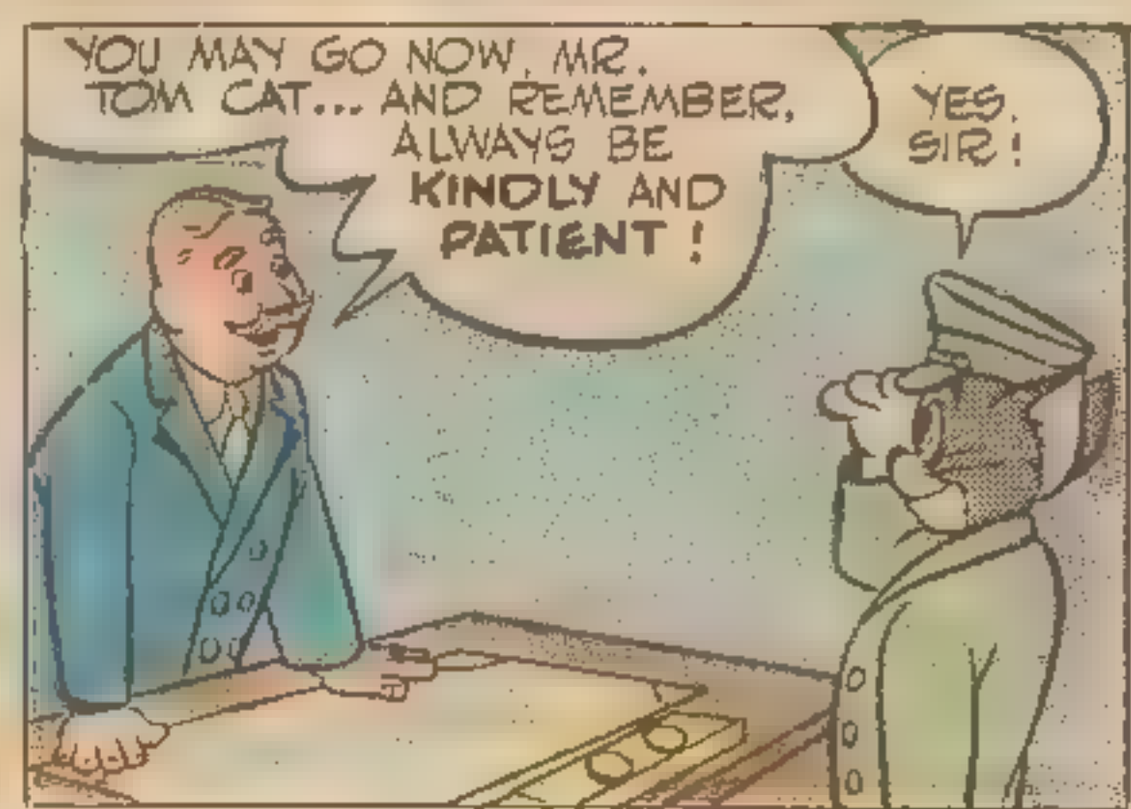

WH-WHAT'S THIS IN THE HELP WANTED COLUMN ?

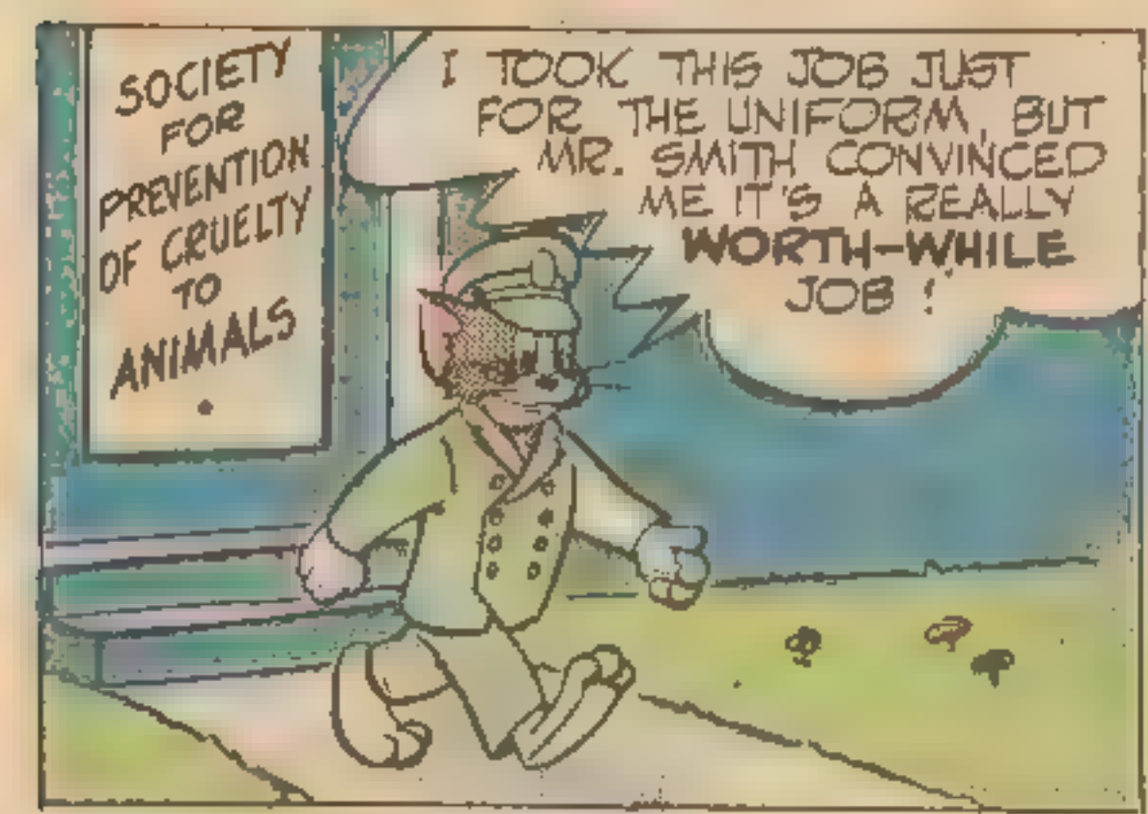

WOW ! THIS SOLVES MY PROBLEM !
IF ONLY I'M NOT TOO LATE !

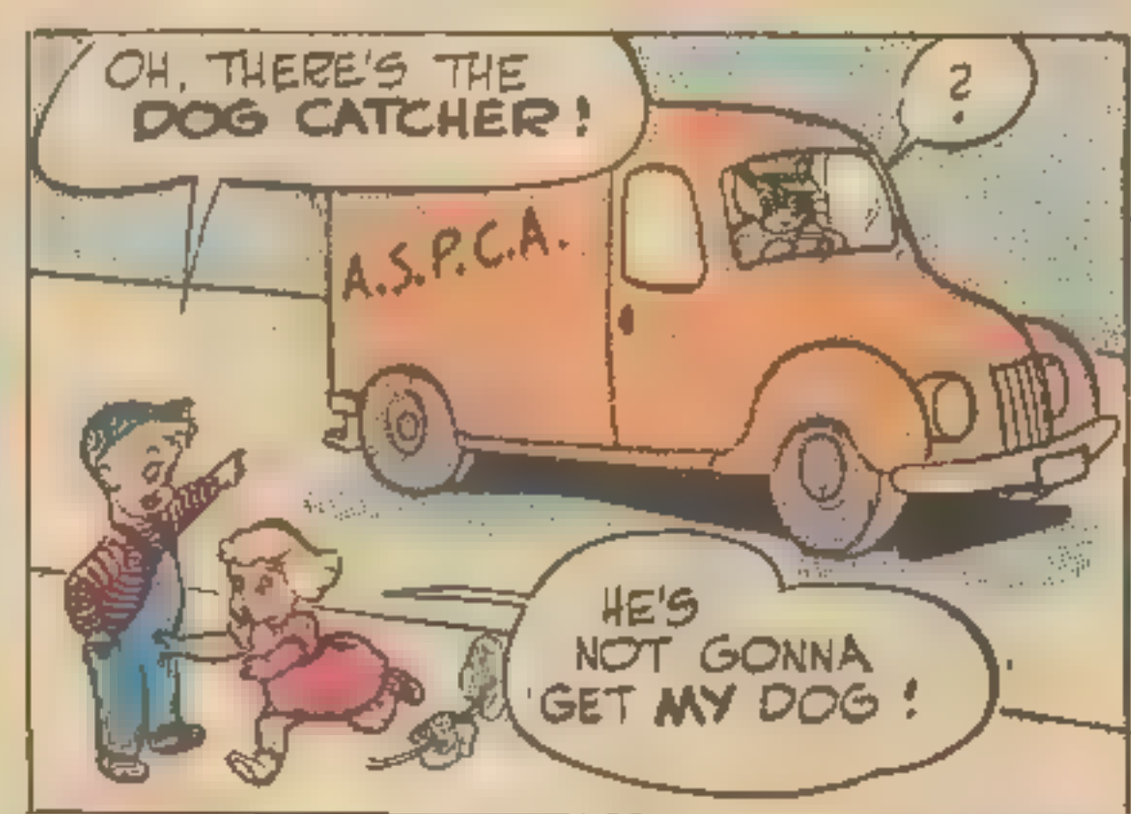

NOW THAT YOU ARE ONE OF US, MR. TOM CAT, I FEEL I SHOULD TELL YOU OF SOME OF THE DIFFICULTIES OF YOUR JOB!
YES, SIR!

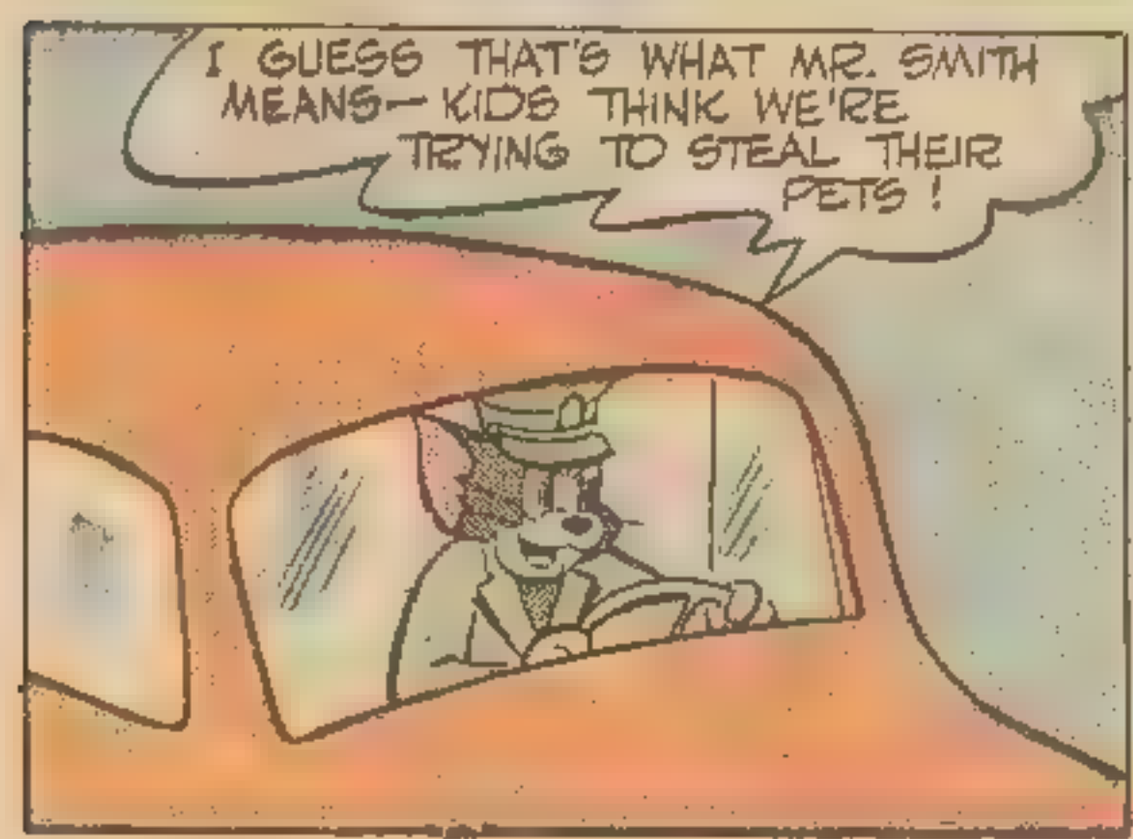

PUBLIC OPINION WILL BE AGAINST YOU— ATTEMPTS WILL BE MADE TO PREVENT YOU FROM DOING YOUR DUTY!
B-BUT WHY, SIR?

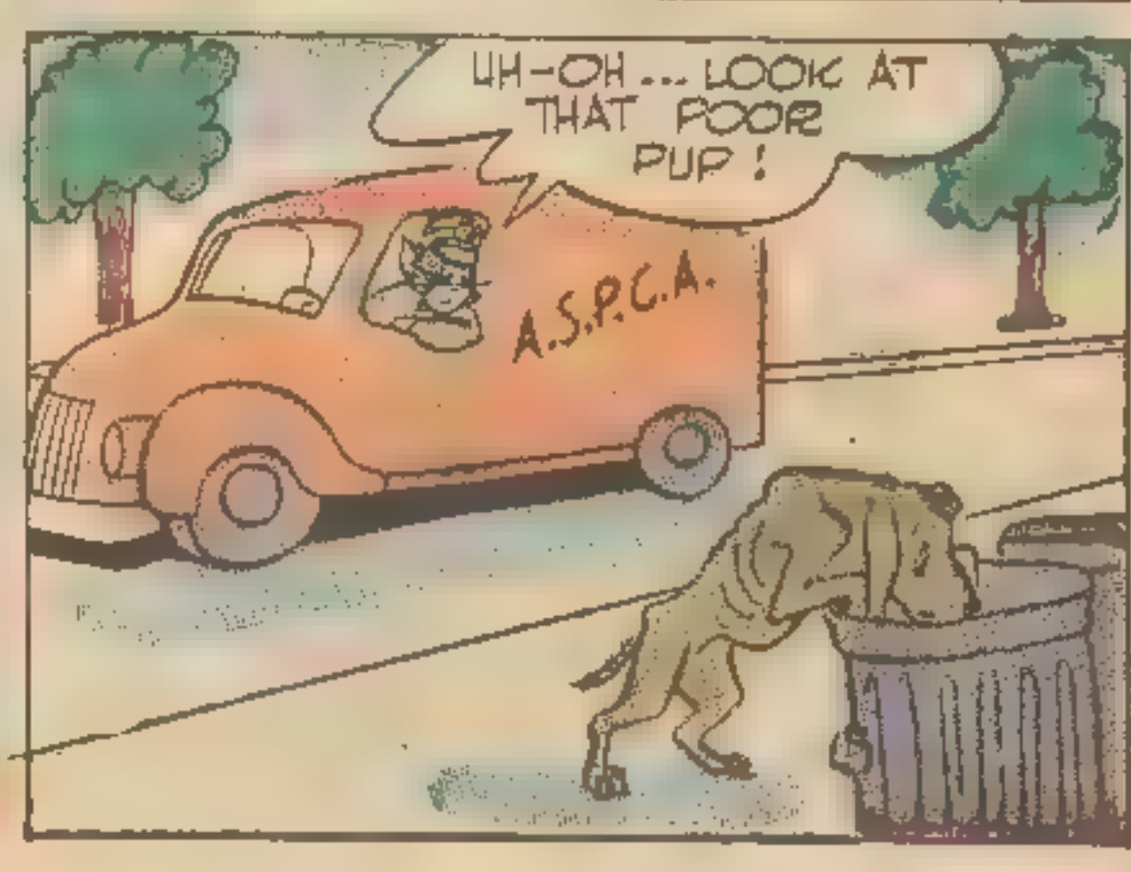

BECAUSE THE PUBLIC IS IGNORANT OF THE REAL PURPOSE OF THIS SOCIETY... PEOPLE MUST BE MADE TO REALIZE THAT OUR ONLY PURPOSE IS TO PROTECT AND HELP THOSE HOMELESS, UNFORTUNATE LITTLE CREATURES.

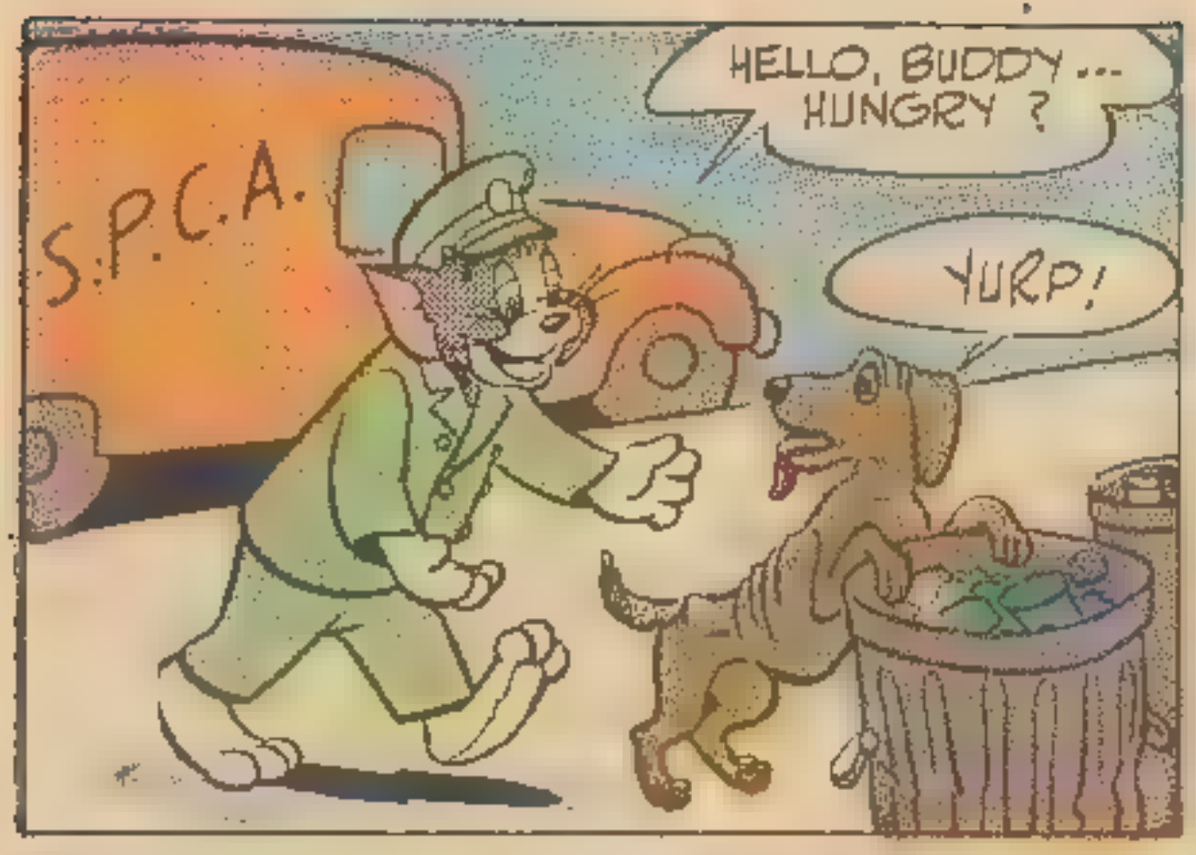

YOU MAY GO NOW, MR. TOM CAT... AND REMEMBER, ALWAYS BE KINDLY AND PATIENT!
YES, SIR!

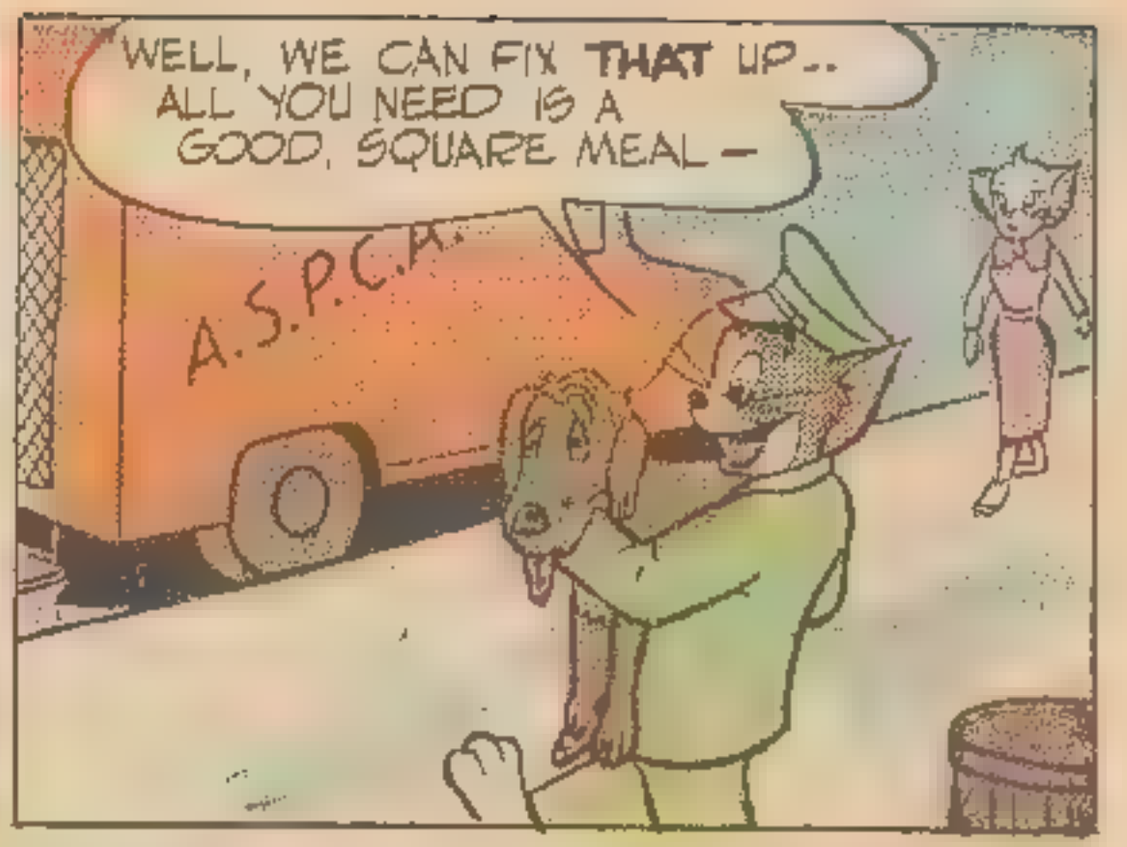

SOCIETY FOR PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
I TOOK THIS JOB JUST FOR THE UNIFORM, BUT MR. SMITH CONVINCED ME IT'S A REALLY WORTH-WHILE JOB!

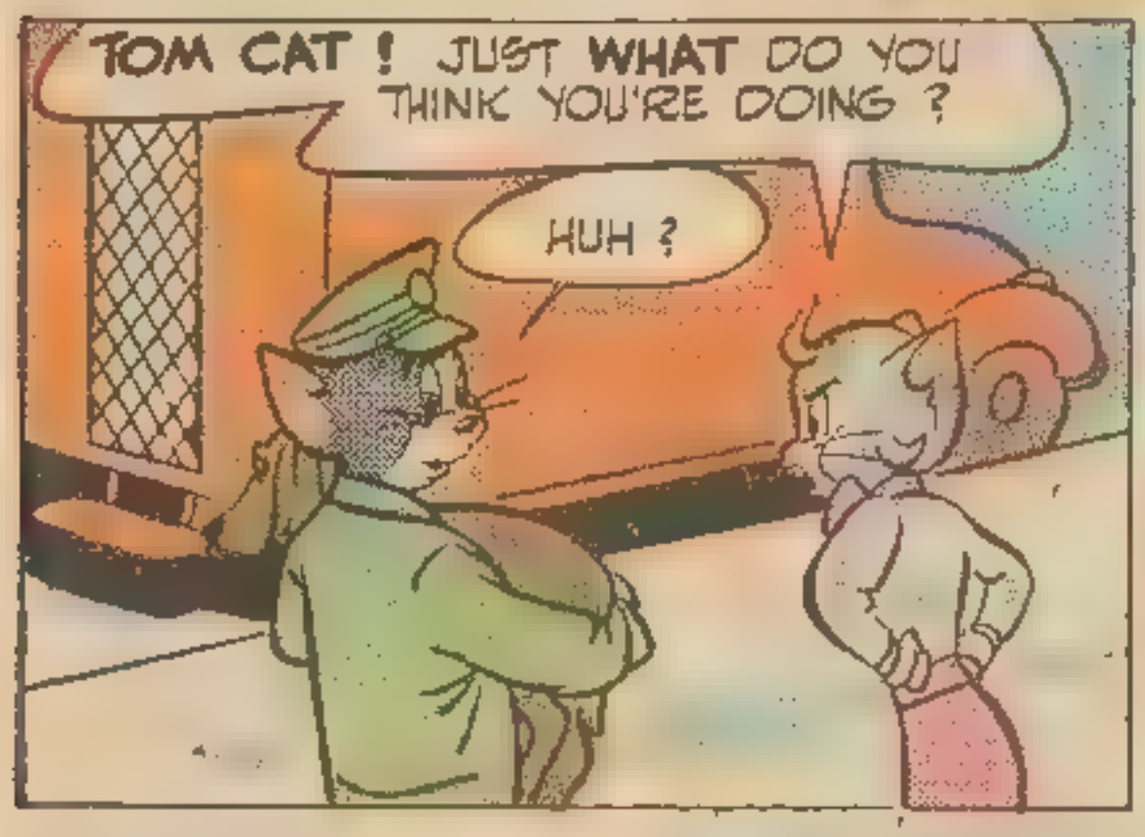

OH, THERE'S THE DOG CATCHER!
?
A.S.P.C.A.
HE'S NOT GONNA GET MY DOG!

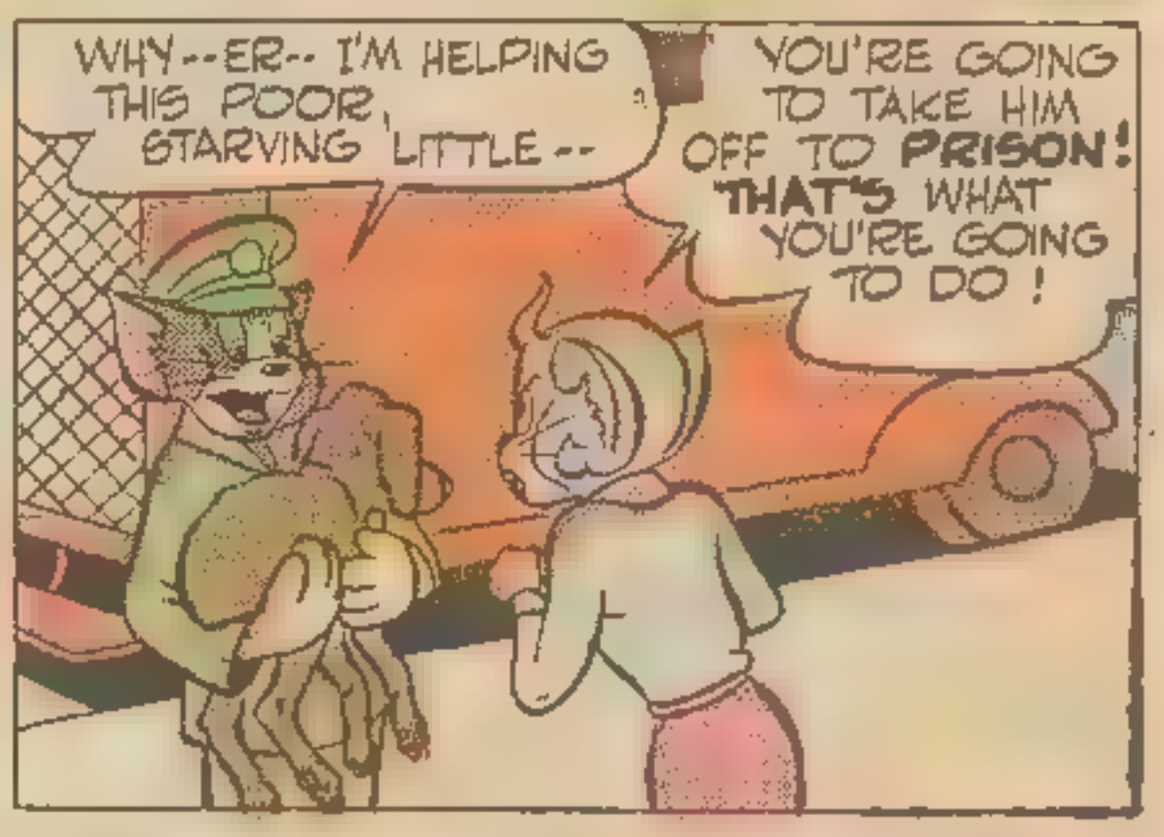

I GUESS THAT'S WHAT MR. SMITH MEANS— KIDS THINK WE'RE TRYING TO STEAL THEIR PETS!

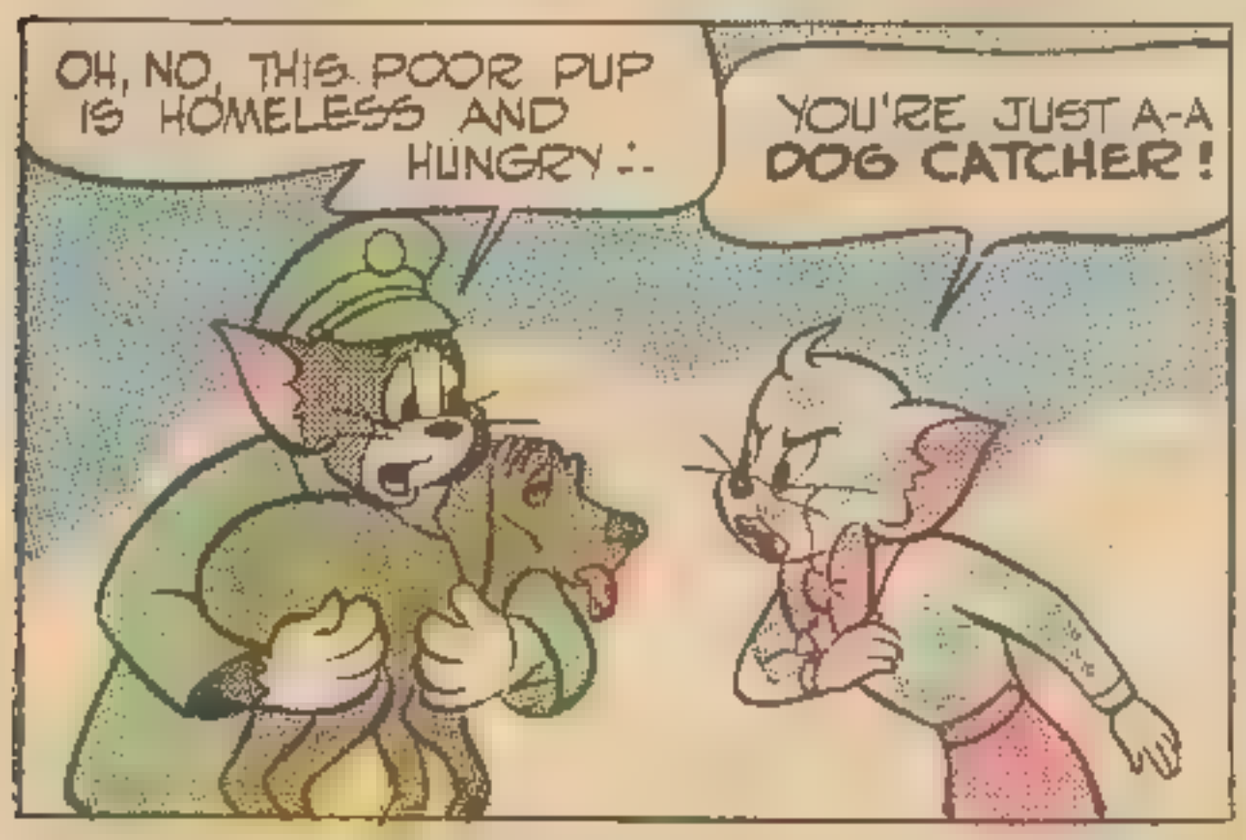

UH-OH... LOOK AT THAT POOR PUP!
A.S.P.C.A.

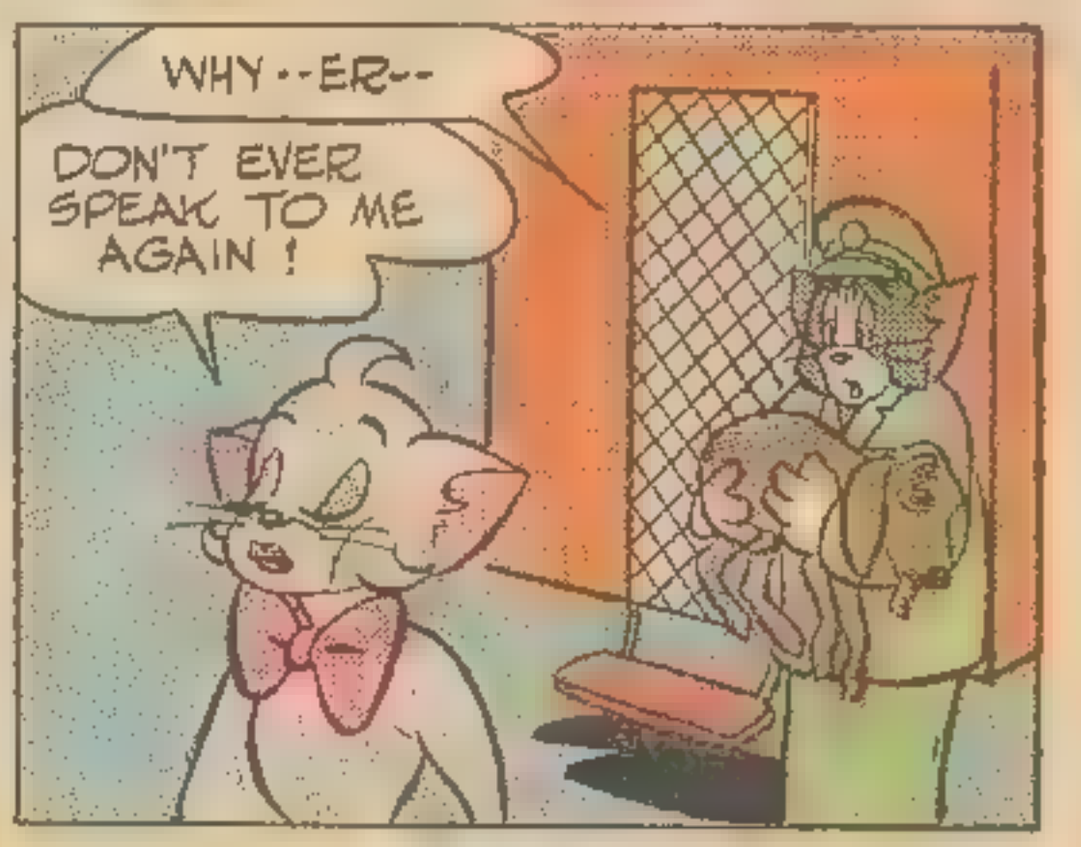

S.P.C.A.
HELLO, BUDDY... HUNGRY ?
YURP!

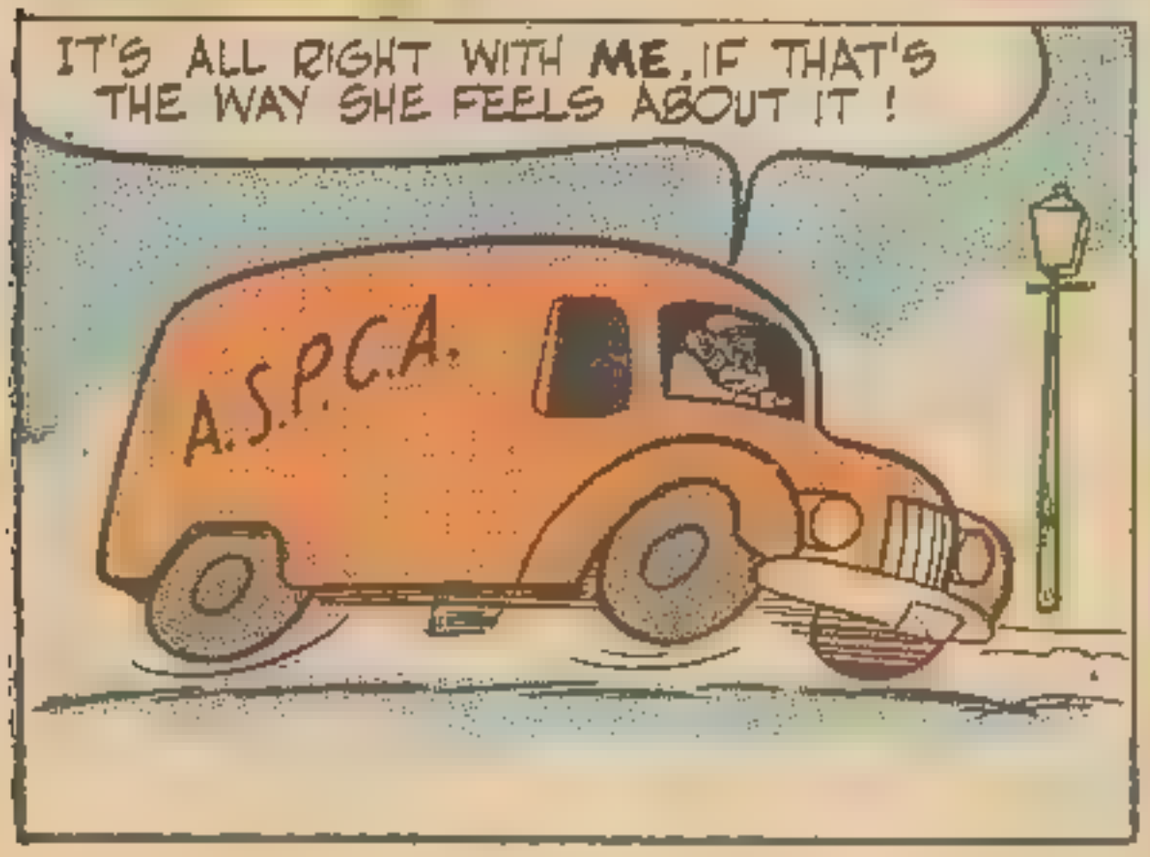

WELL, WE CAN FIX THAT UP.. ALL YOU NEED IS A GOOD, SQUARE MEAL —
A.S.P.C.A.

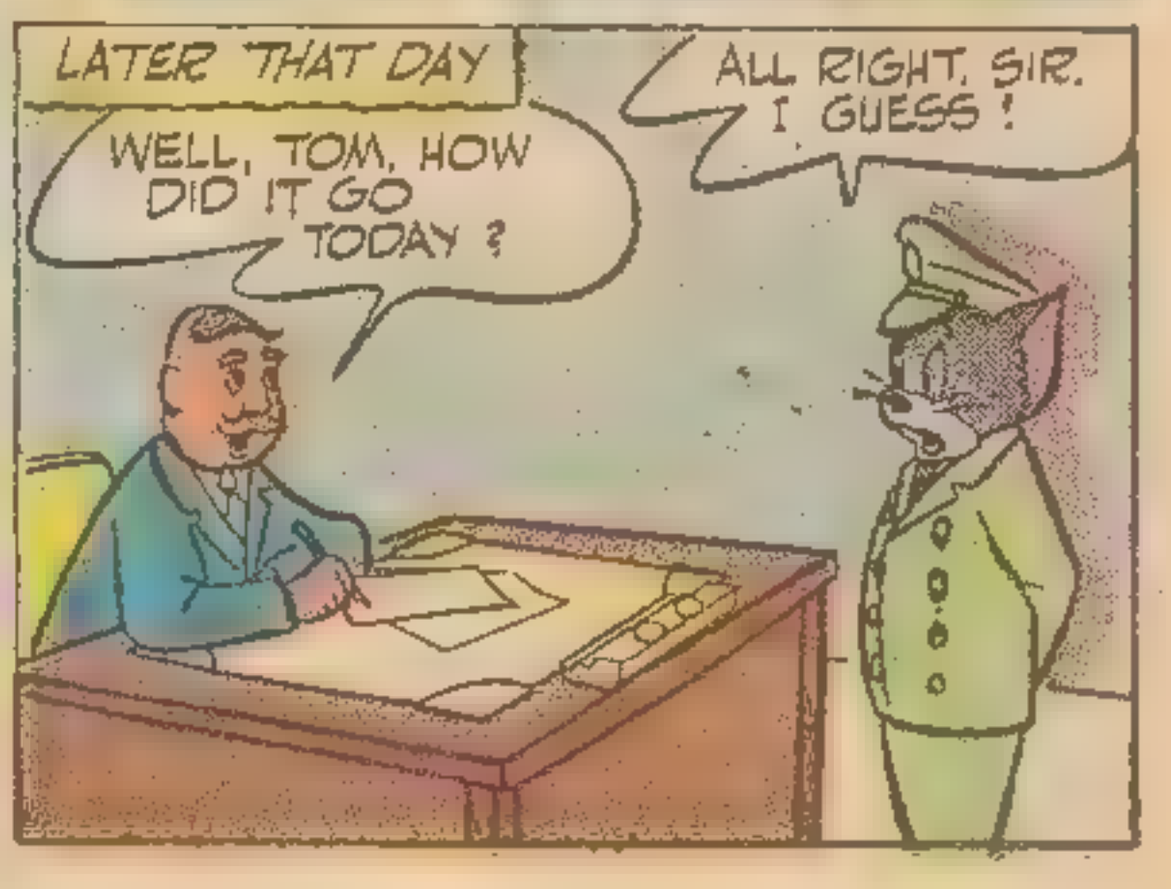

TOM CAT ! JUST WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING ?
HUH ?

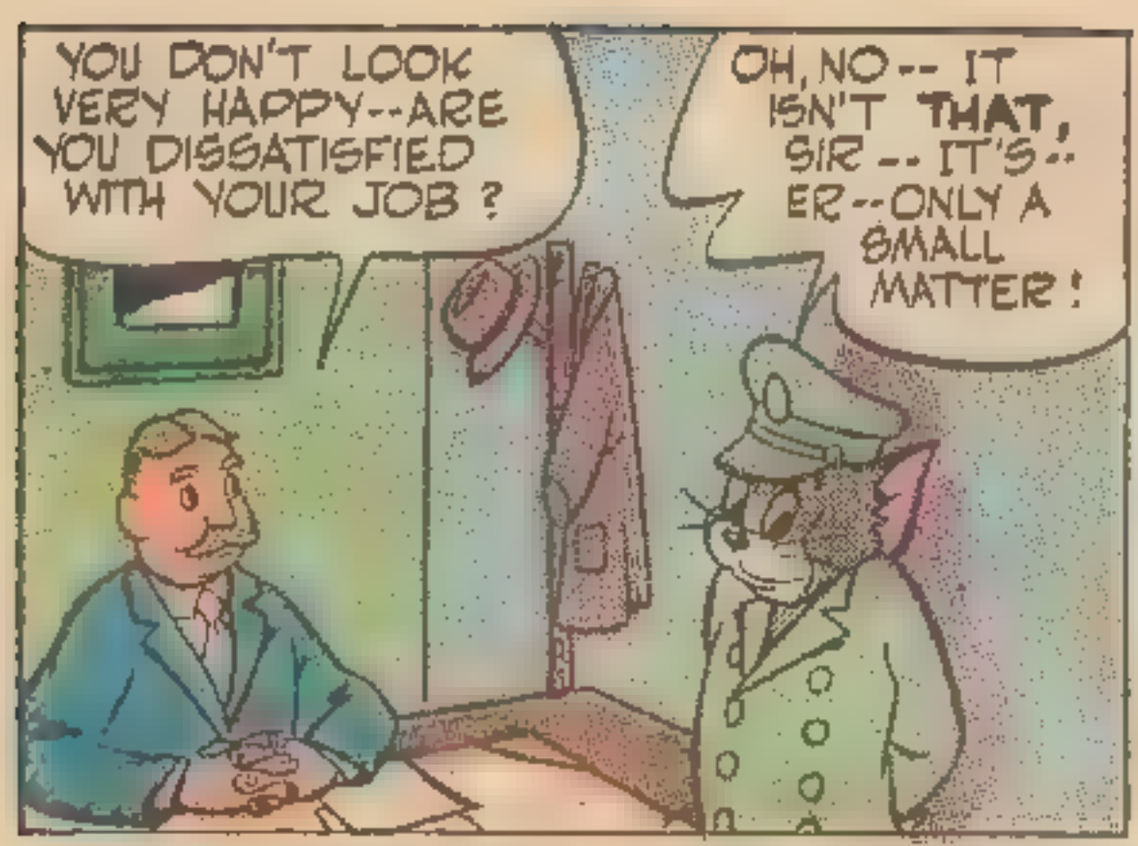

WHY--ER-- I'M HELPING THIS POOR, STARVING LITTLE--
YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE HIM OFF TO PRISON! THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO !

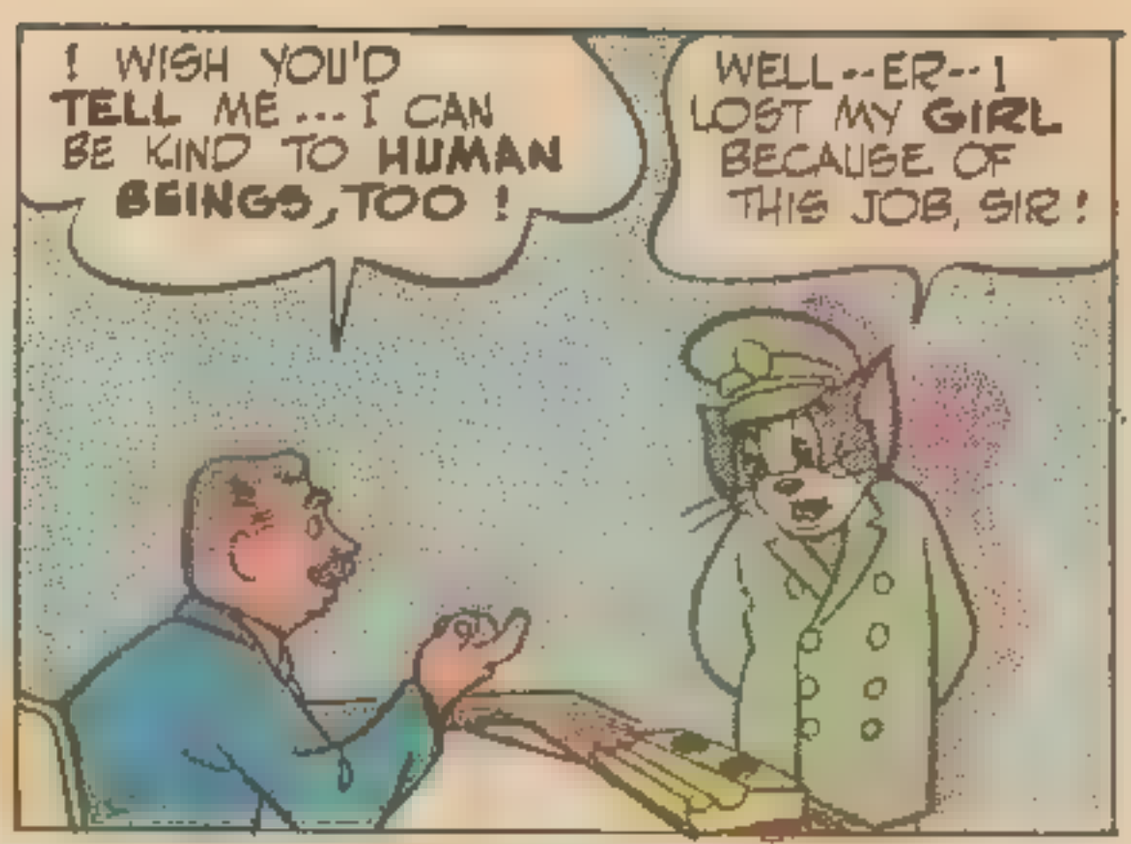

OH, NO, THIS POOR PUP IS HOMELESS AND HUNGRY :-
YOU'RE JUST A-A DOG CATCHER !

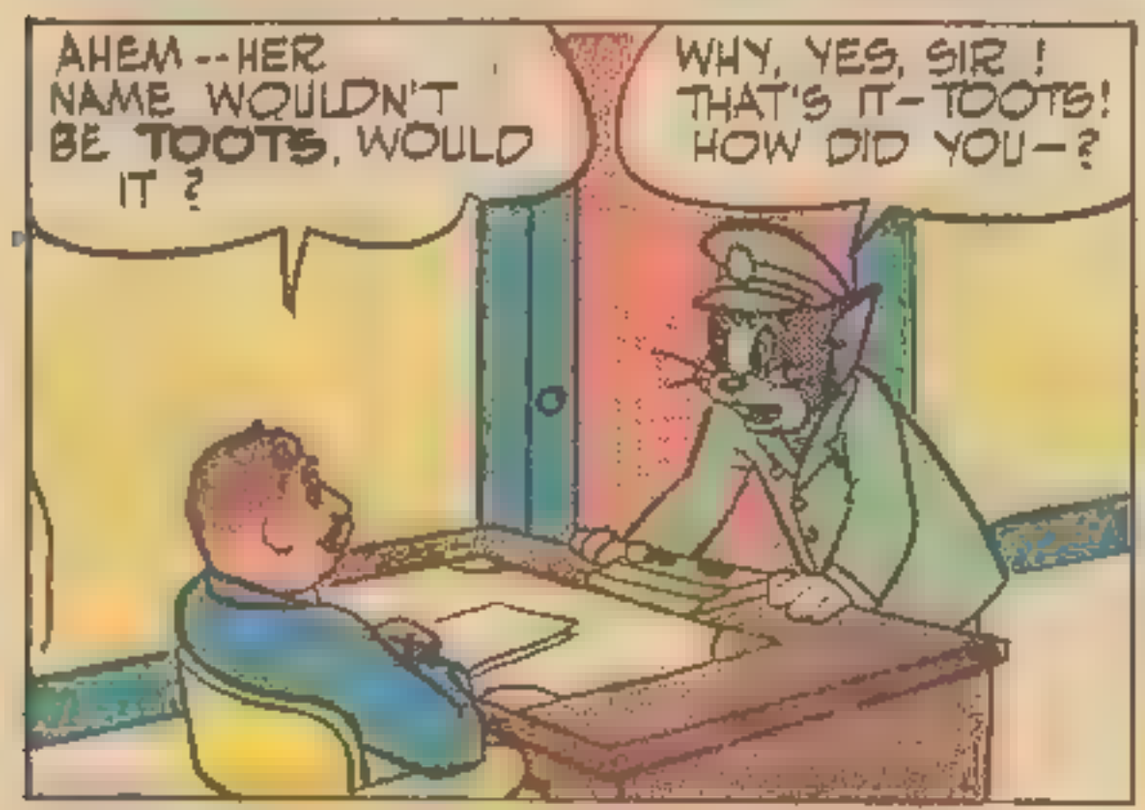

WHY--ER--
DON'T EVER SPEAK TO ME AGAIN !

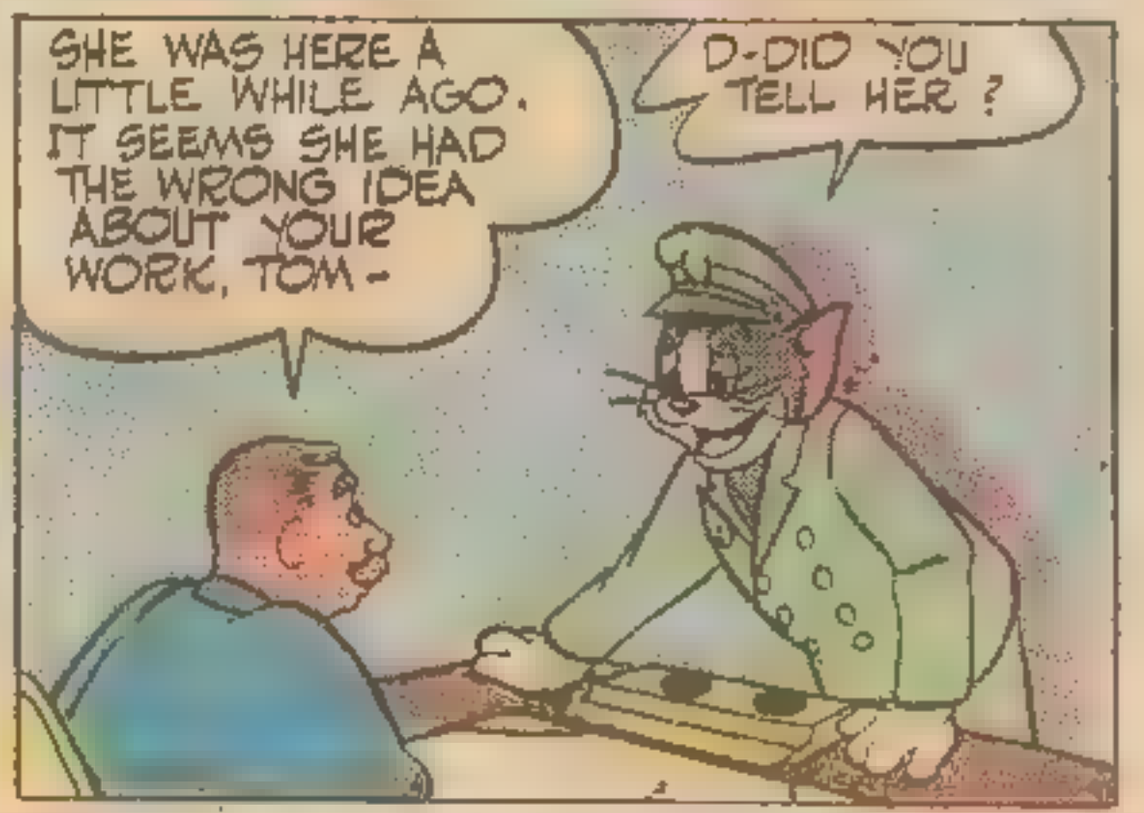

IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME, IF THAT'S THE WAY SHE FEELS ABOUT IT !
A.S.P.C.A.

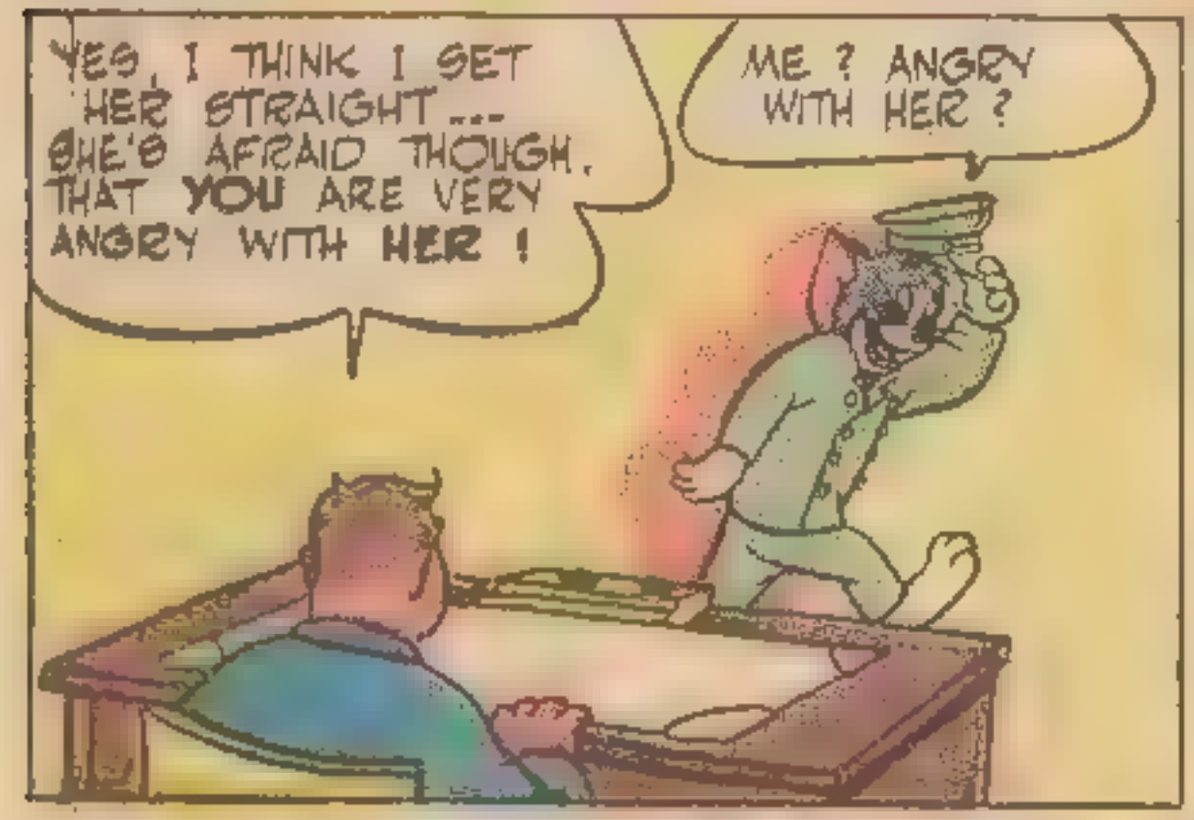

LATER THAT DAY
WELL, TOM, HOW DID IT GO TODAY ?
ALL RIGHT, SIR. I GUESS !

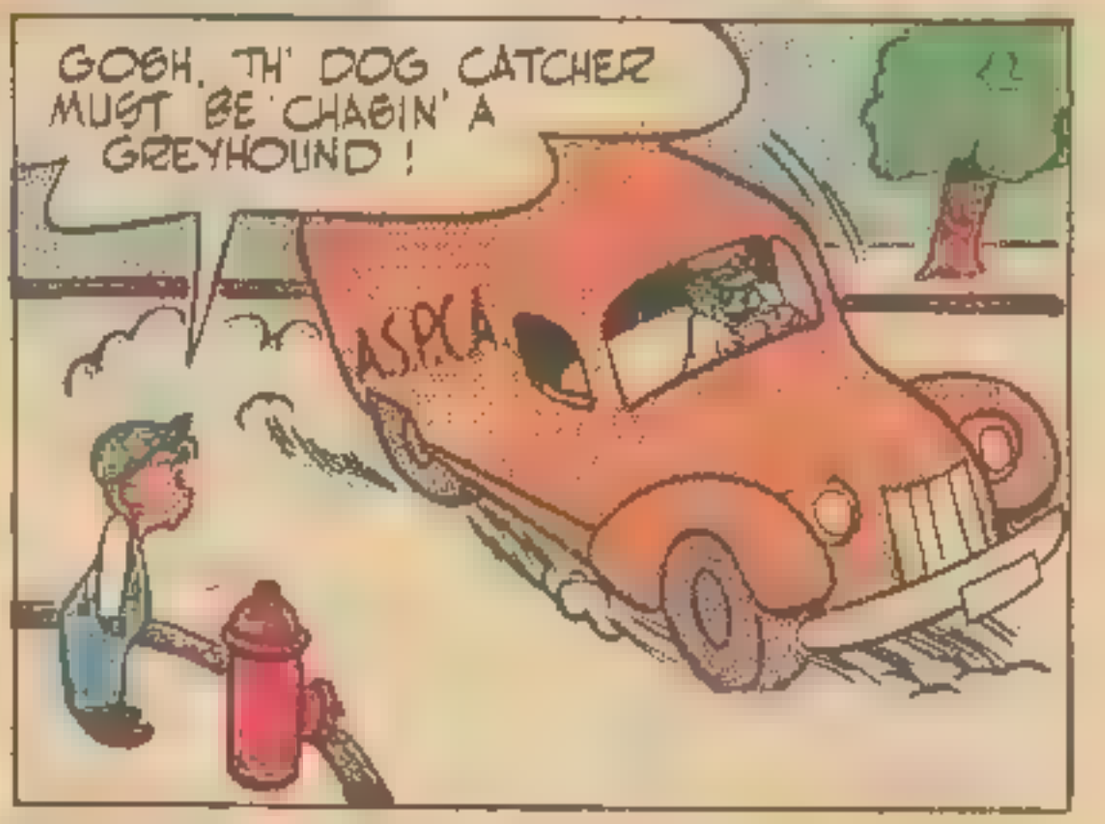


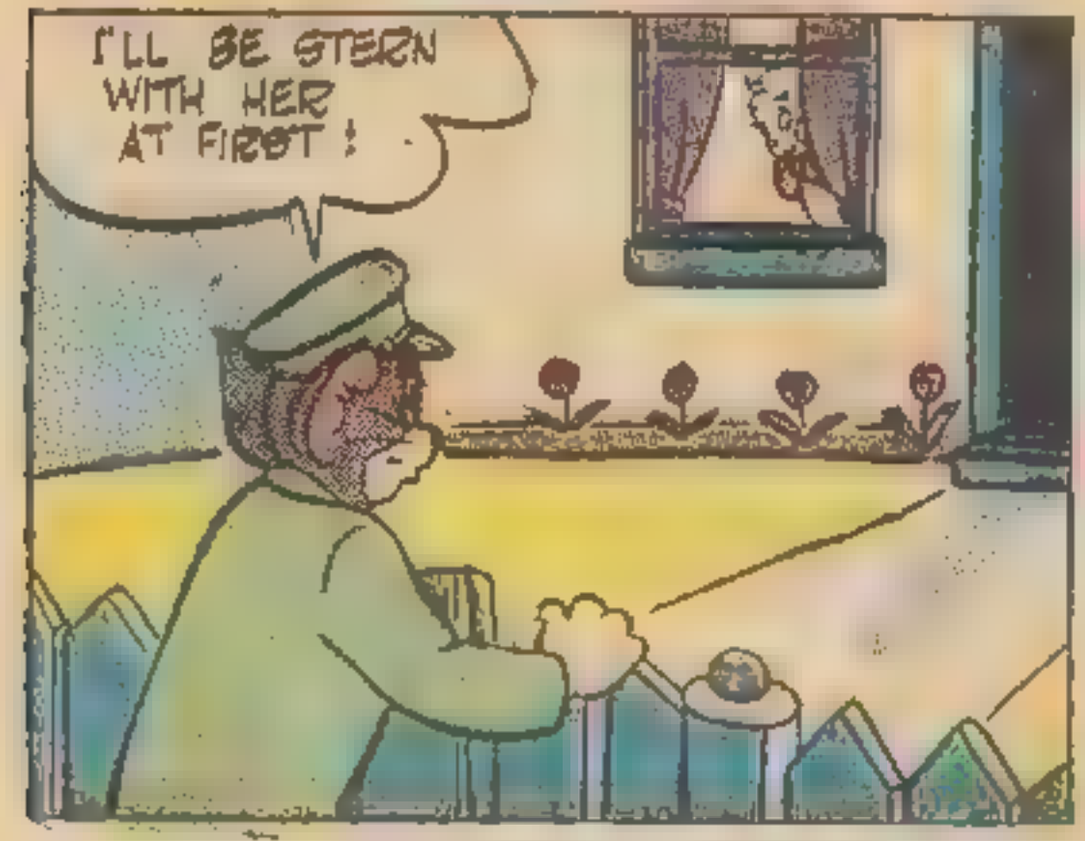


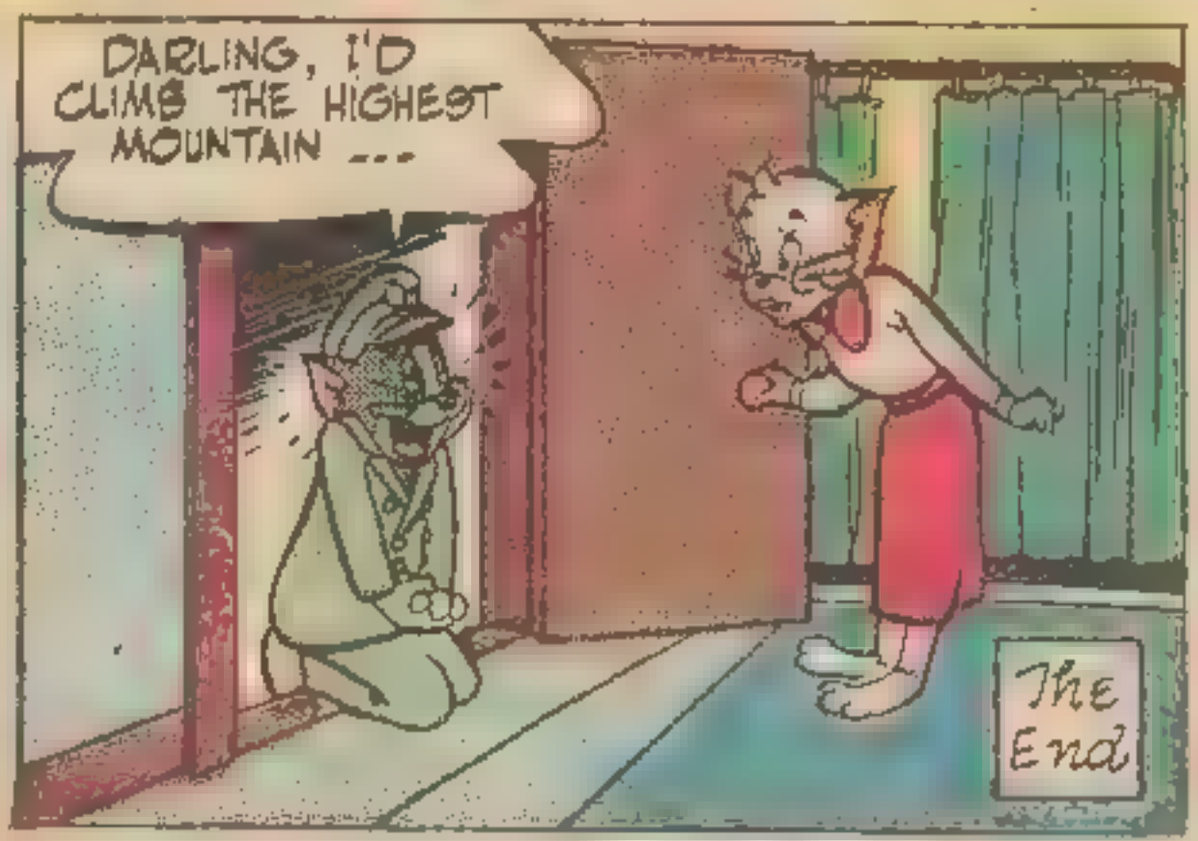






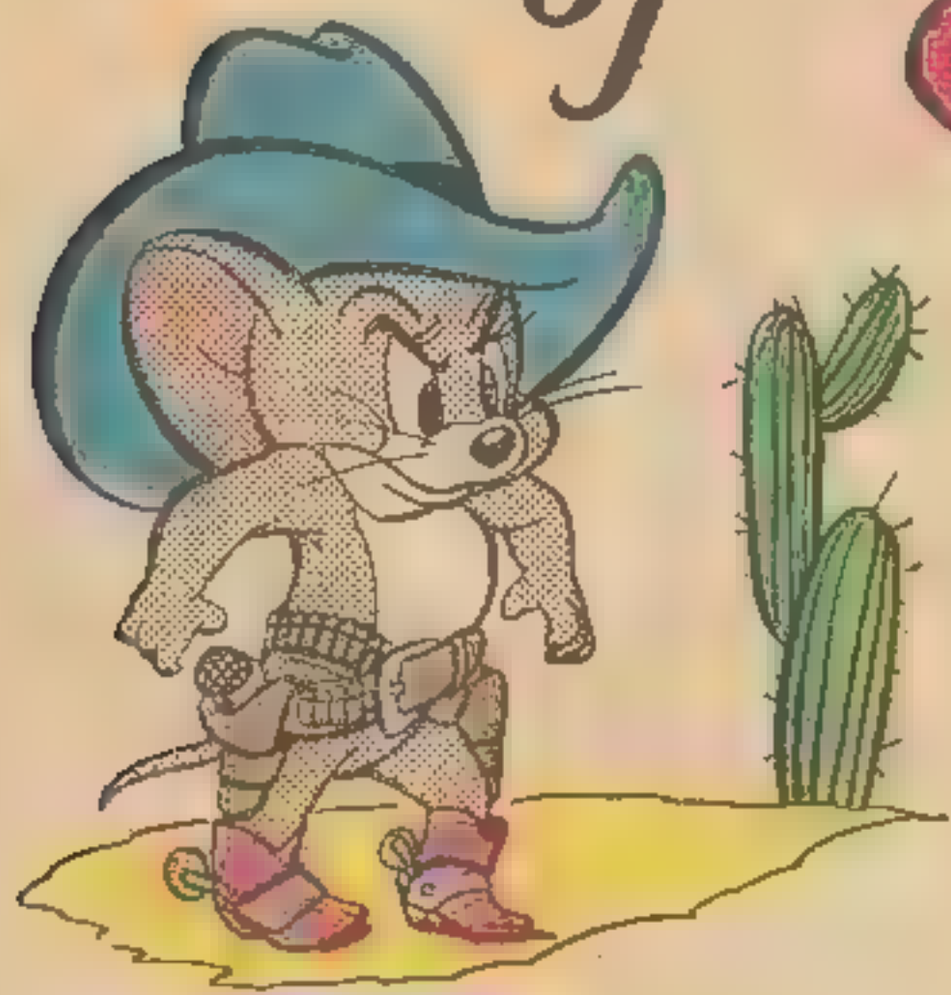






M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

Adventures of Jerry



It was the habit of Jerry and Tuffy, the two little mice, to be up bright and early every morning. In fact, so early, that the other members of the household were still in bed and fast asleep Now, Jerry and Tuffy didn't like getting up early any more than anyone else did, but at that time the house was quiet and it was safe to hunt for breakfast in the kitchen and the pantry

This particular morning, Jerry, who was always the first one to awaken, had overslept It was now almost time for the master of the household to be coming downstairs Jerry sat up and sleepily rubbed his eyes Then he heard the clock in the living room striking seven o'clock and he knew that he and Tuffy had only a few minutes to find breakfast for themselves. He reached over and gave Tuffy's left ear a sharp tug. The left eye opened almost at once. Then he pulled the right ear. The right eye opened Both eyes remained open a few seconds and then slowly closed. Jerry then impatiently grabbed both ears and tugged them hard. Both eyes, and the mouth shot open. The mouth said something:

"Say, what's the matter with you anyway? You tryin' to pull a guy's ears off his head?"

"Listen, Tuff, I had to do that," said Jerry. "We're going to be late for breakfast. It's after seven!"

"What?" shouted Tuffy, "no breakfast?"

In a second he was off the little pincushion bed and out the door. Jerry trotted along behind him as the two headed for the kitchen to find their breakfast.

But this must have been their unlucky morning because there wasn't a crumb of anything to be found, either in the pantry or in the kitchen.

"Gosh, I'm starving," wailed Tuffy.

"Shhh," said Jerry "I'll think of something. Ah, I got it! The POCKETS!"

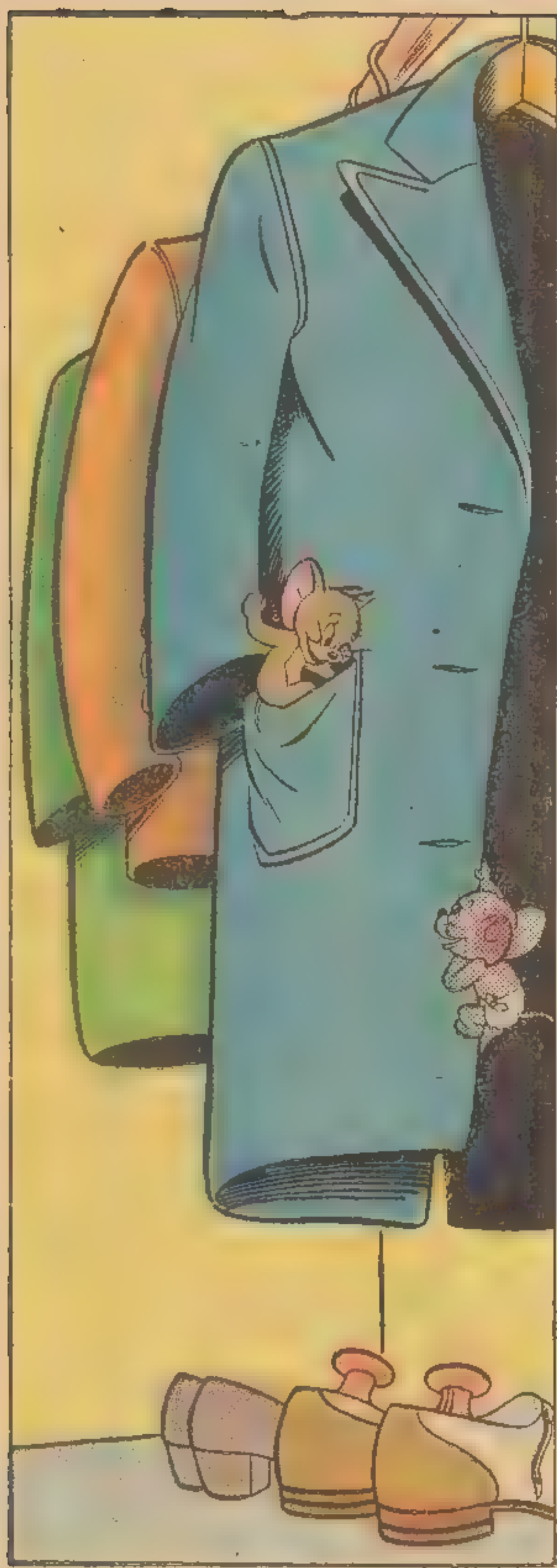
"The pockets? What are you talking about?" squeaked Tuffy

"You know, the coats in the closet. Sometimes you can find a piece of candy or something else good to eat in a pocket."

"Well, I guess we'll have to try it," said Tuffy "It's that or starve the rest of the day"

"Let's go," said Jerry. "We can't waste any time."

The little mice scampered out of the kitchen and down the hall to the



clothes closet. The door was slightly ajar and soon they were inside the closet. Then they leaped up and caught the hem of a long coat that reached almost to the floor. It was a simple matter to climb up and explore the pockets.

"You take the left one and I'll take the right," said Jerry as he climbed upward.

"And I'll be in Scotland before ya," sang Tuffy.

Jerry groped around in his pocket and touched something familiar. The familiar something touched him back and sure enough it was Tuffy making his search.

"Hey, I thought I told you to take the left pocket," exclaimed Jerry.

"This is the left pocket. The other one is—"

"Shh!" hissed Jerry. "There's someone outside the door!"

As the frightened little mice cowered in the darkness of the pocket, they could hear the door swing open. Then, suddenly, they were tossed about every which way, one over the other, backwards and forwards, till they were breathless and dizzy. Then, just as suddenly, the jouncing stopped and there was only a gentle swinging motion.

"Wh-What happened?" gasped the frightened Tuffy.

"I'm afraid the worst has happened," whispered Jerry. "The coat has been taken off the hook."

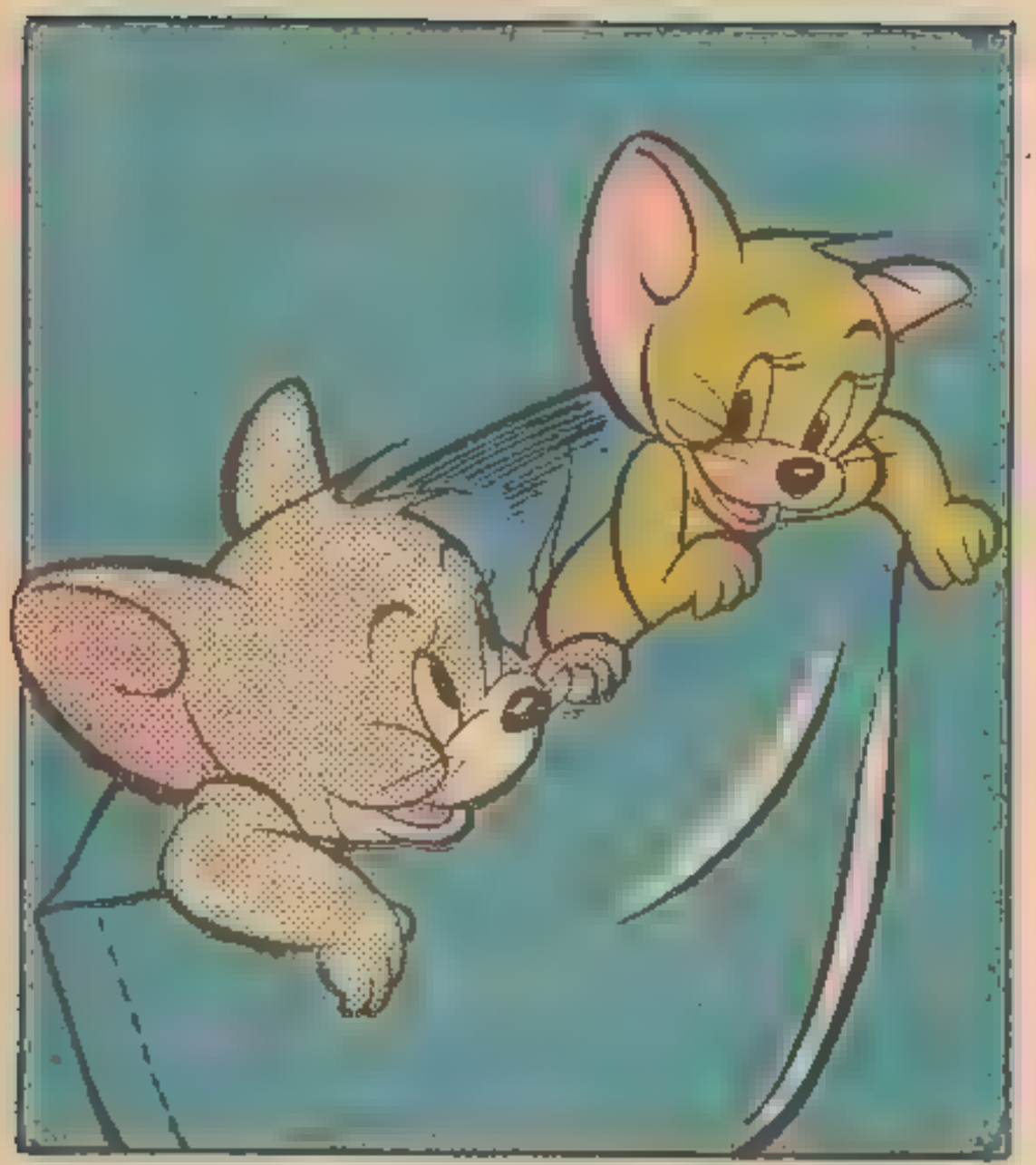
"You mean—?"

"Yeh, someone is WEARING it! We're being taken for a ride whether we like it or not."

"Suppose he sticks his hand in his pocket?" cried Tuffy.

"W-We'll just have to try to dodge the fingers," stammered Jerry.

Minutes went by, and the little mice, crouched in a corner of the pocket, waited for something to happen. But nothing happened. There was only the gentle swinging, to and fro, the strange noises outside and the darkness inside the pocket.



"Listen, Tuff," said Jerry, "I'm going to climb up and peek out. I'd like to know where we are."

"Okay, pal," said Tuffy. "I'll do it, too."

Slowly the little prisoners climbed up inside the pocket until they reached the opening. Then they cautiously peered out from under the flap. The sight that met their eyes was astounding. They were swinging along a wide street and people were hurrying past them in all directions. They had only seen an occasional automobile from the window of their house, but now there were hundreds of them whizzing by in the street. Suddenly the man wearing the coat swung off into the street, and, dodging the autos, made his way to the sidewalk on the other side.

"Whew!" gasped Jerry from the bottom of the pocket where the little mice had jumped when it seemed a car would hit them, "I wish this guy would be more careful."

"Yeh," squeaked Tuffy. "I wish we could steer him. He doesn't know it but he's risking our lives, too."

In a little while they felt themselves being lifted up in little jerks and they knew they were going up a flight of stairs. Then there was a funny sinking feeling in their stomachs. They didn't know it but they were having their first elevator ride.

There was some more walking after this, then the familiar tossing about which meant the coat was being taken off. Then everything was still. They were hanging up again.

After a little while, Jerry climbed up and looked out. He could see long rows of girls sitting down and playing on little black pianos that made a funny kind of clack-clacking music.

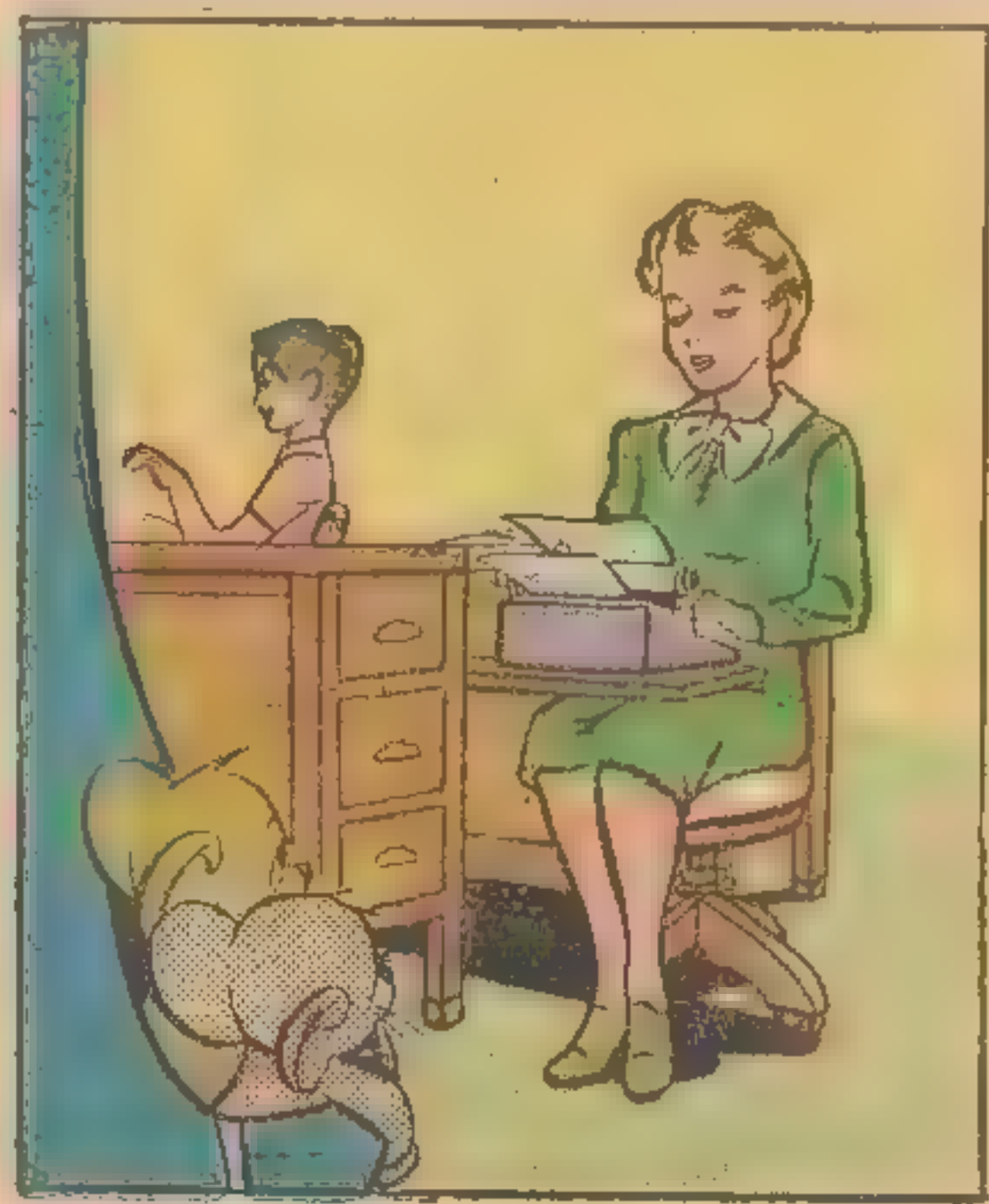
He noticed something else which was a lot more interesting to him.

"Pssst! Tuffy! I think we can come out now."

"Coast clear?" asked Tuffy from the bottom of the pocket.

"Yeh, but be careful. There's a lot of people around. They won't hear us though, they're making so much noise on those silly little pianos."

Now, the things Jerry thought were little pianos, were, of course, typewriters, and the place the little mice had been carried to was a large business office. When Jerry peeked out of the pocket he was surprised at what he saw, but his sharp nose had detected



an old familiar, delightful smell.

The mice quickly climbed out of the pocket and descended to the floor. Motioning Tuffy to follow, Jerry darted over to the shelter of the nearest chair. Then he made his way cautiously toward a desk where a girl was busily clacking on a typewriter.

"Psst! Over here, Tuff," said Jerry pointing to a slightly open drawer in the desk.

Then very quickly the two little mice climbed up the leg of the desk and popped into the open drawer. There in the darkness was a neat paper bag. The mice knew, even before they had torn a little hole in one corner, what was inside. There were two cheese sandwiches and a big red apple, and it was the lunch of the girl who sat at that desk.

"Oboy, oboy! Let me at it," squeaked Tuffy.

The hungry mice then proceeded to fill their little tummies with delicious fresh cheese.

After they had eaten all they could hold, they curled up in a corner of the drawer and soon were fast asleep. They couldn't know that it was getting near the lunch hour and they were in great danger.

At last it was twelve o'clock. The drawer was roughly pulled open and a hand reached in and grasped the bag. Suddenly awakened, and not knowing where they were, the frightened little mice ran squeaking around inside the drawer. Then they both popped up over the side and landed out on the floor. The girl fell back and shrieked at the top of her lungs. In a moment all the girls in the office were shrieking and running around, knocking chairs over and bumping into each other.

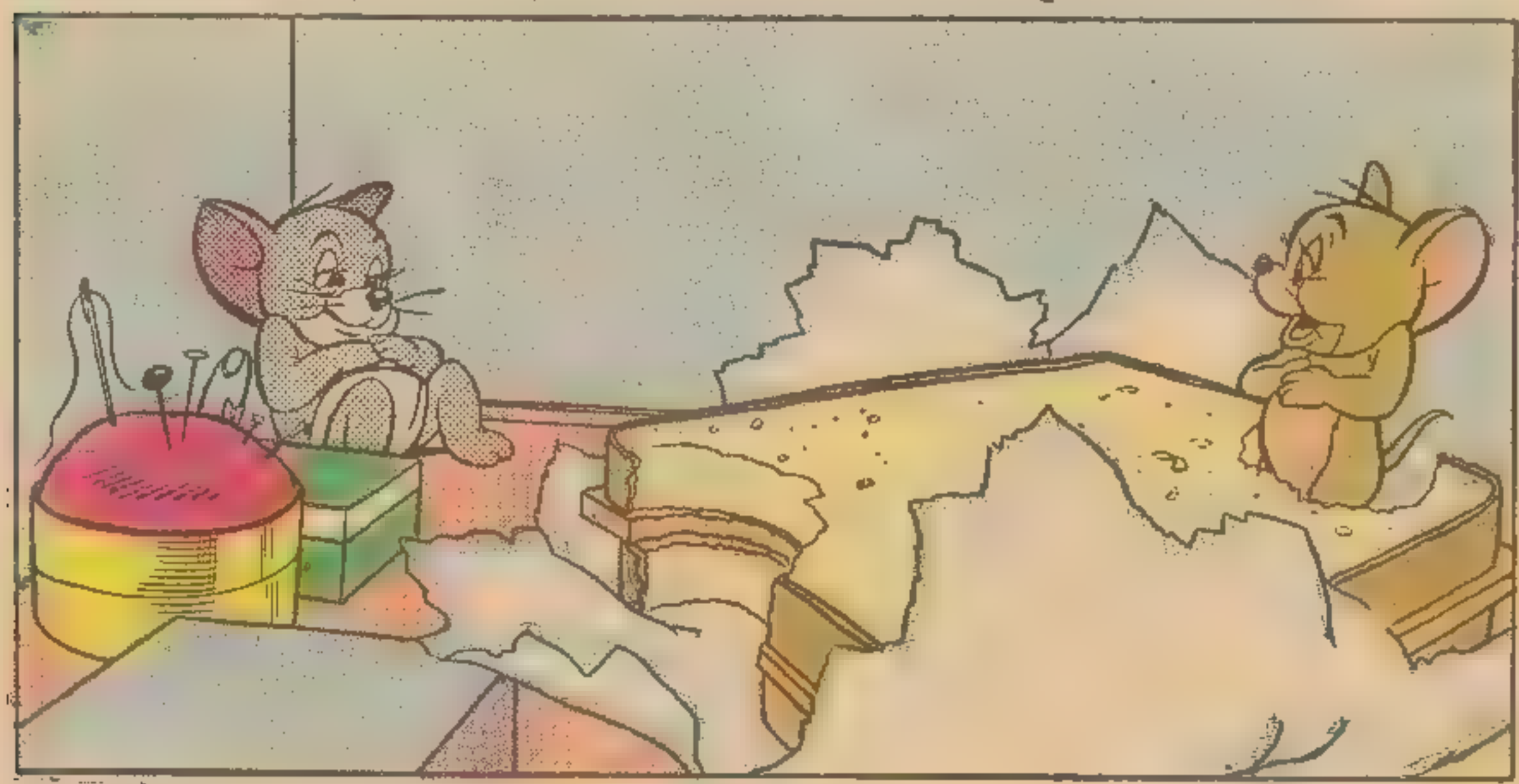
When everything was calmed down finally, a search was started with brooms and other weapons. But that was the last anyone saw of the two little office mice. They were curled up in the pocket of the coat, and sound asleep again.

At five o'clock they were tossed around again and they knew they were on the way home. This time the wearer of the coat took a different route and the mice, peeking out from under the pocket flap, enjoyed themselves very much.

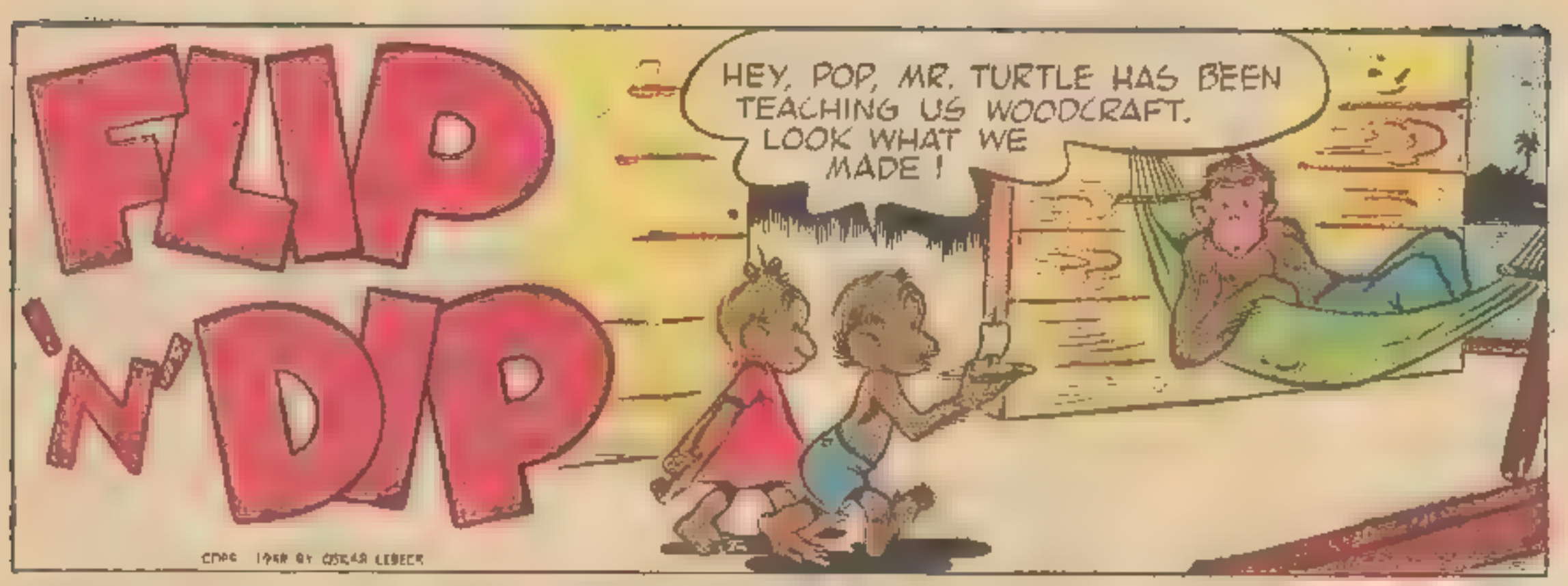
At last they were hung up in the closet from which they had started early that morning.

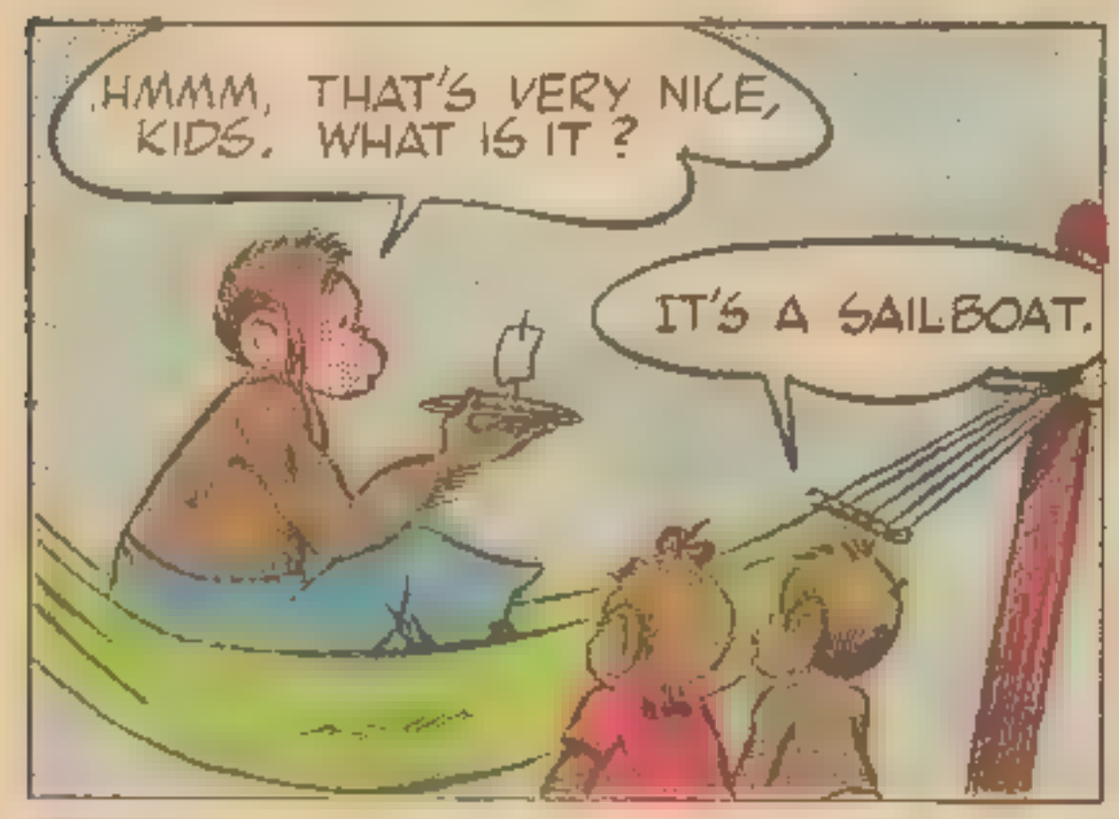
"Let's go," said Jerry, as the footsteps disappeared down the hall.

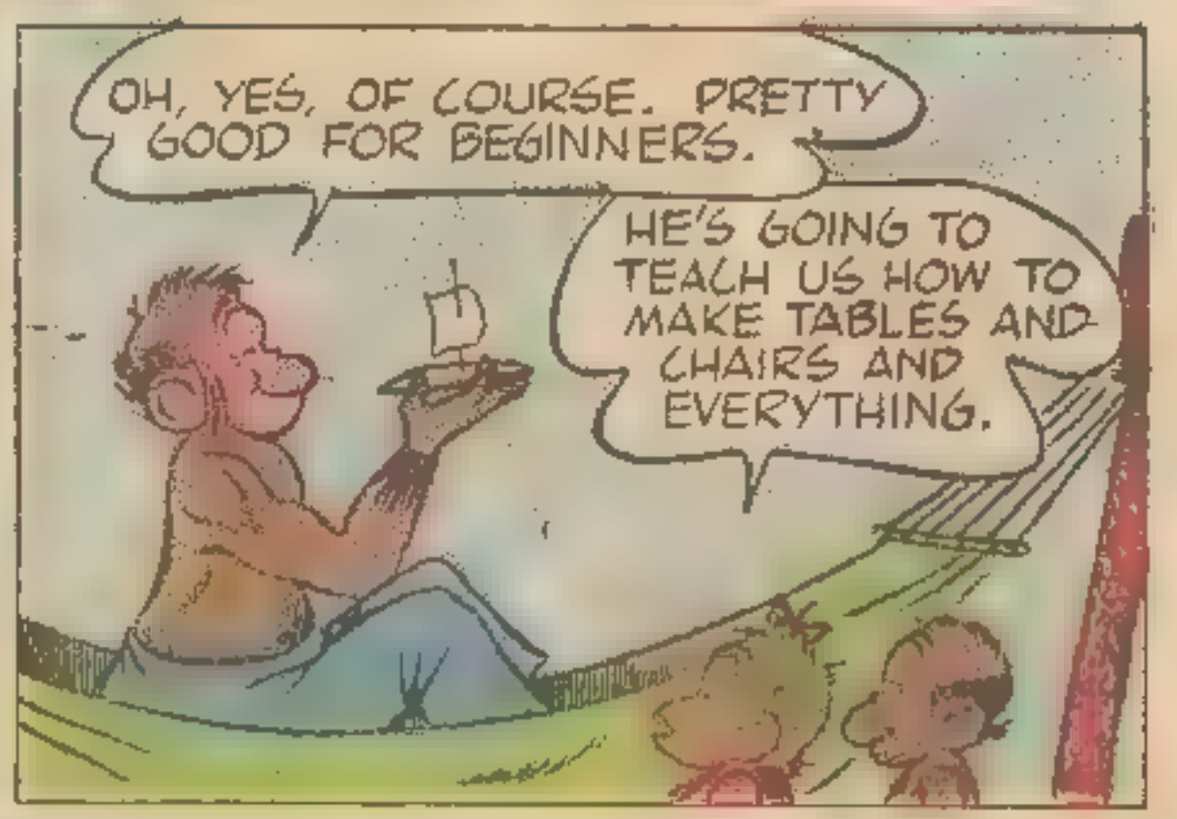
The mice climbed down the coat and made their way to their little mousehole apartment, chattering excitedly about their great adventure.

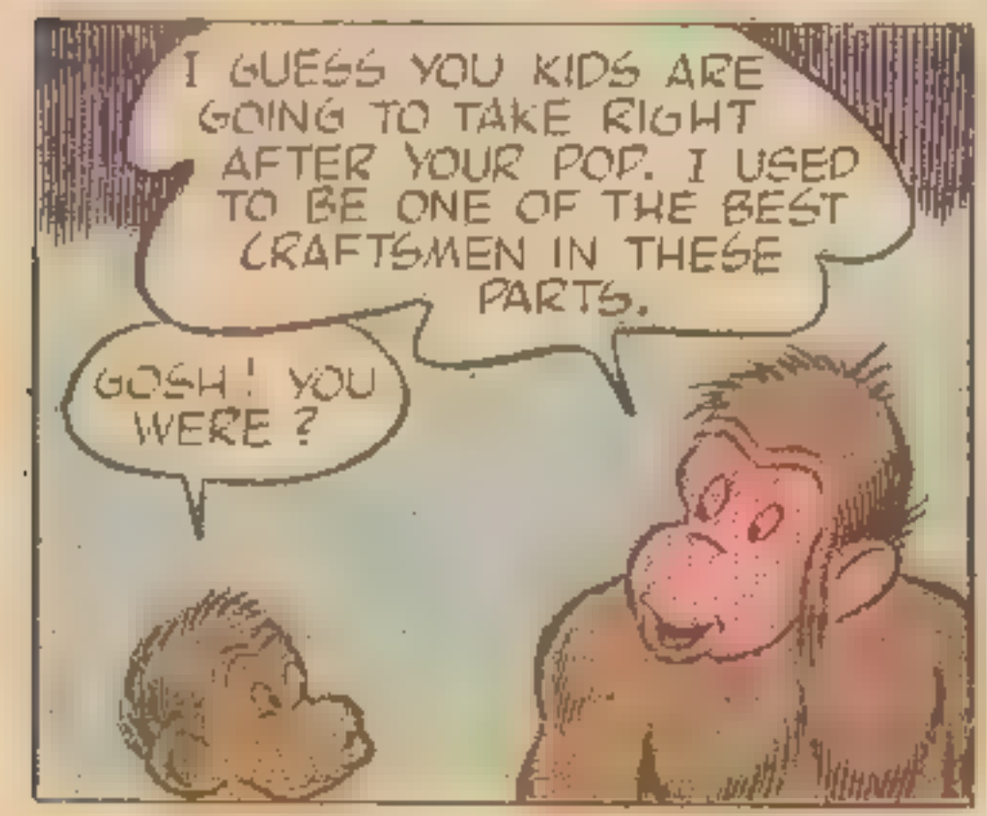


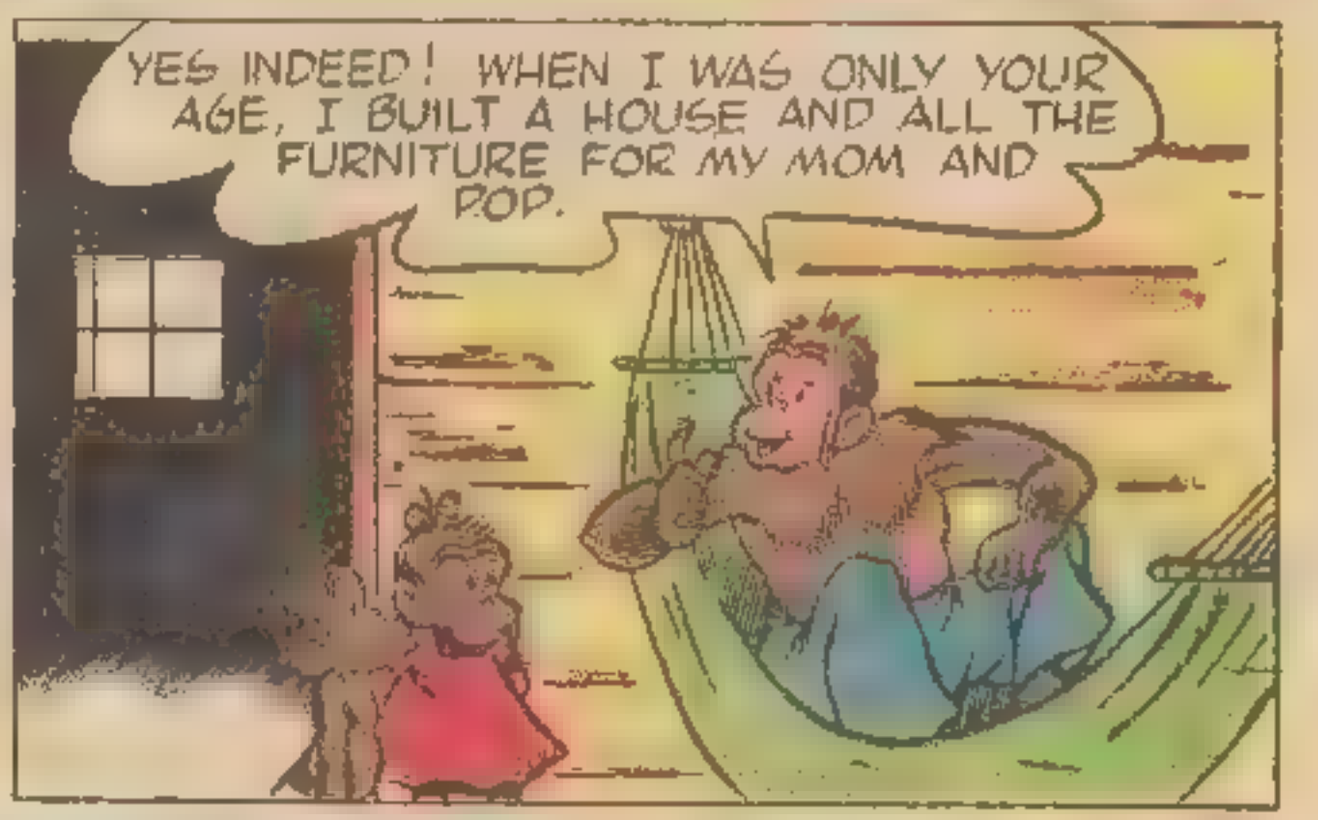
FLIP 'N' DIP

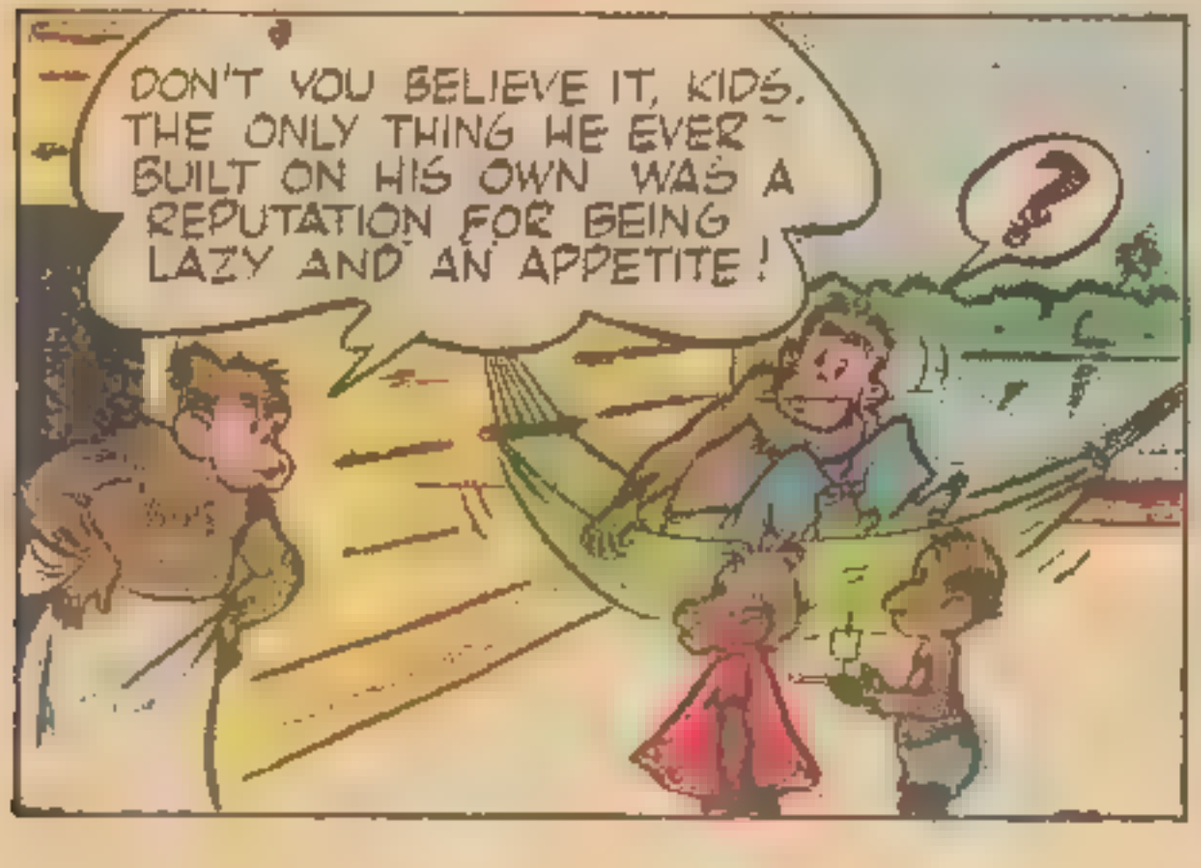

HEY, POP, MR. TURTLE HAS BEEN TEACHING US WOODCRAFT. LOOK WHAT WE MADE!
COPR. 1968 BY OSCAR LEBECK

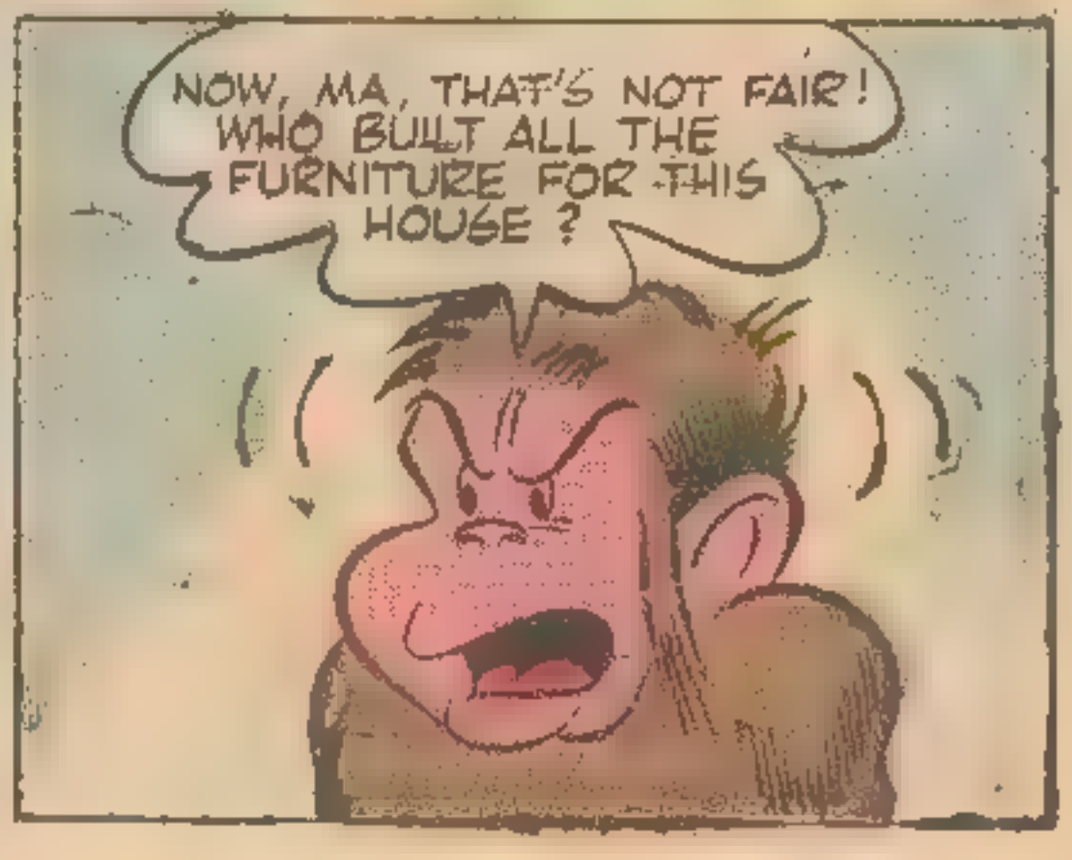

HMMM, THAT'S VERY NICE, KIDS. WHAT IS IT?
IT'S A SAILBOAT.

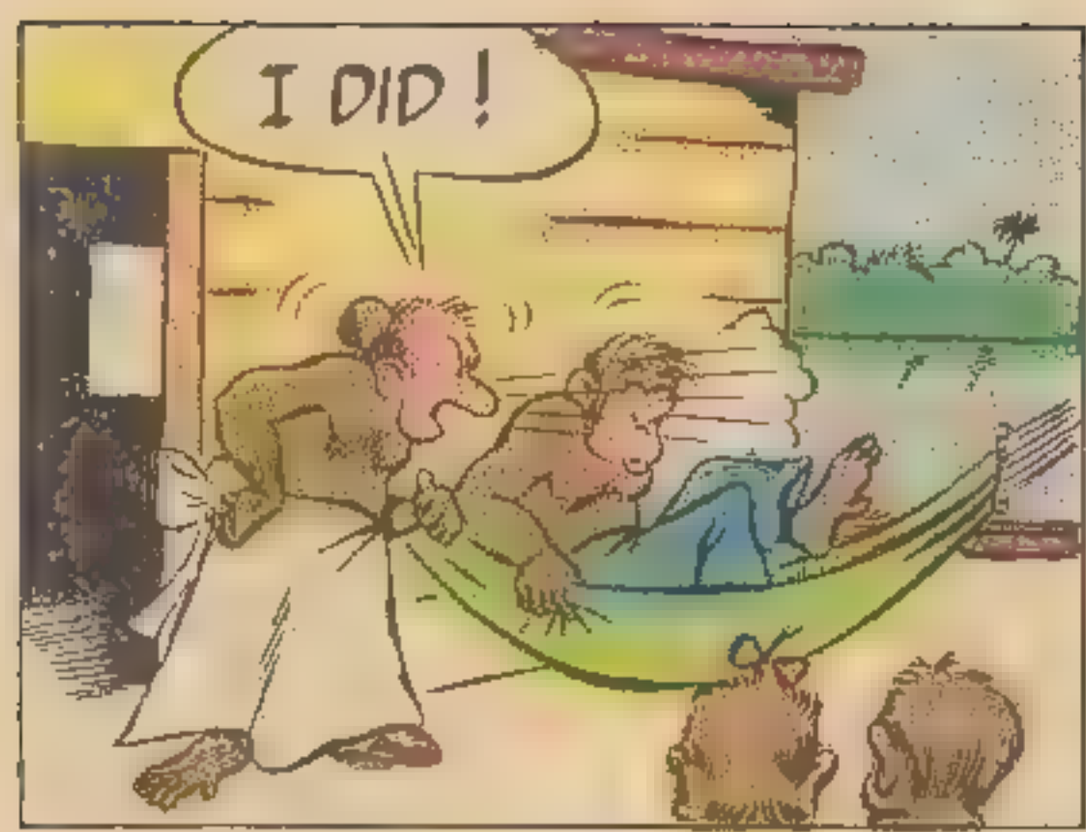

OH, YES, OF COURSE. PRETTY GOOD FOR BEGINNERS.
HE'S GOING TO TEACH US HOW TO MAKE TABLES AND CHAIRS AND EVERYTHING.

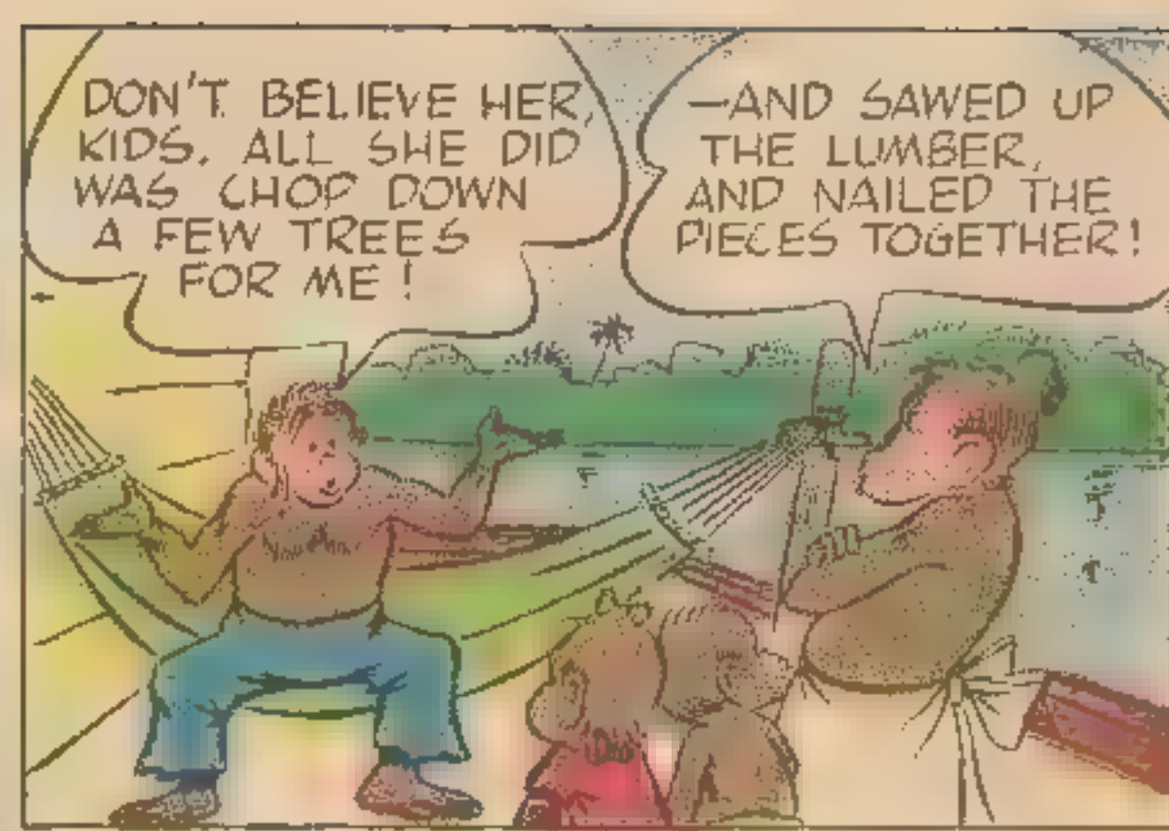

I GUESS YOU KIDS ARE GOING TO TAKE RIGHT AFTER YOUR POP. I USED TO BE ONE OF THE BEST CRAFTSMEN IN THESE PARTS.
GOSH! YOU WERE?

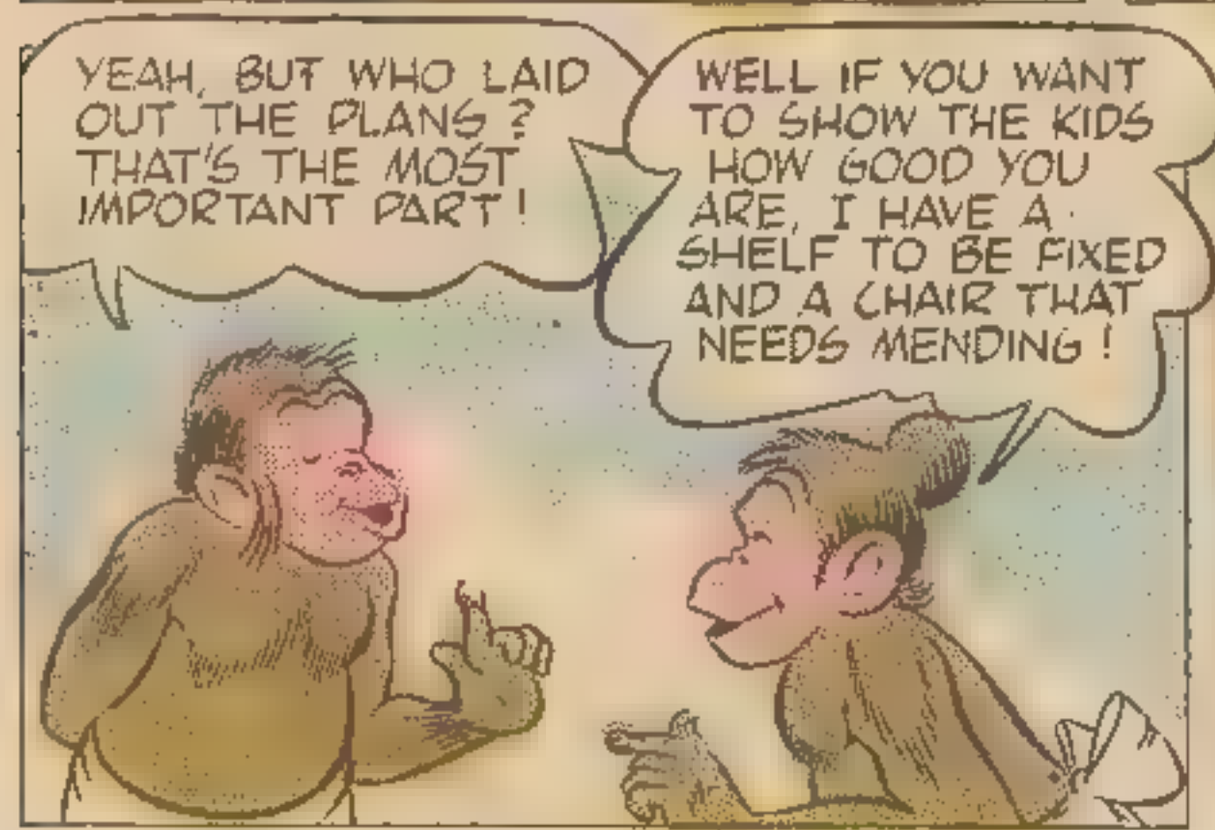

YES INDEED! WHEN I WAS ONLY YOUR AGE, I BUILT A HOUSE AND ALL THE FURNITURE FOR MY MOM AND POP.

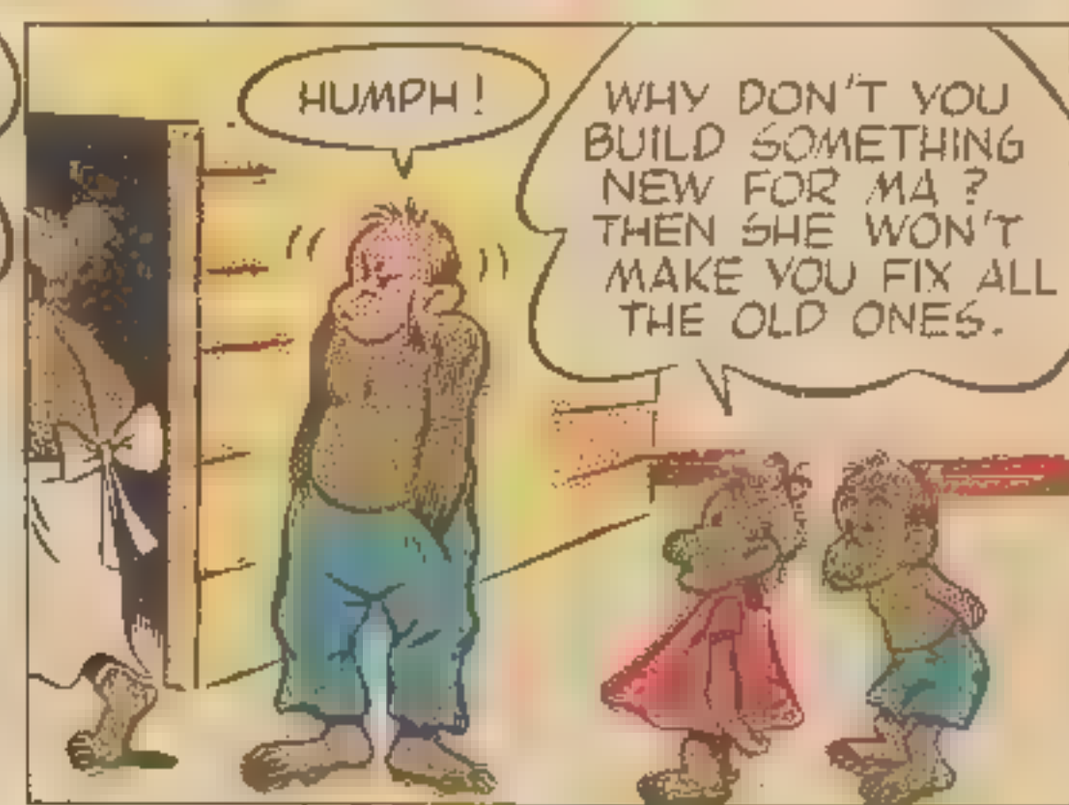

DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT, KIDS. THE ONLY THING HE EVER BUILT ON HIS OWN WAS A REPUTATION FOR BEING LAZY AND AN APPETITE!
?

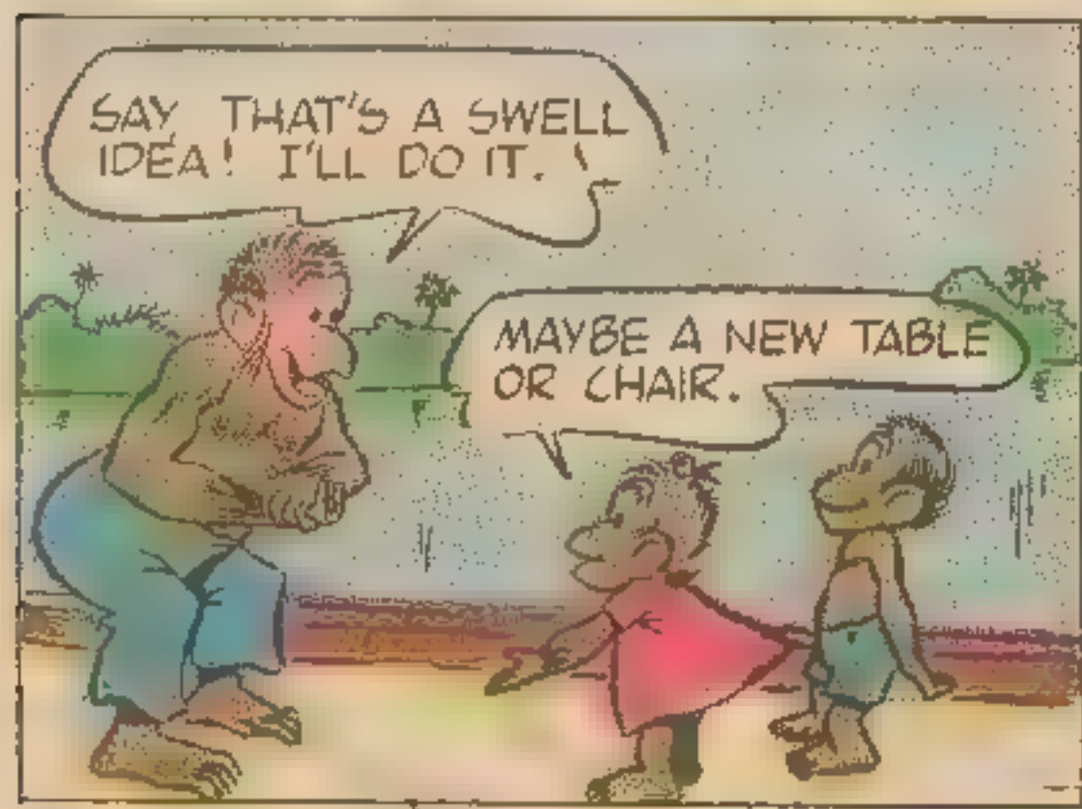

NOW, MA, THAT'S NOT FAIR! WHO BUILT ALL THE FURNITURE FOR THIS HOUSE?

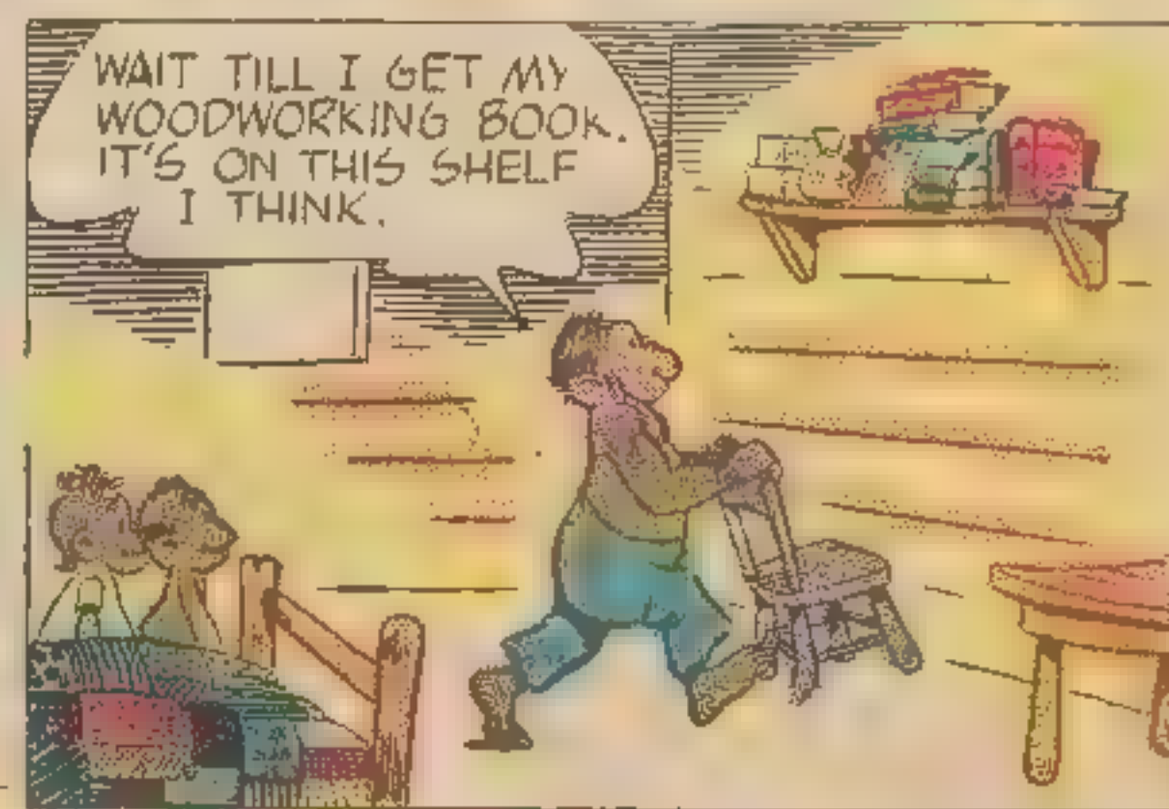

I DID!

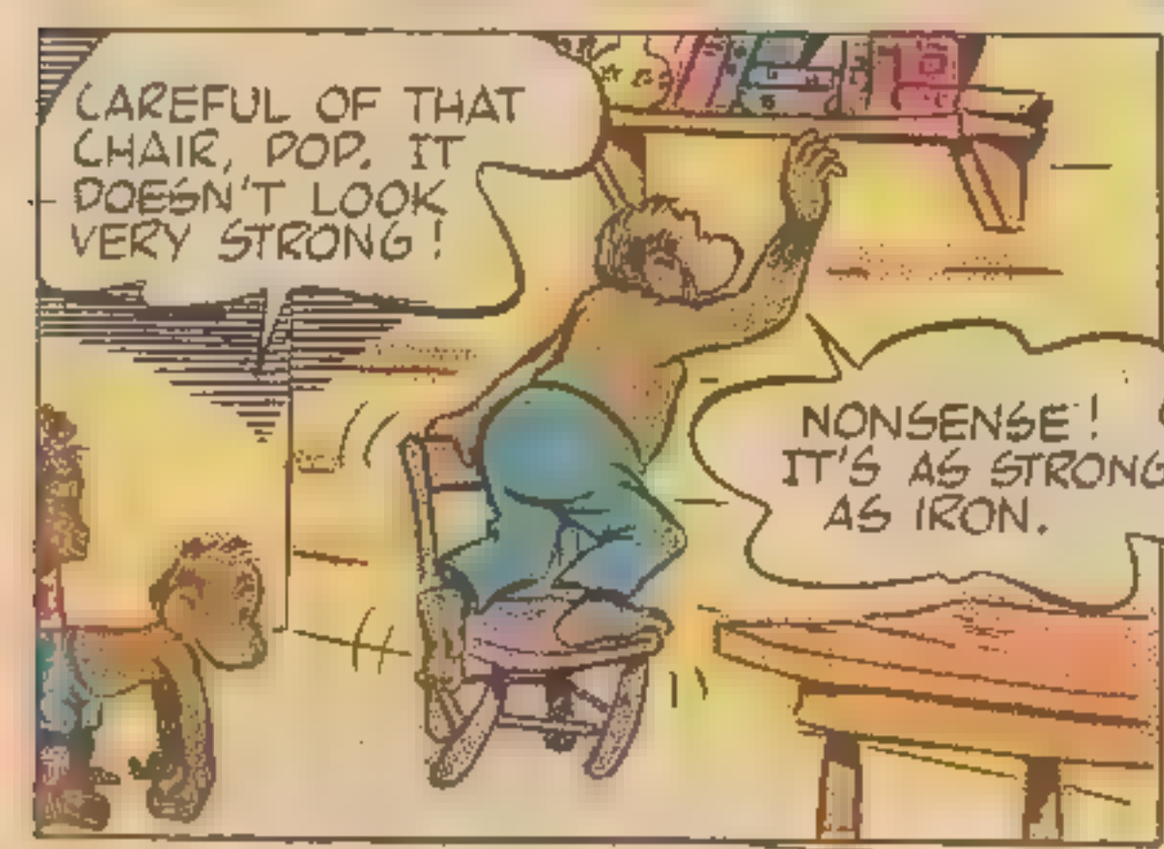

DON'T BELIEVE HER, KIDS. ALL SHE DID WAS CHOP DOWN A FEW TREES FOR ME!
—AND SAWED UP THE LUMBER, AND NAILED THE PIECES TOGETHER!

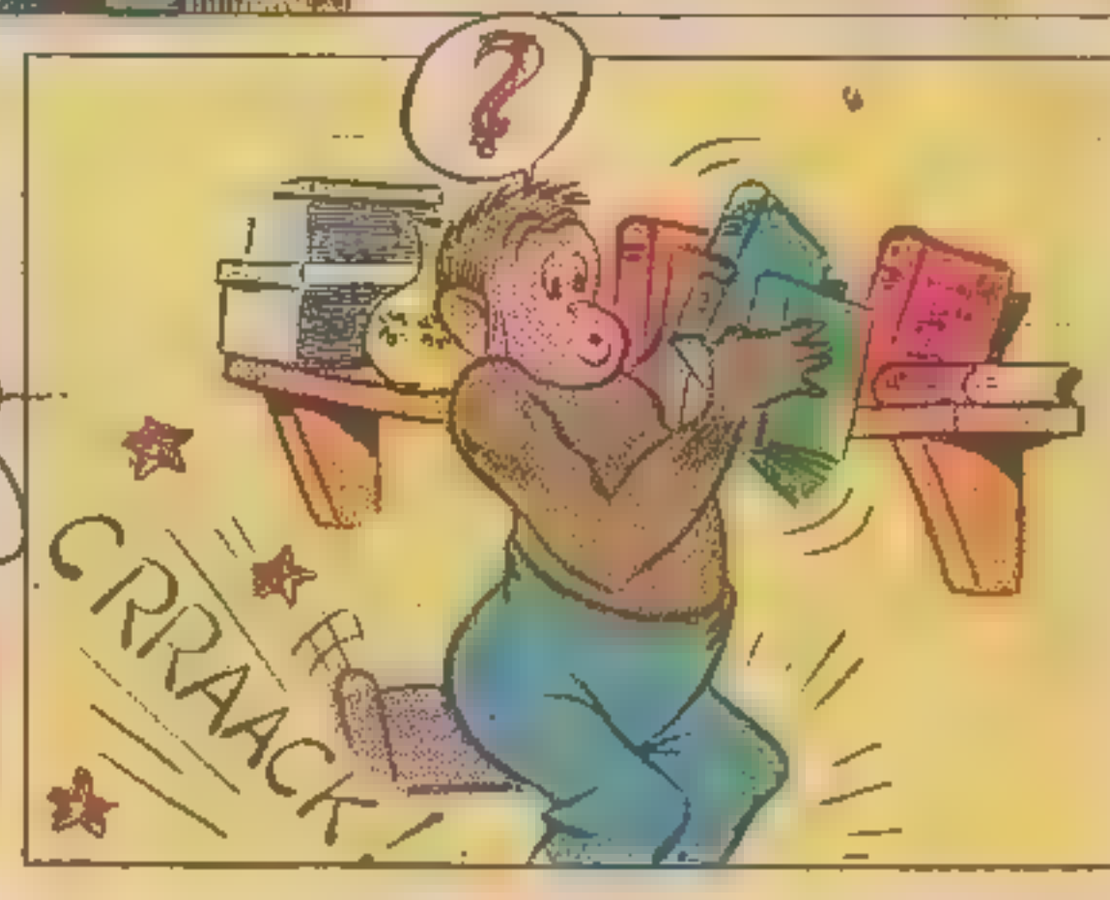

YEAH, BUT WHO LAID OUT THE PLANS? THAT'S THE MOST IMPORTANT PART!
WELL IF YOU WANT TO SHOW THE KIDS HOW GOOD YOU ARE, I HAVE A SHELF TO BE FIXED AND A CHAIR THAT NEEDS MENDING!

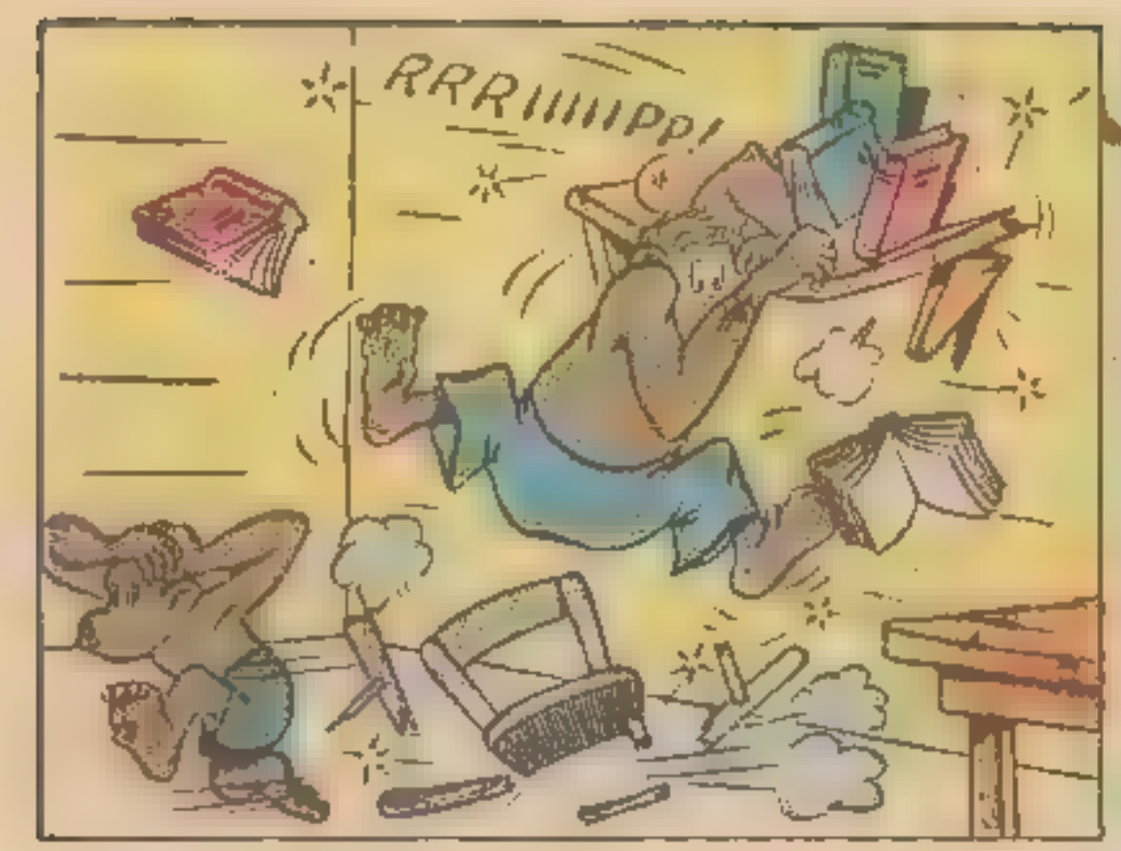

HUMPH!
WHY DON'T YOU BUILD SOMETHING NEW FOR MA? THEN SHE WON'T MAKE YOU FIX ALL THE OLD ONES.

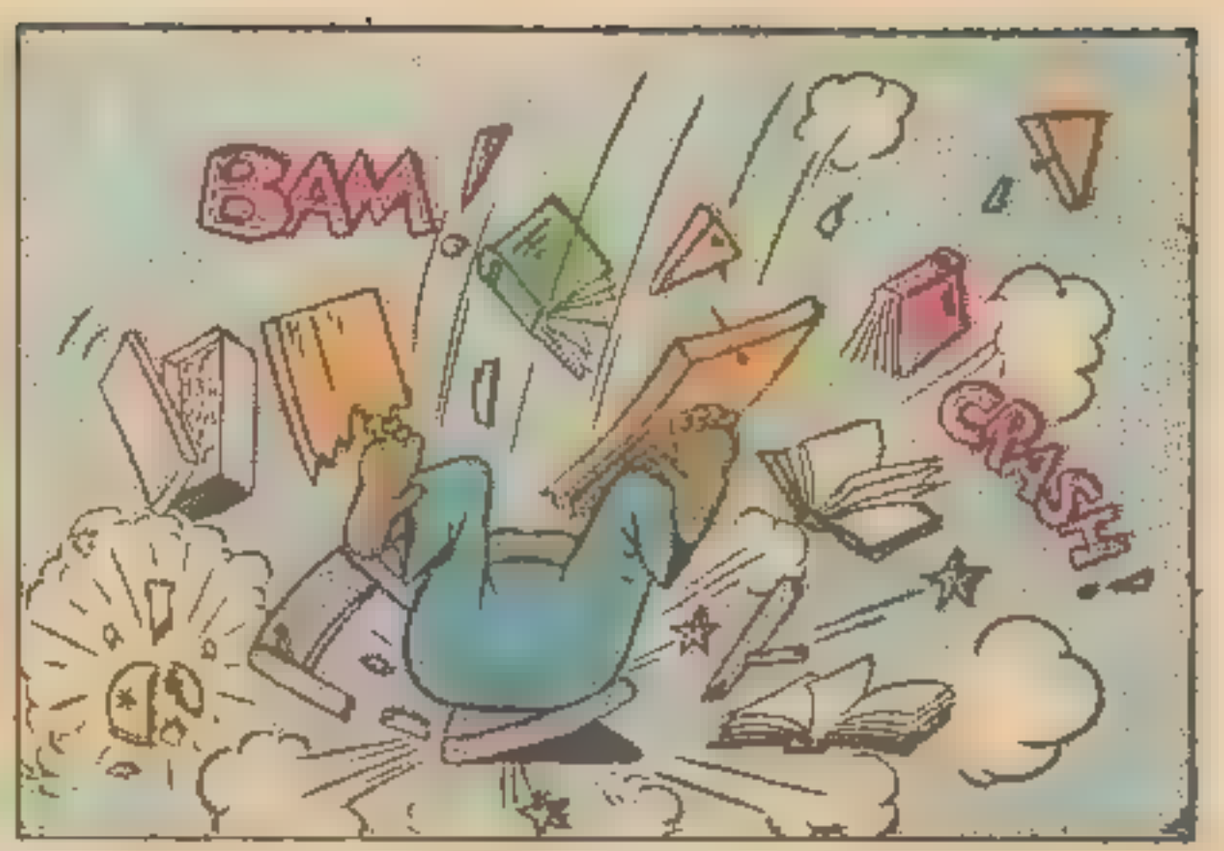

SAY THAT'S A SWELL IDEA! I'LL DO IT.
MAYBE A NEW TABLE OR CHAIR.

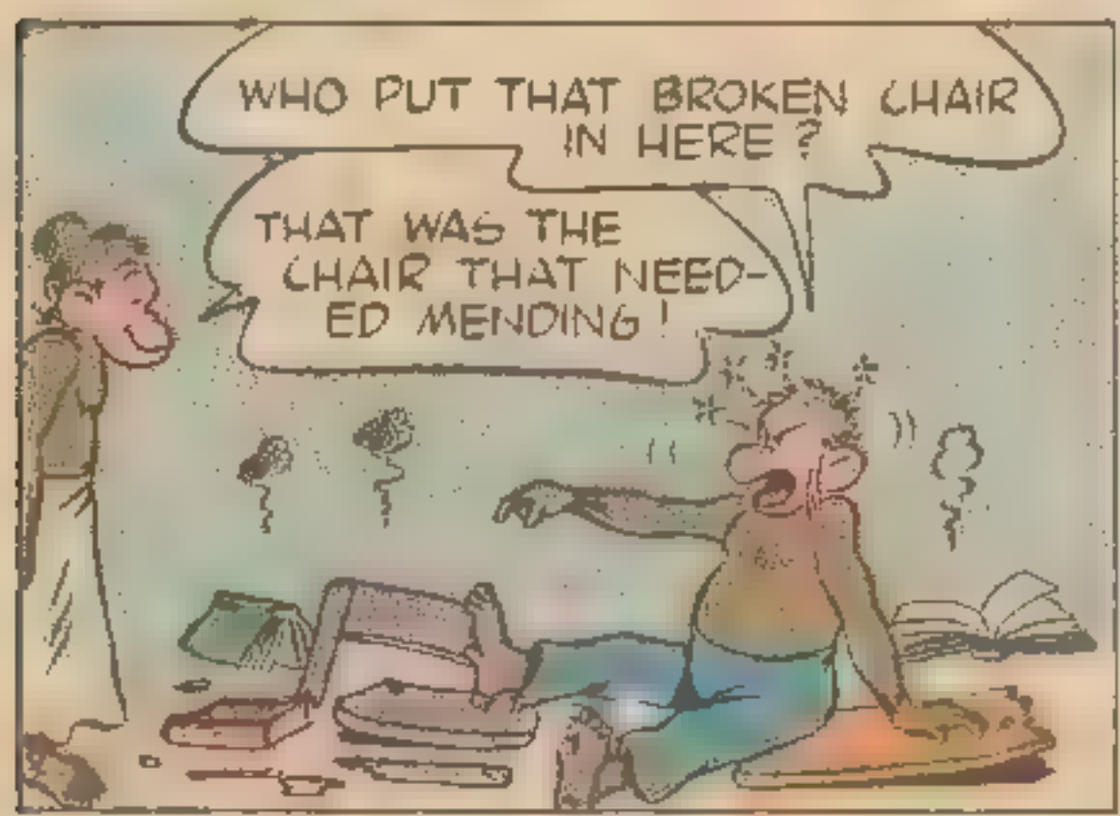

WAIT TILL I GET MY WOODWORKING BOOK. IT'S ON THIS SHELF I THINK.

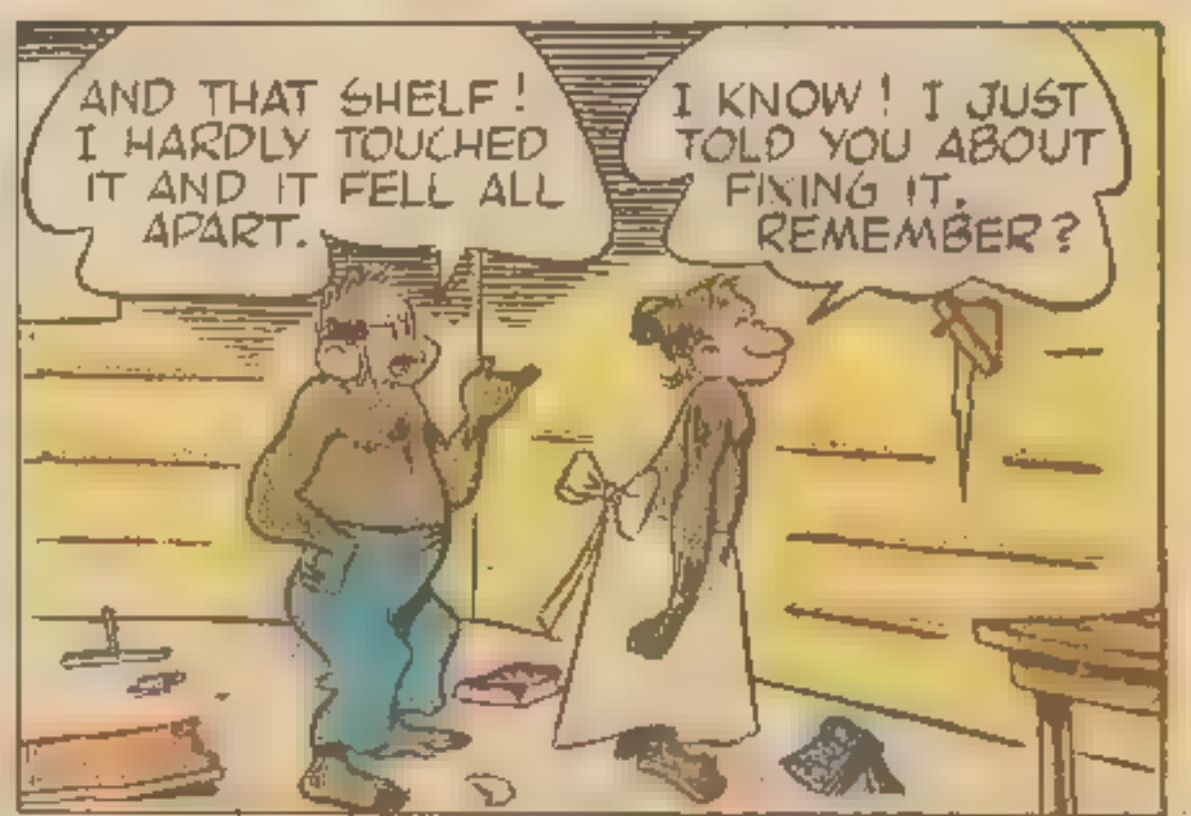

CAREFUL OF THAT CHAIR, POP. IT DOESN'T LOOK VERY STRONG!
NONSENSE! IT'S AS STRONG AS IRON.

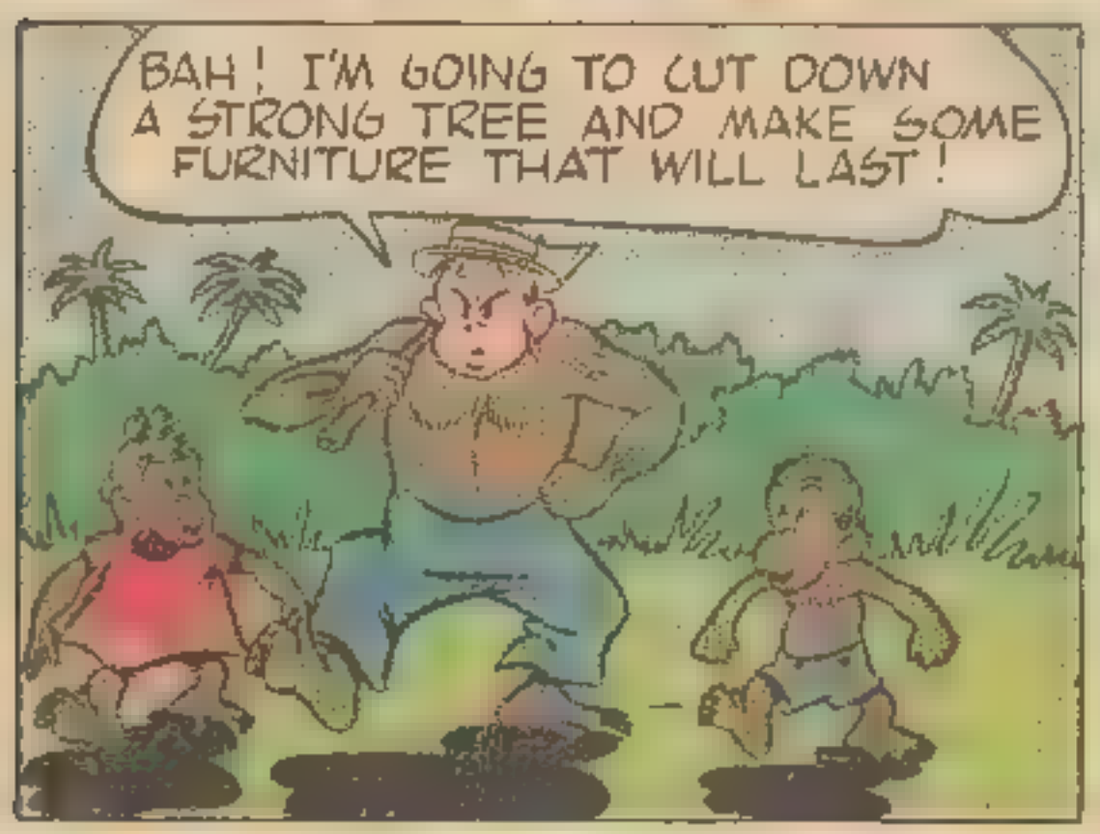

?
CRRAACK!

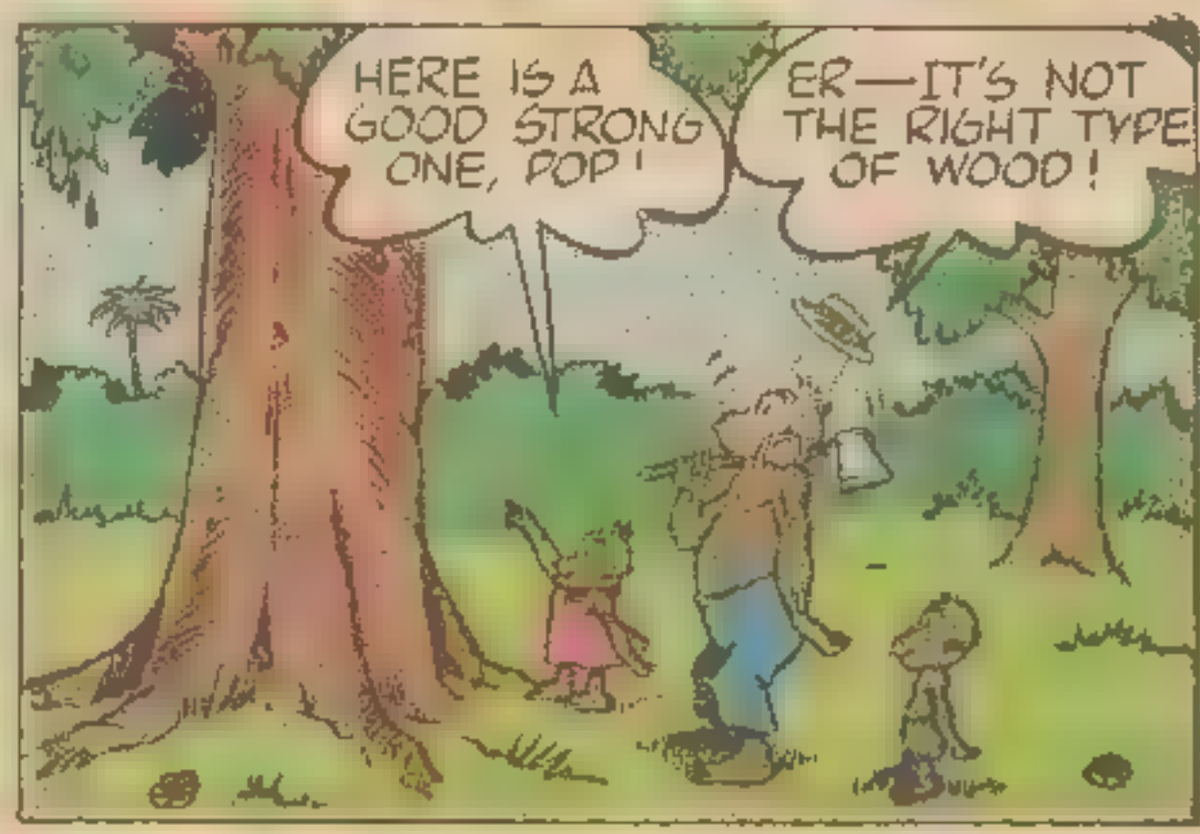

RRRIIIIIPP!

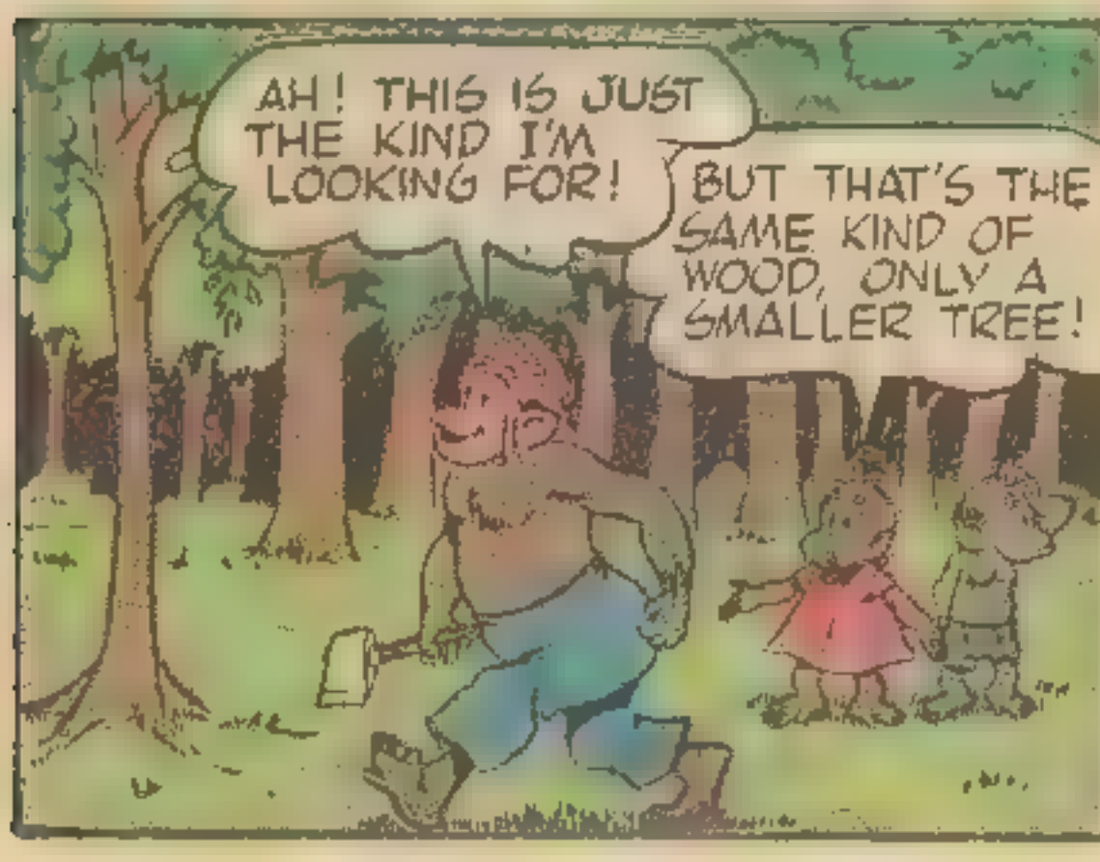

BAM!
CRASH!

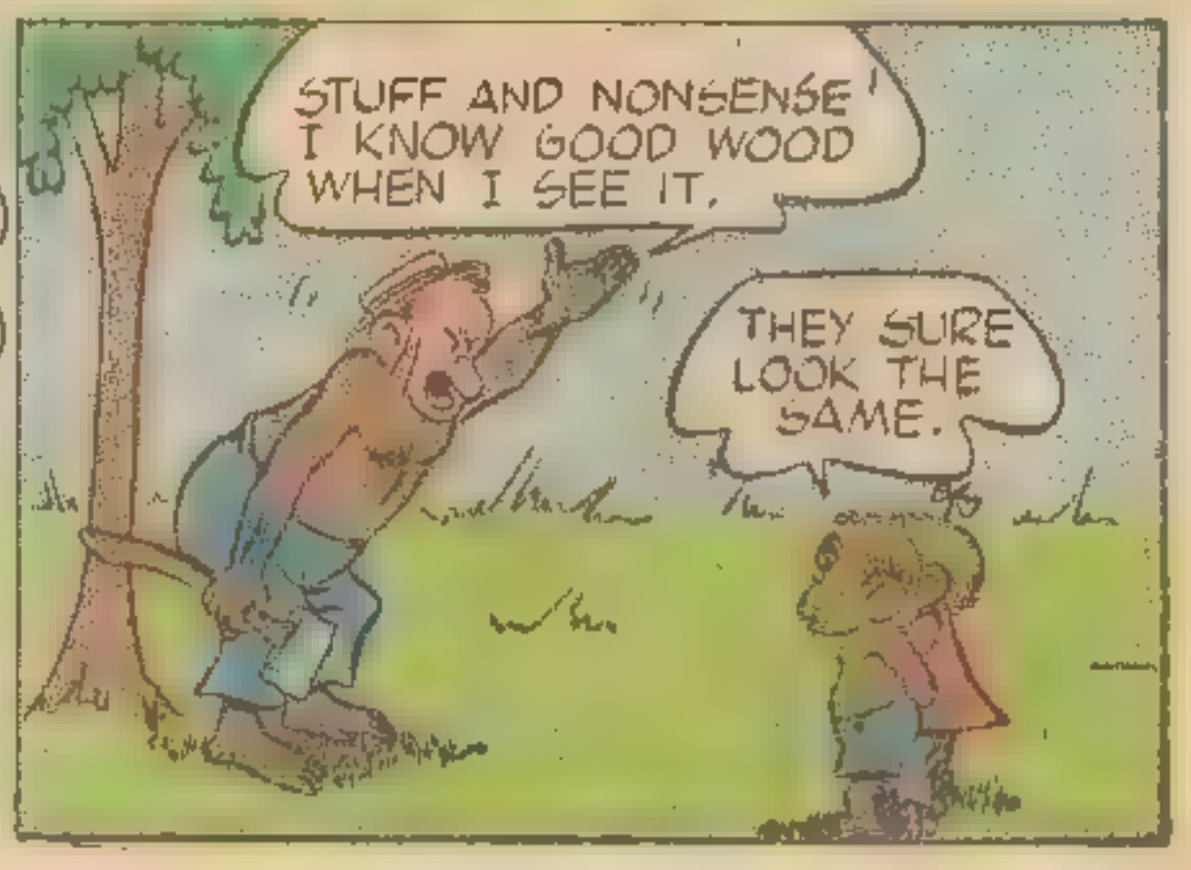

WHO PUT THAT BROKEN CHAIR IN HERE?
THAT WAS THE CHAIR THAT NEEDED MENDING!

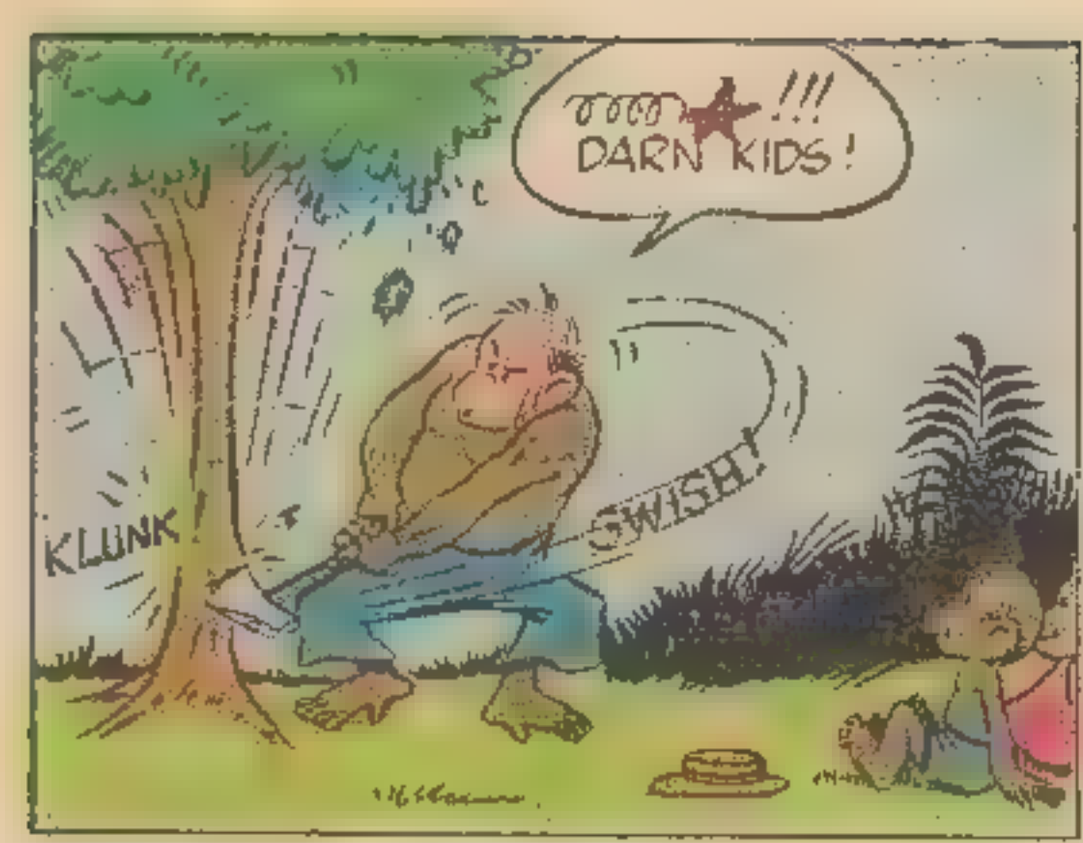

AND THAT SHELF! I HARDLY TOUCHED IT AND IT FELL ALL APART.
I KNOW! I JUST TOLD YOU ABOUT FIXING IT, REMEMBER?

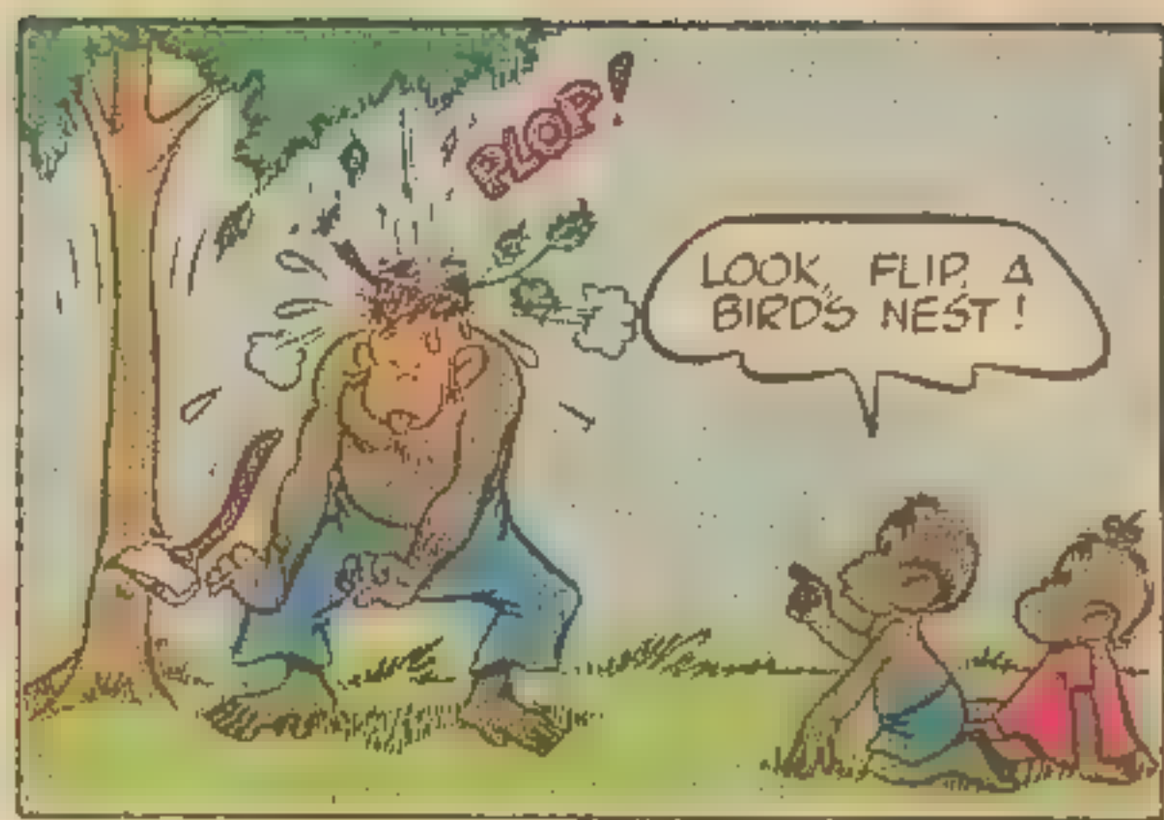

BAH! I'M GOING TO CUT DOWN A STRONG TREE AND MAKE SOME FURNITURE THAT WILL LAST!


HERE IS A GOOD STRONG ONE, POP!
ER—IT'S NOT THE RIGHT TYPE OF WOOD!

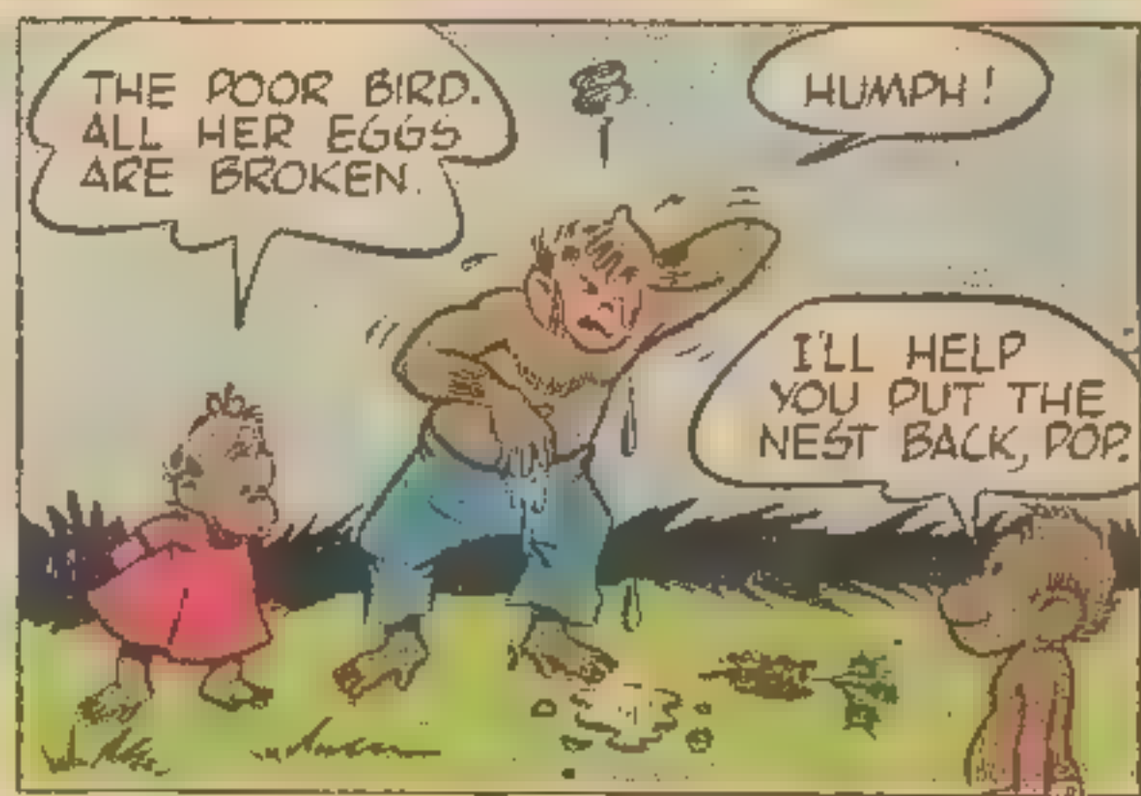

AH! THIS IS JUST THE KIND I'M LOOKING FOR!
BUT THAT'S THE SAME KIND OF WOOD, ONLY A SMALLER TREE!

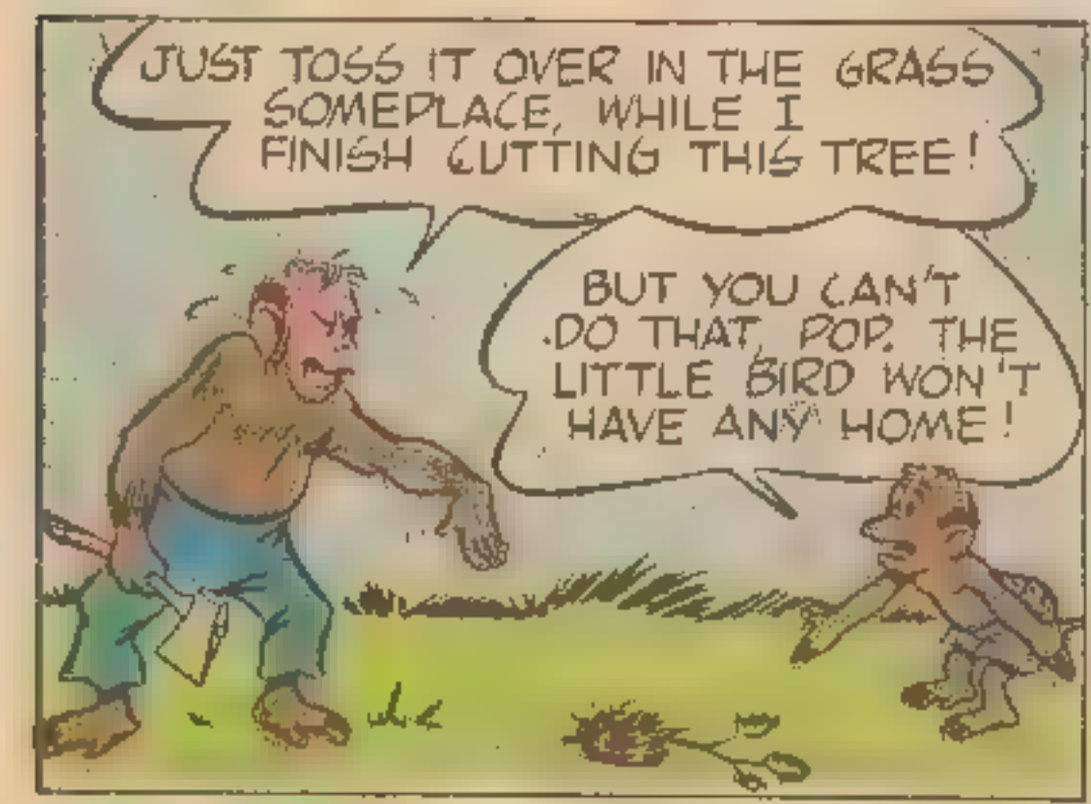

STUFF AND NONSENSE! I KNOW GOOD WOOD WHEN I SEE IT.
THEY SURE LOOK THE SAME.

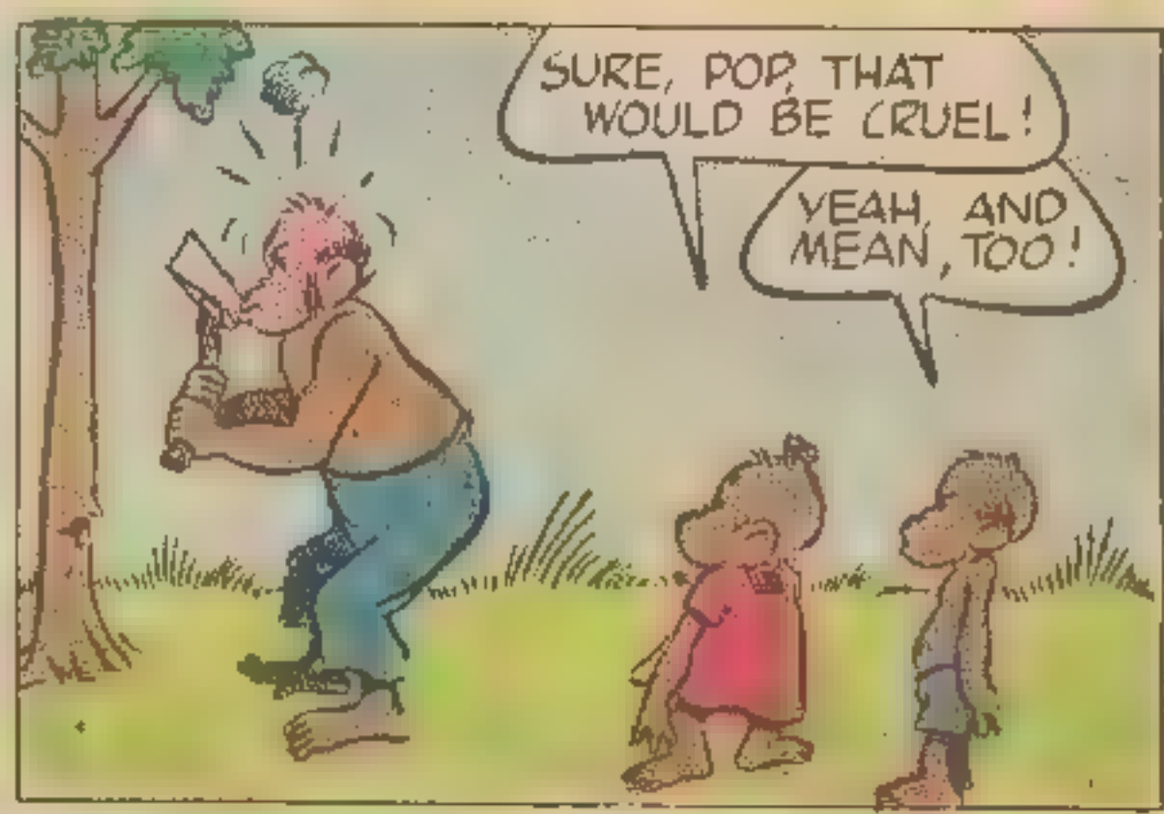

!!! DARN KIDS!
KLUNK
SWISH!

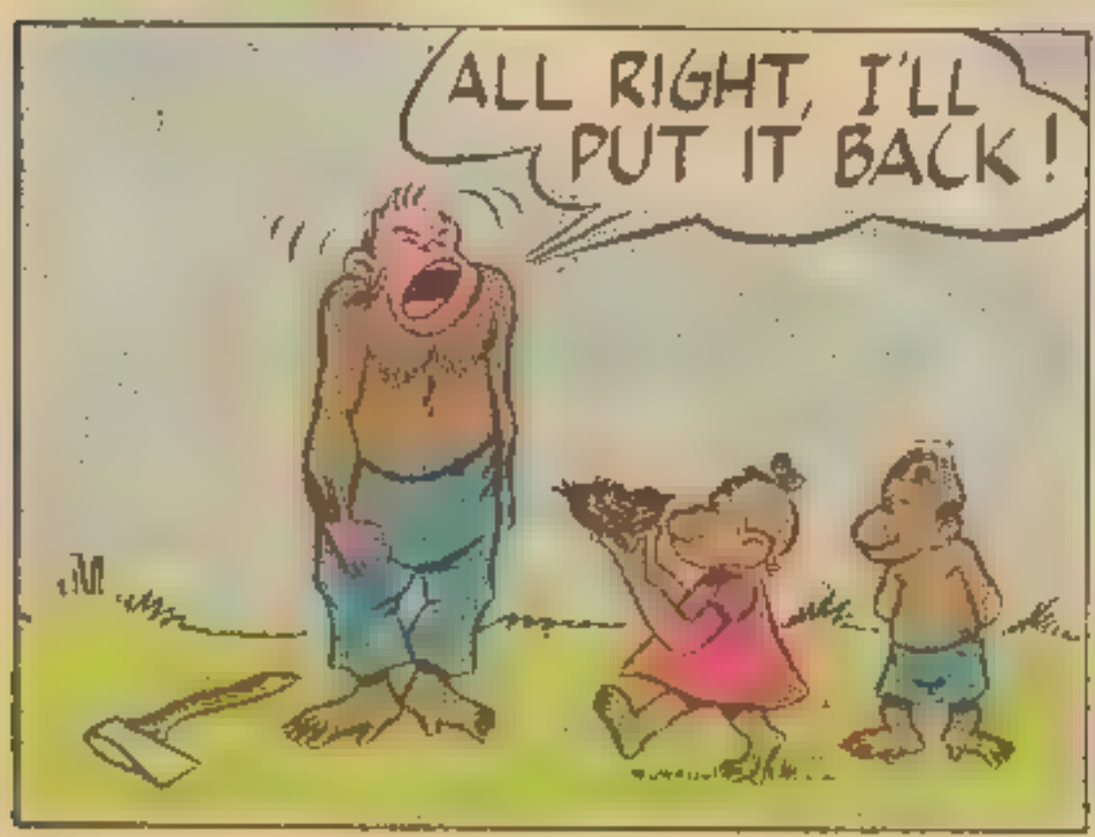

PLOP!
LOOK, FLIP, A BIRDS NEST!

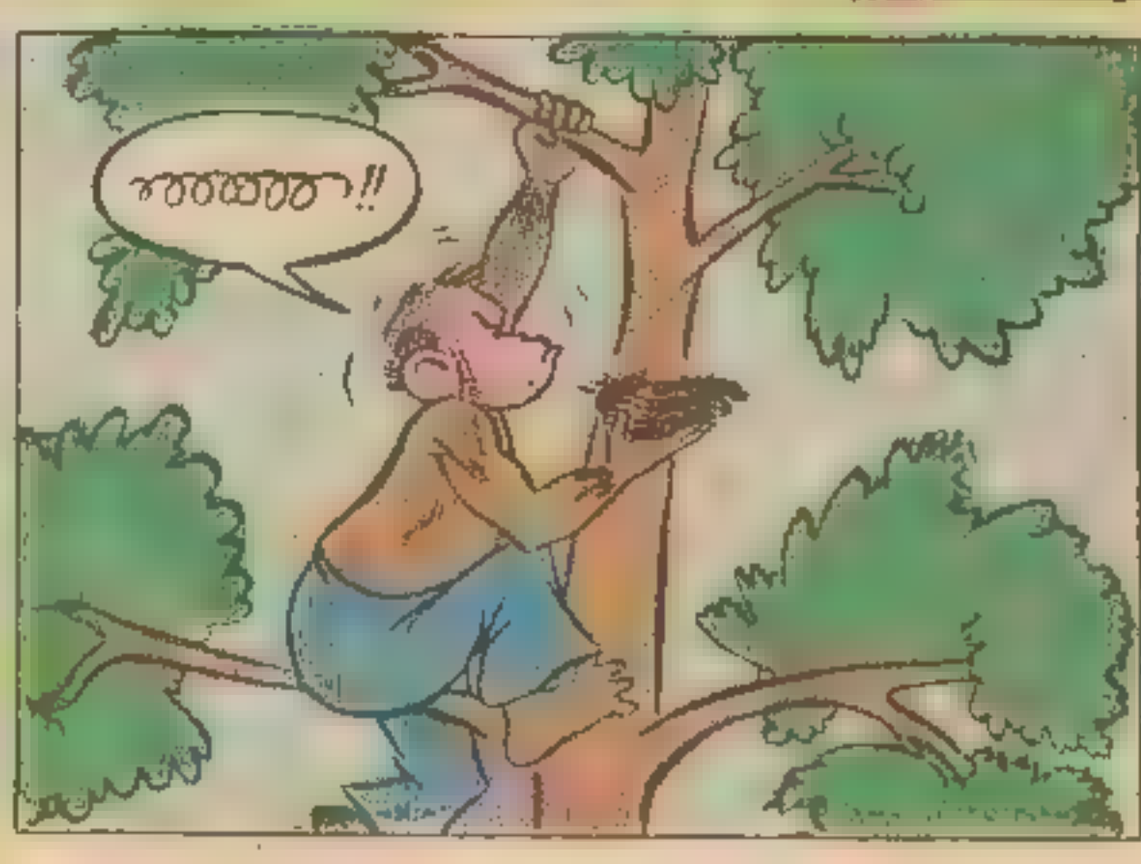
YEAH! WITH EGGS IN IT!


THE POOR BIRD. ALL HER EGGS ARE BROKEN.
HUMPH!
I'LL HELP YOU PUT THE NEST BACK, POP.


JUST TOSS IT OVER IN THE GRASS SOMEPLACE, WHILE I FINISH CUTTING THIS TREE!
BUT YOU CAN'T DO THAT, POP. THE LITTLE BIRD WON'T HAVE ANY HOME!


SURE, POP, THAT WOULD BE CRUEL!
YEAH, AND MEAN, TOO!


ALL RIGHT, I'LL PUT IT BACK!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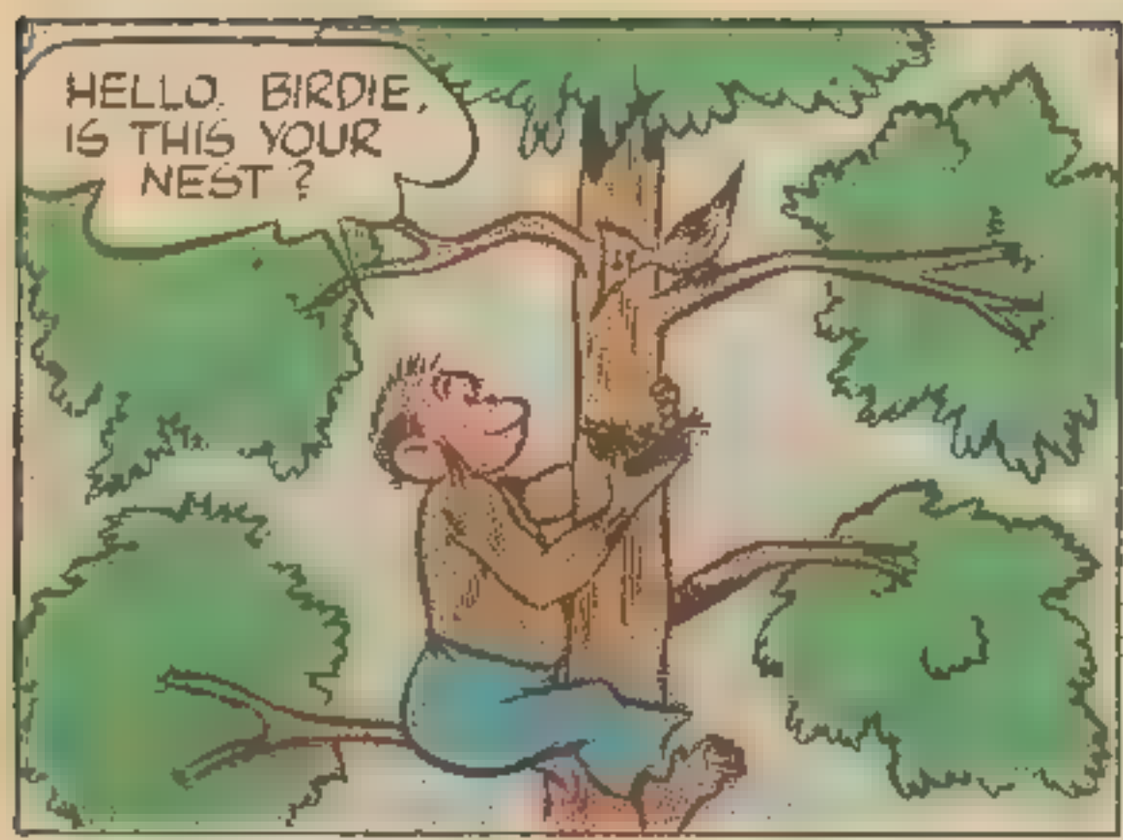
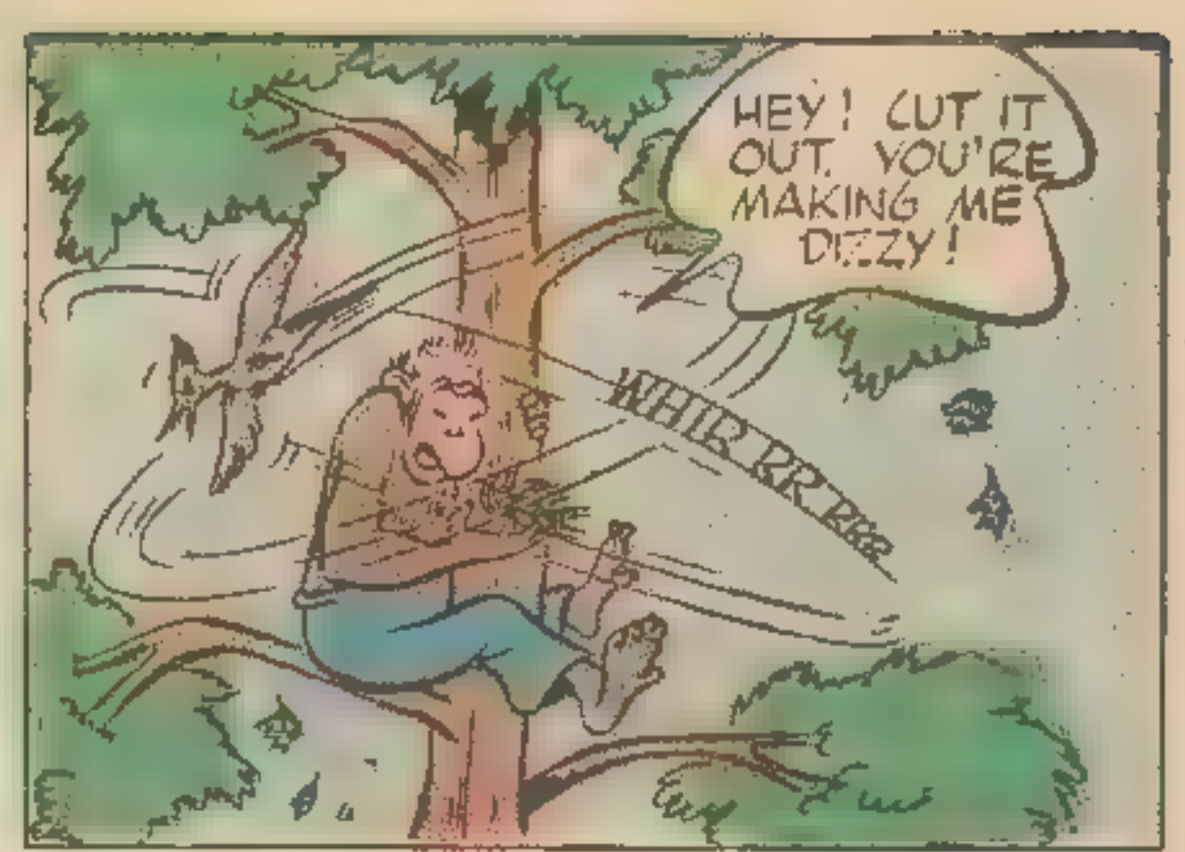
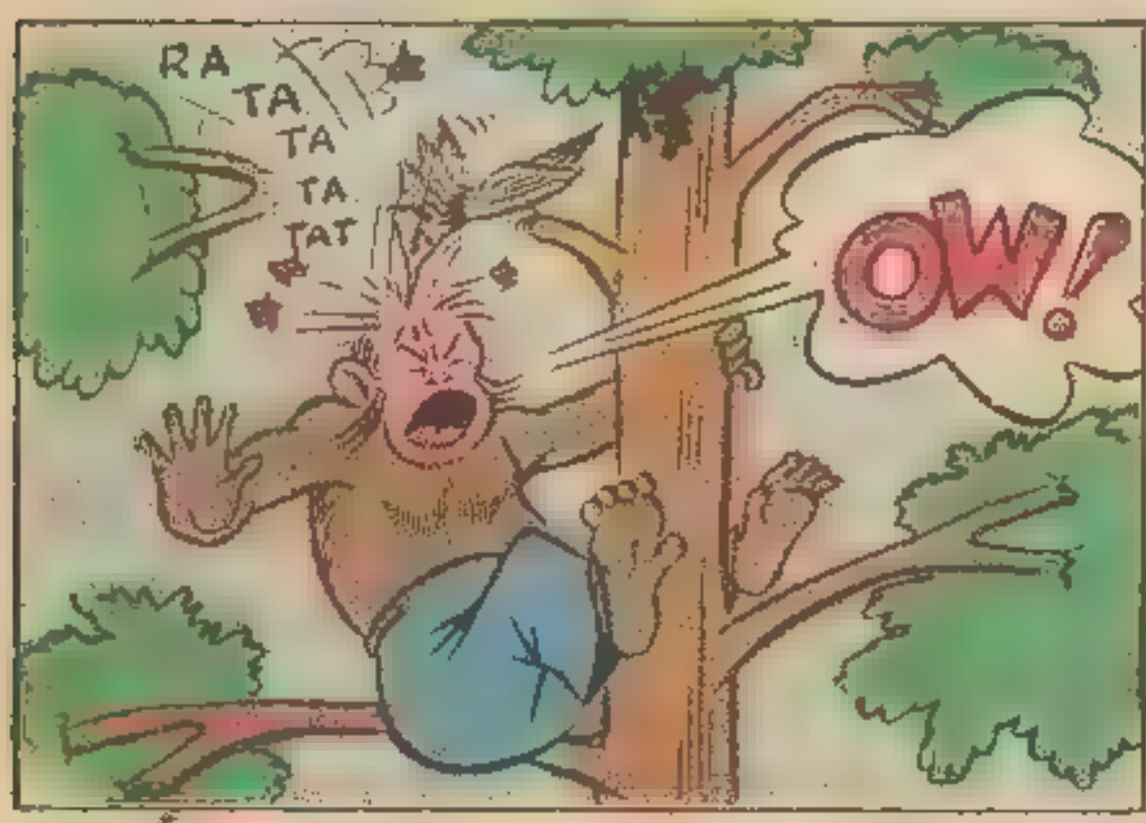
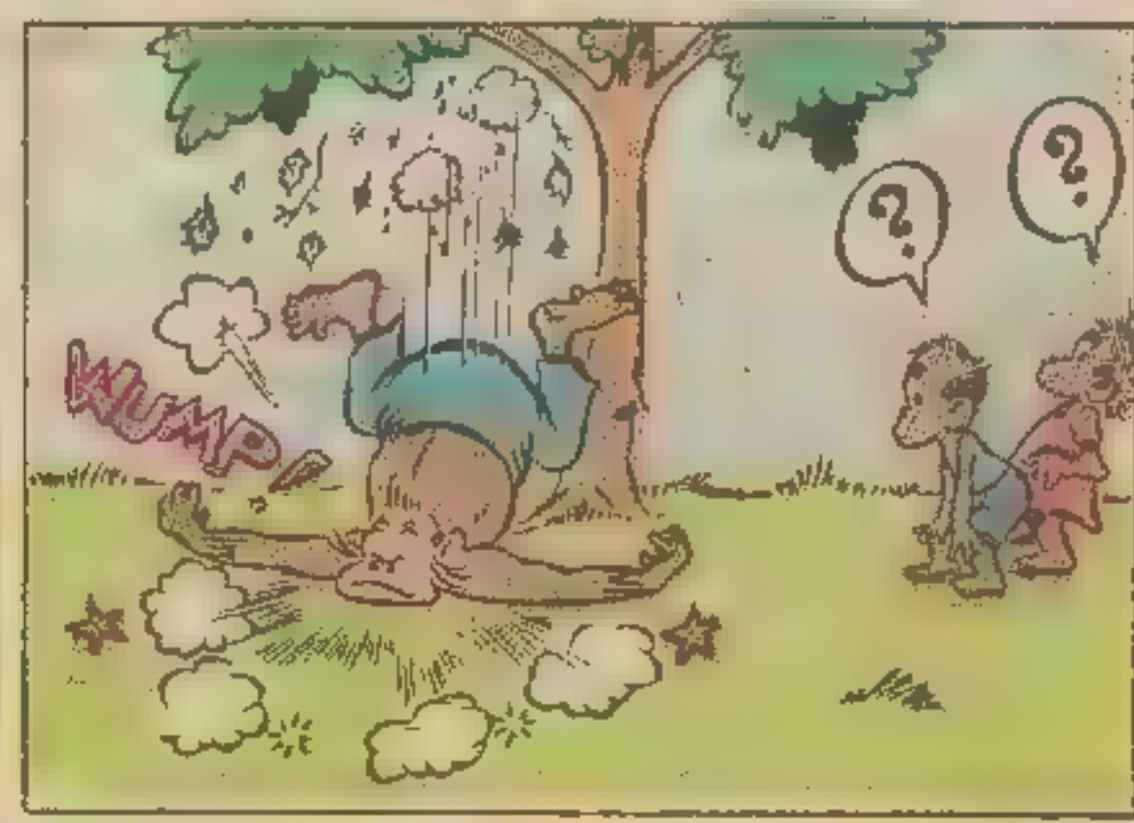
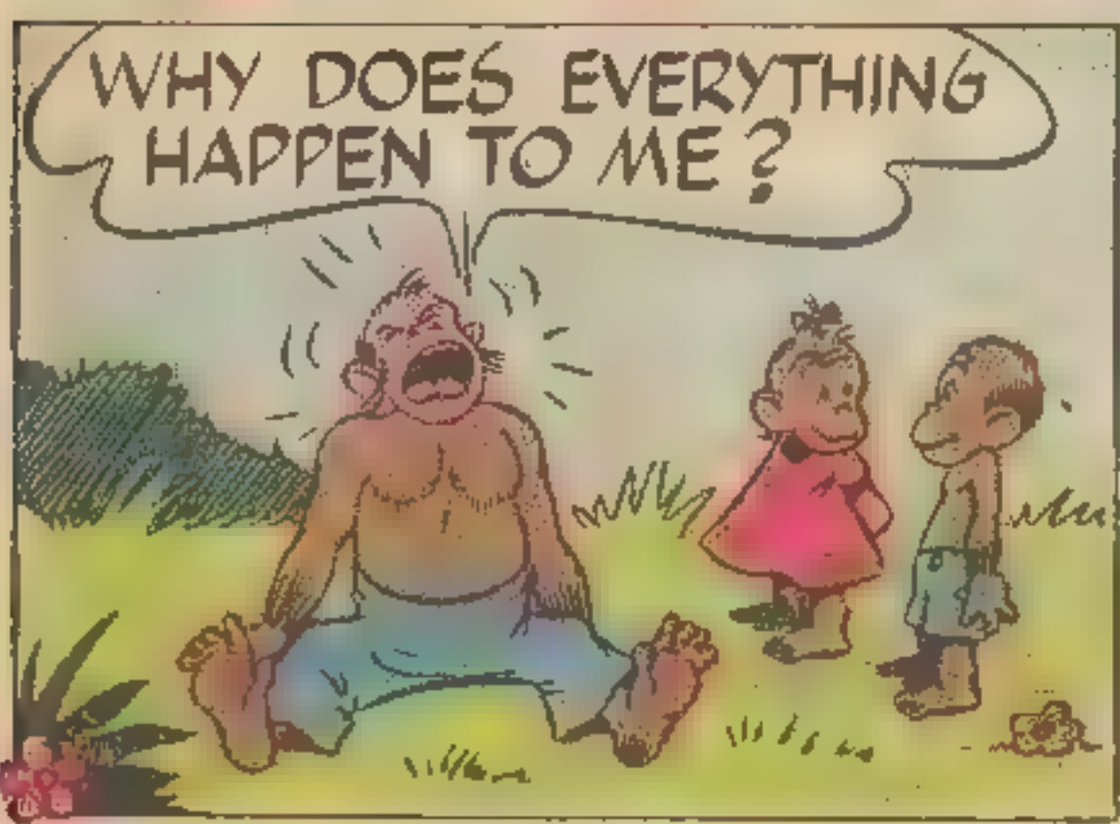
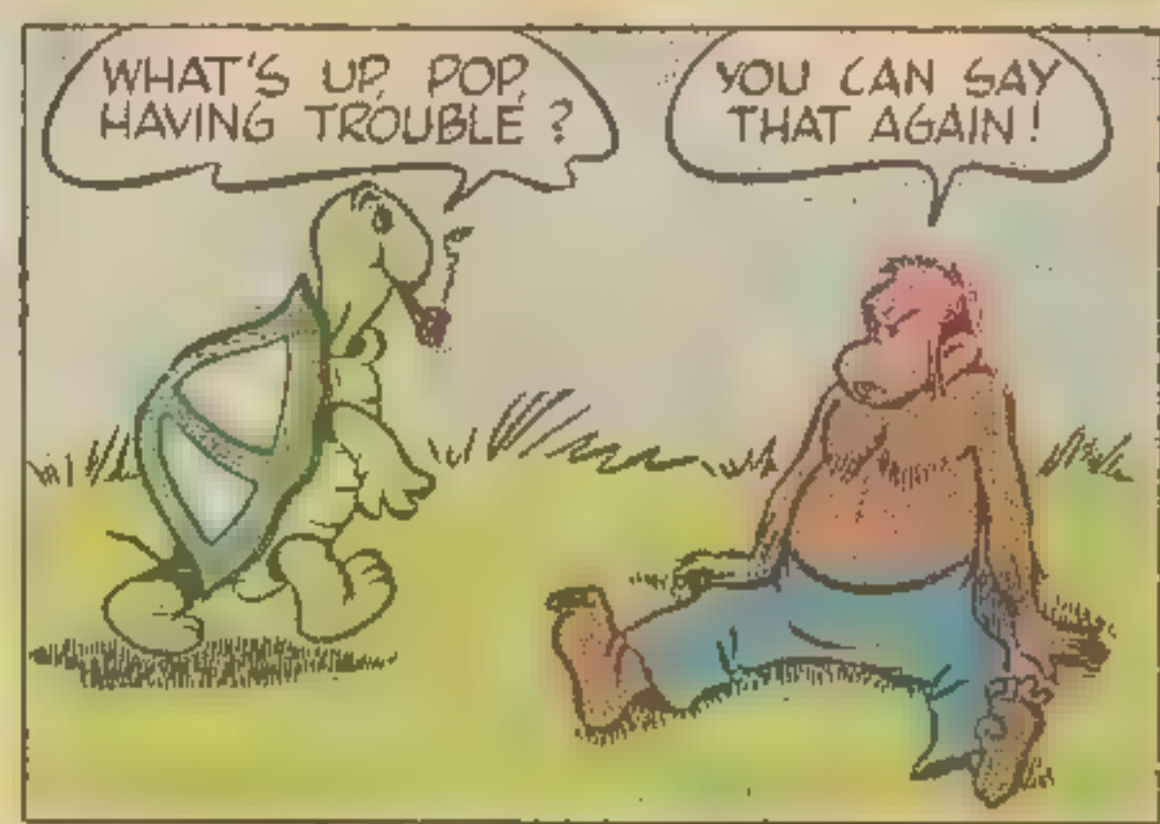

HELLO, BIRDIE, IS THIS YOUR NEST?

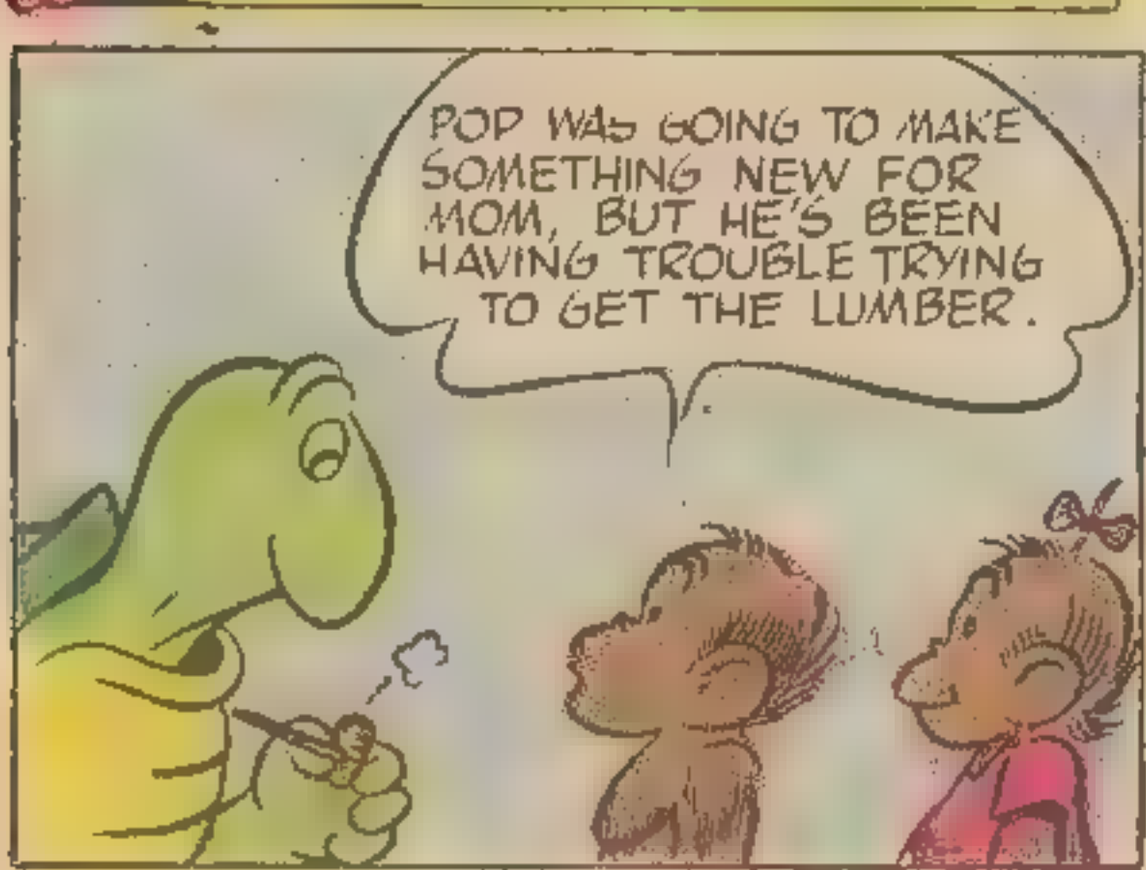

HEY! CUT IT OUT. YOU'RE MAKING ME DIZZY!
WHIR RR RRR

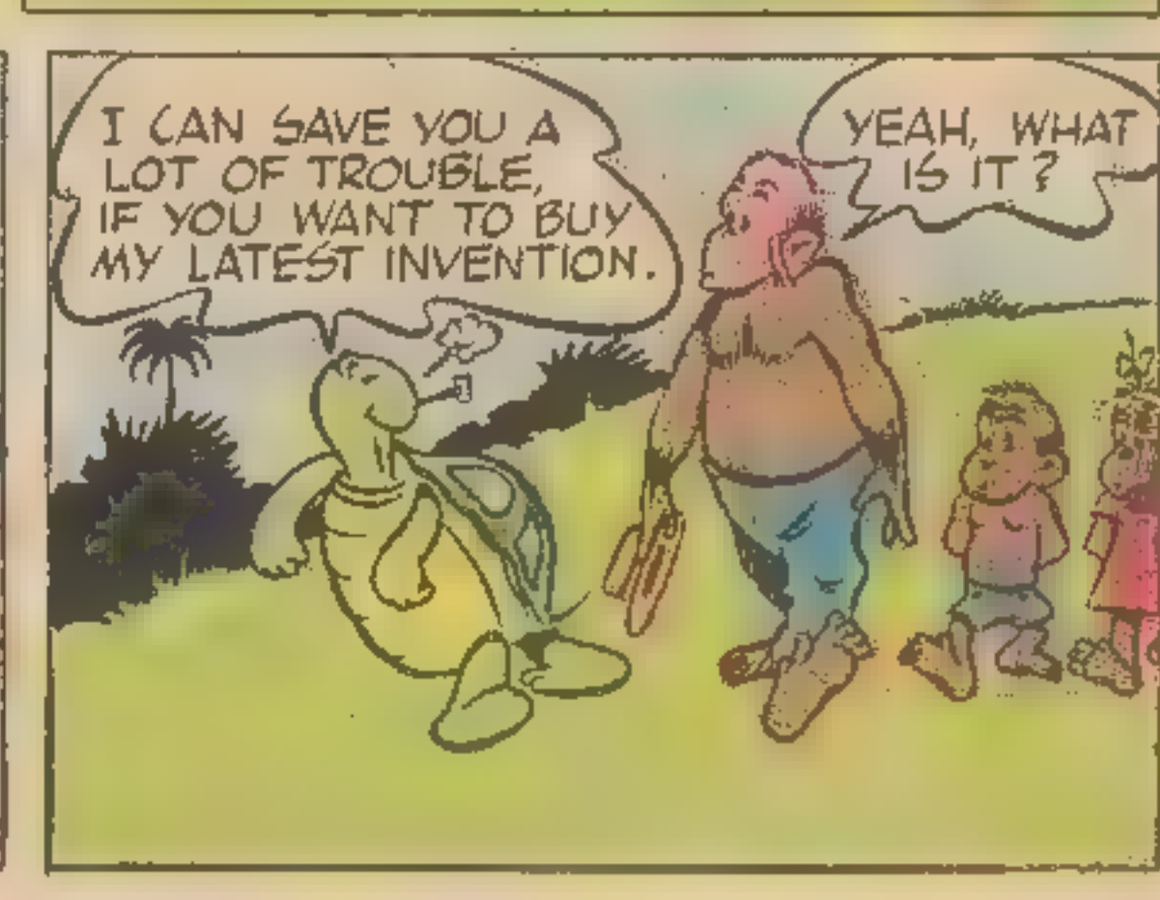

RA TA TA TA TAT
OW!

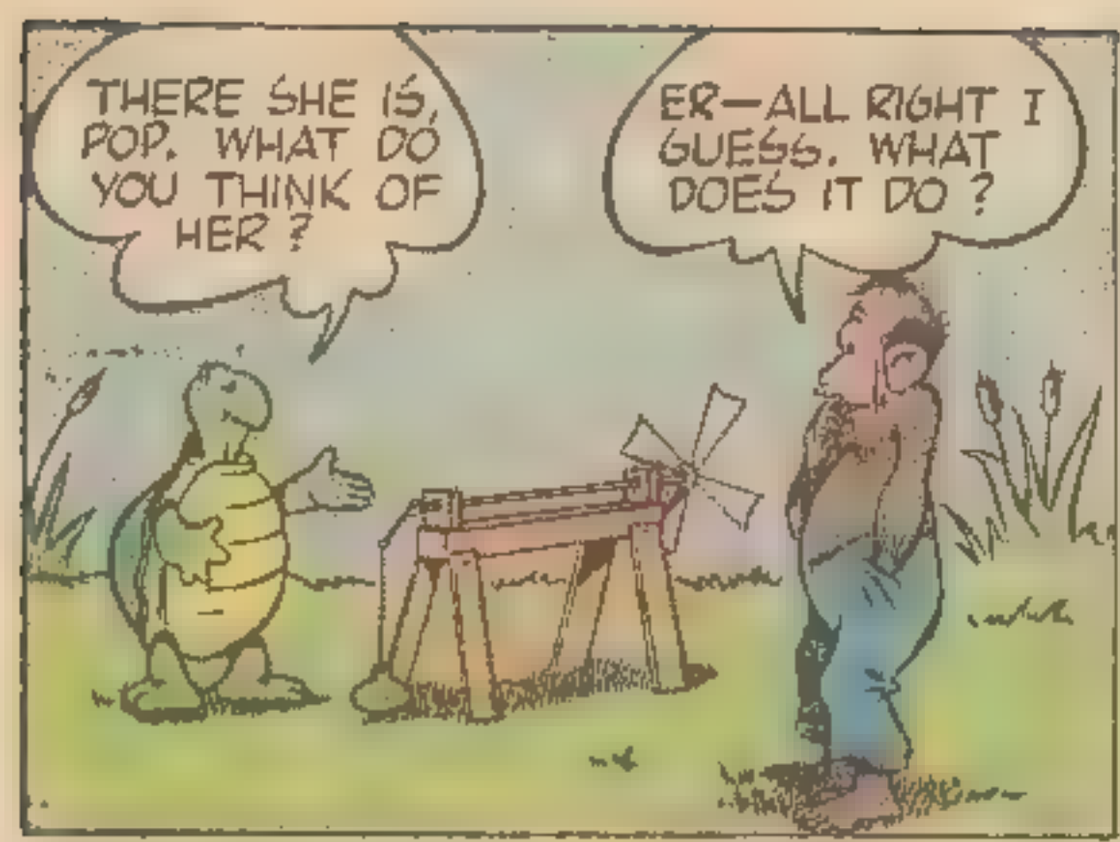

WUMP!
?
?

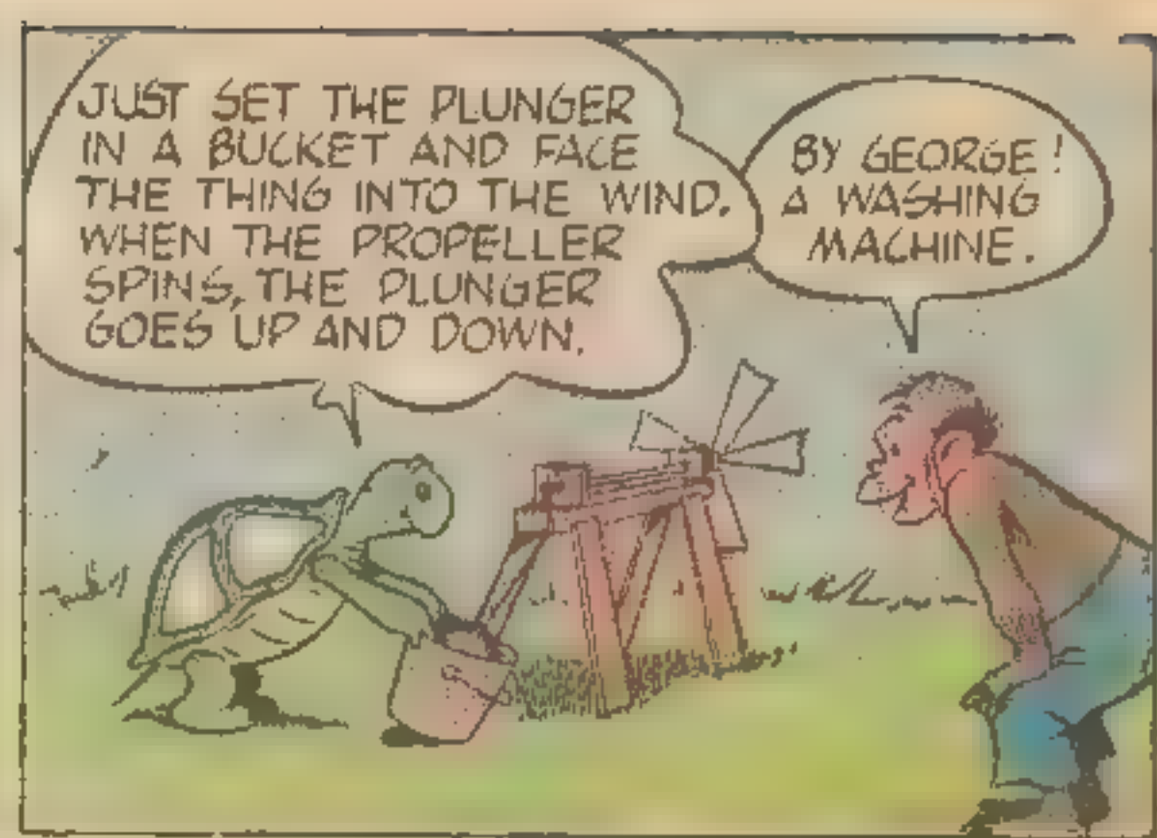

WHY DOES EVERYTHING HAPPEN TO ME?

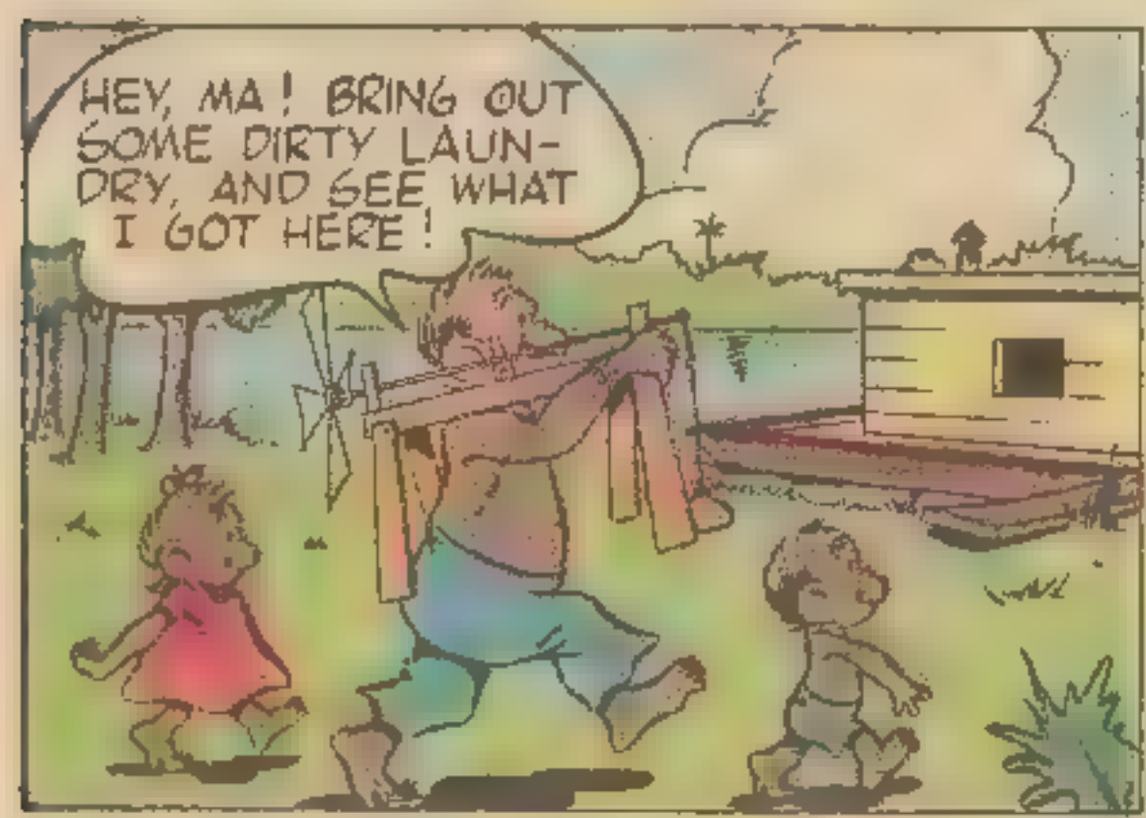

WHAT'S UP, POP HAVING TROUBLE?
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!

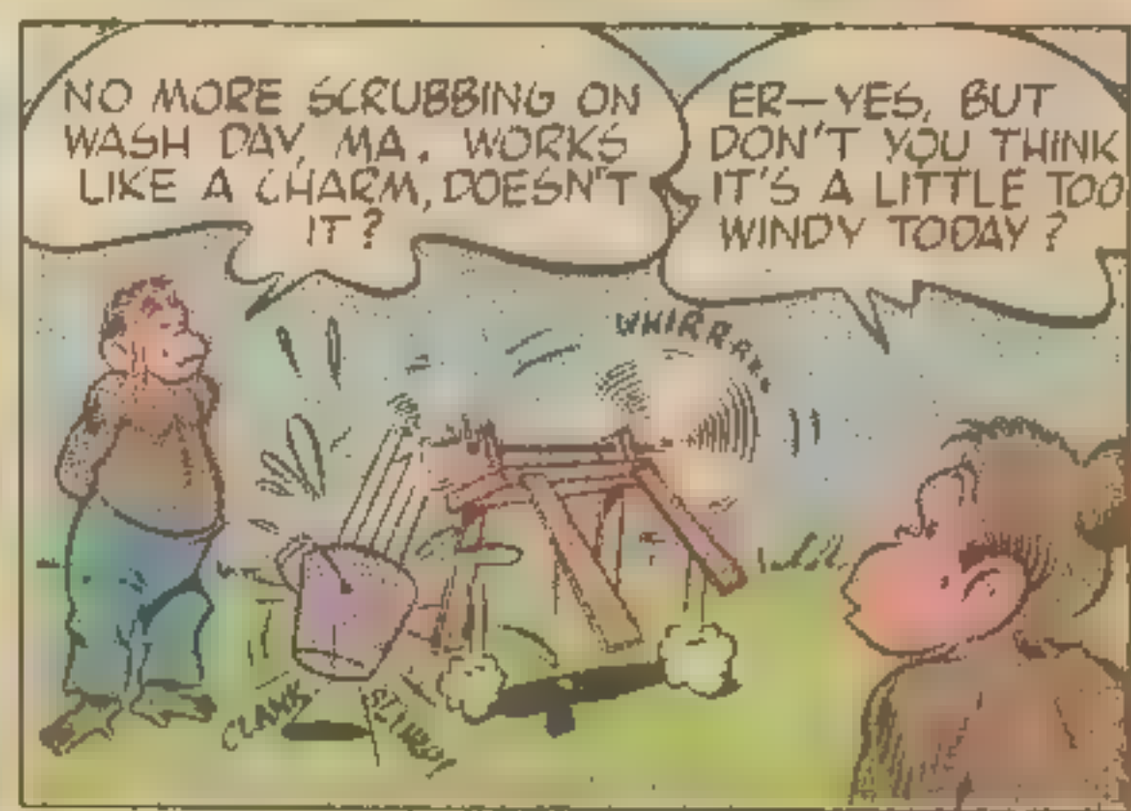

POP WAS GOING TO MAKE SOMETHING NEW FOR MOM, BUT HE'S BEEN HAVING TROUBLE TRYING TO GET THE LUMBER.

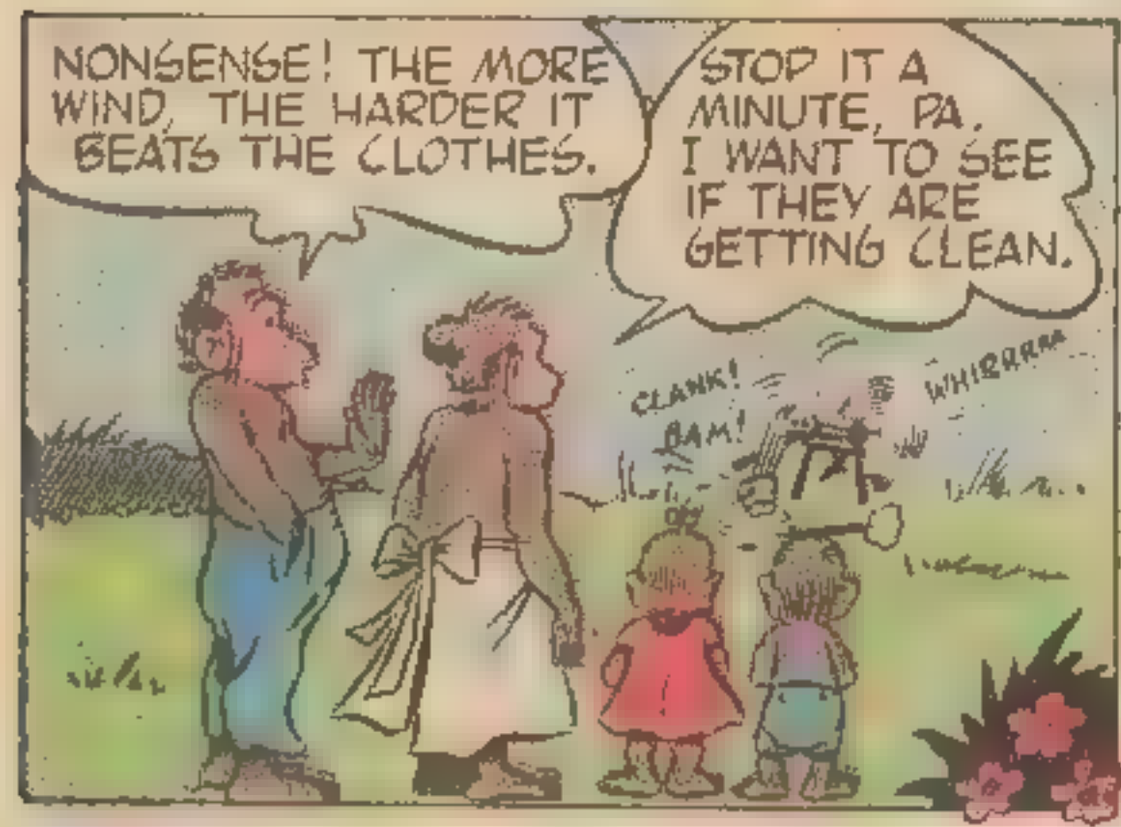

I CAN SAVE YOU A LOT OF TROUBLE, IF YOU WANT TO BUY MY LATEST INVENTION.
YEAH, WHAT IS IT?

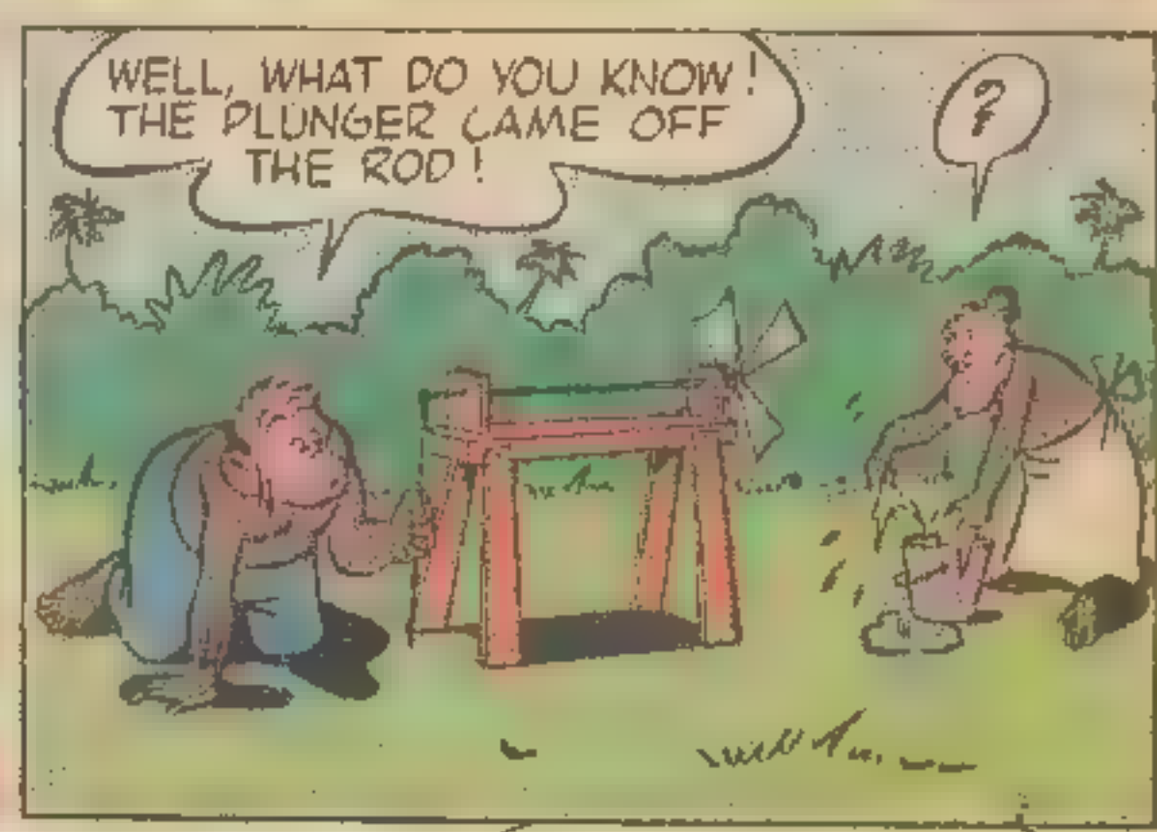

THERE SHE IS, POP. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HER?
ER—ALL RIGHT I GUESS. WHAT DOES IT DO?

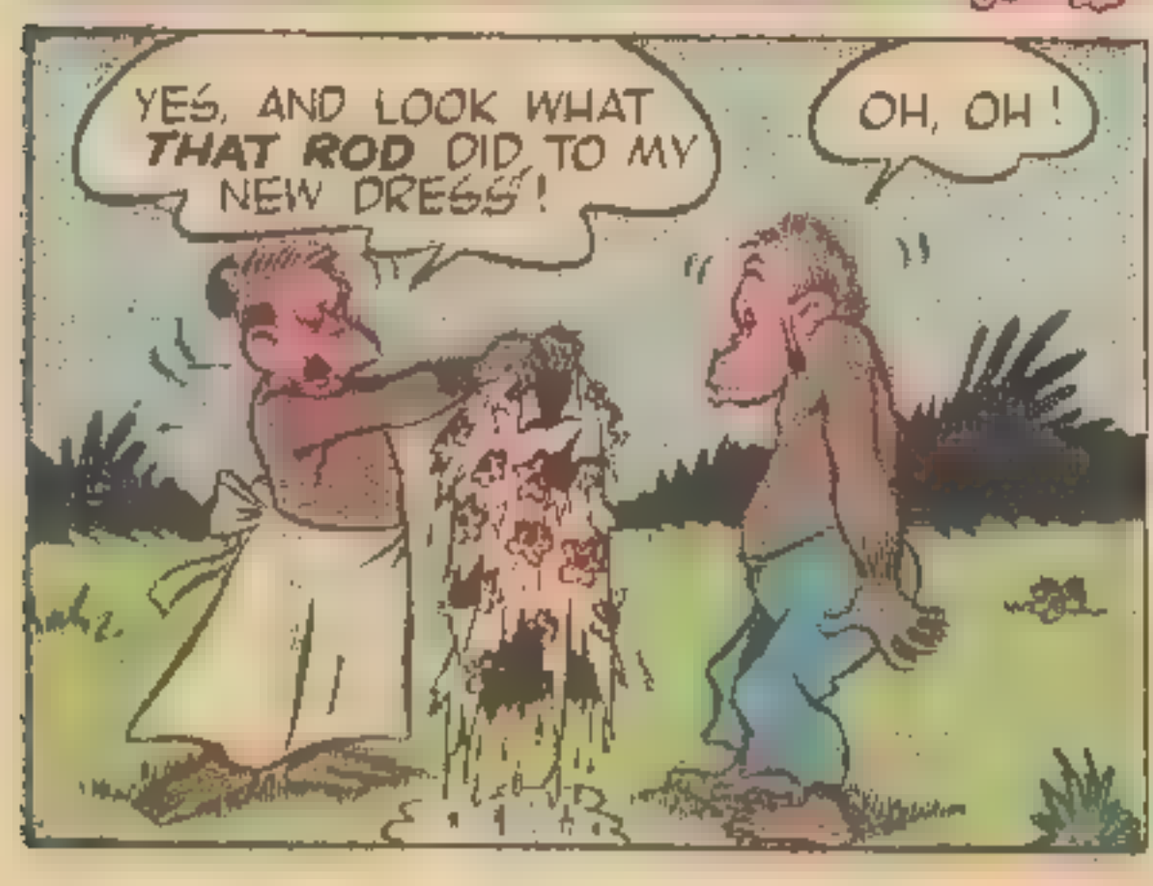

JUST SET THE PLUNGER IN A BUCKET AND FACE THE THING INTO THE WIND. WHEN THE PROPELLER SPINS, THE PLUNGER GOES UP AND DOWN.
BY GEORGE! A WASHING MACHINE.

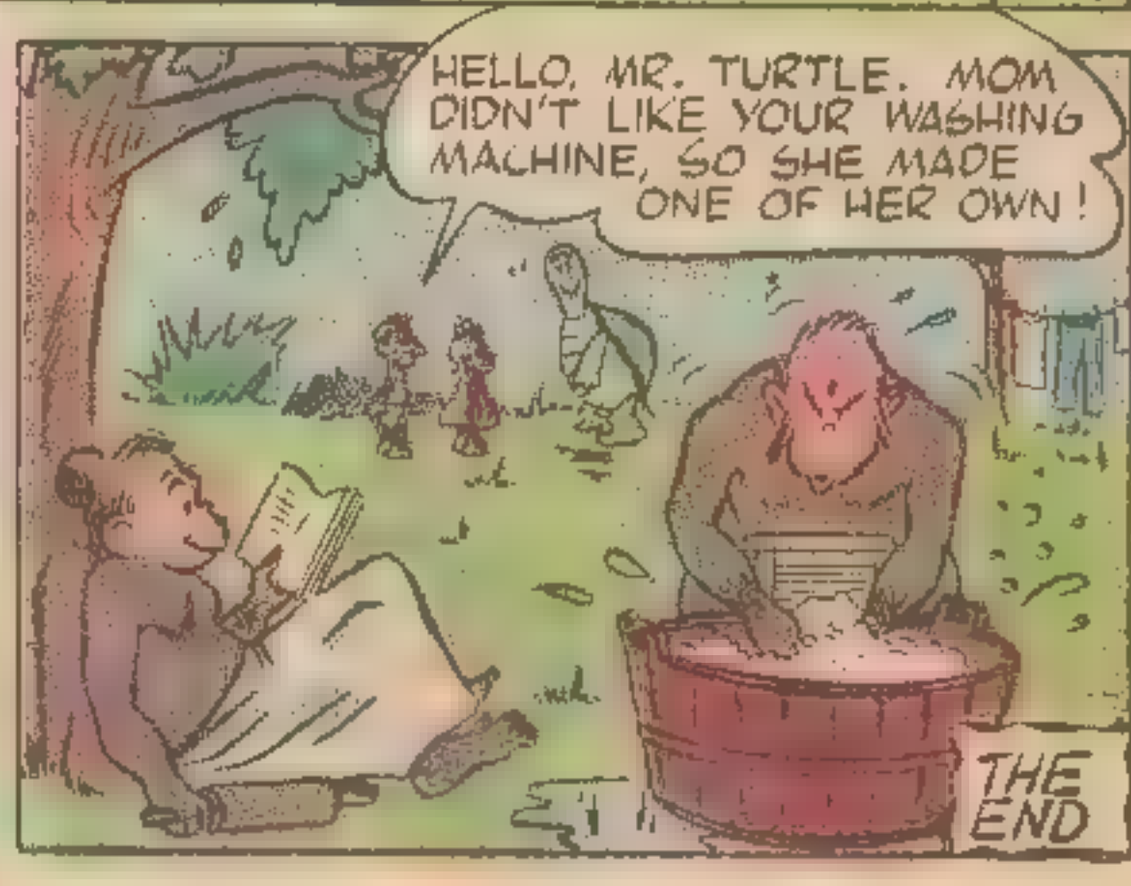

HEY, MA! BRING OUT SOME DIRTY LAUNDRY, AND SEE WHAT I GOT HERE!

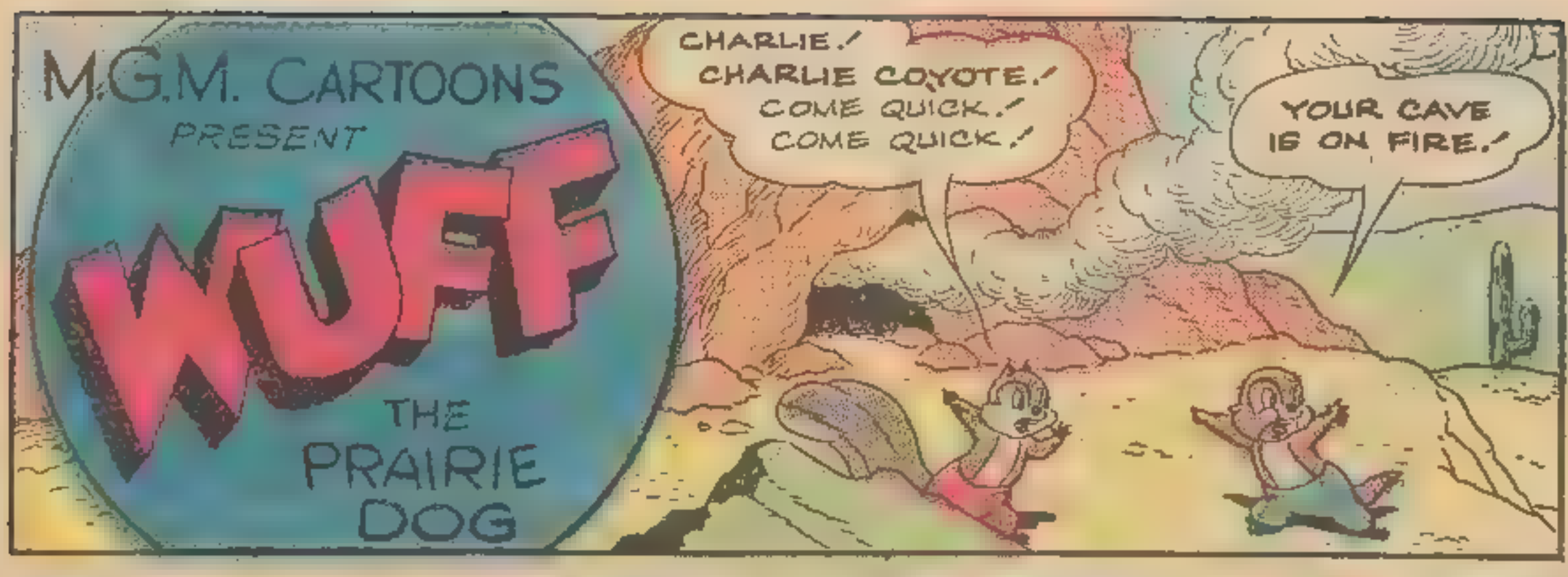

NO MORE SCRUBBING ON WASH DAY, MA. WORKS LIKE A CHARM, DOESN'T IT?
ER—YES, BUT DON'T YOU THINK IT'S A LITTLE TOO WINDY TODAY?
WHIRRRR
CLANK

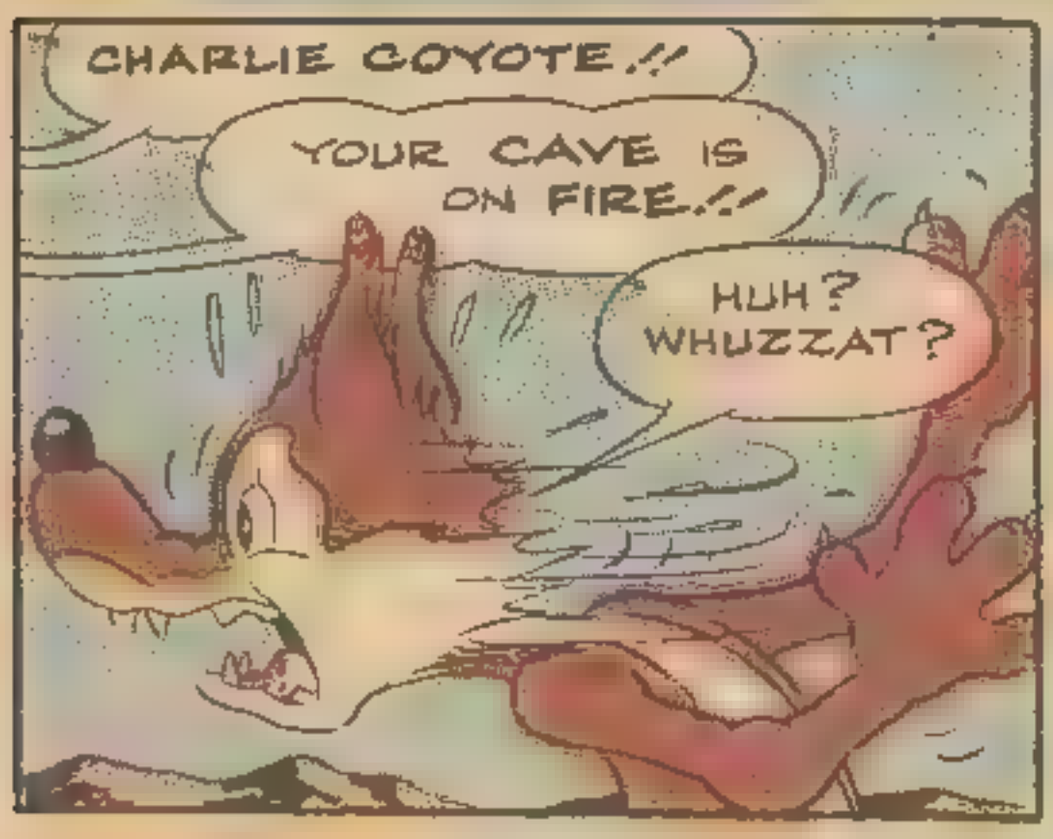

NONSENSE! THE MORE WIND, THE HARDER IT BEATS THE CLOTHES.
STOP IT A MINUTE, PA. I WANT TO SEE IF THEY ARE GETTING CLEAN.
CLANK!
BAM!
WHIRRRR

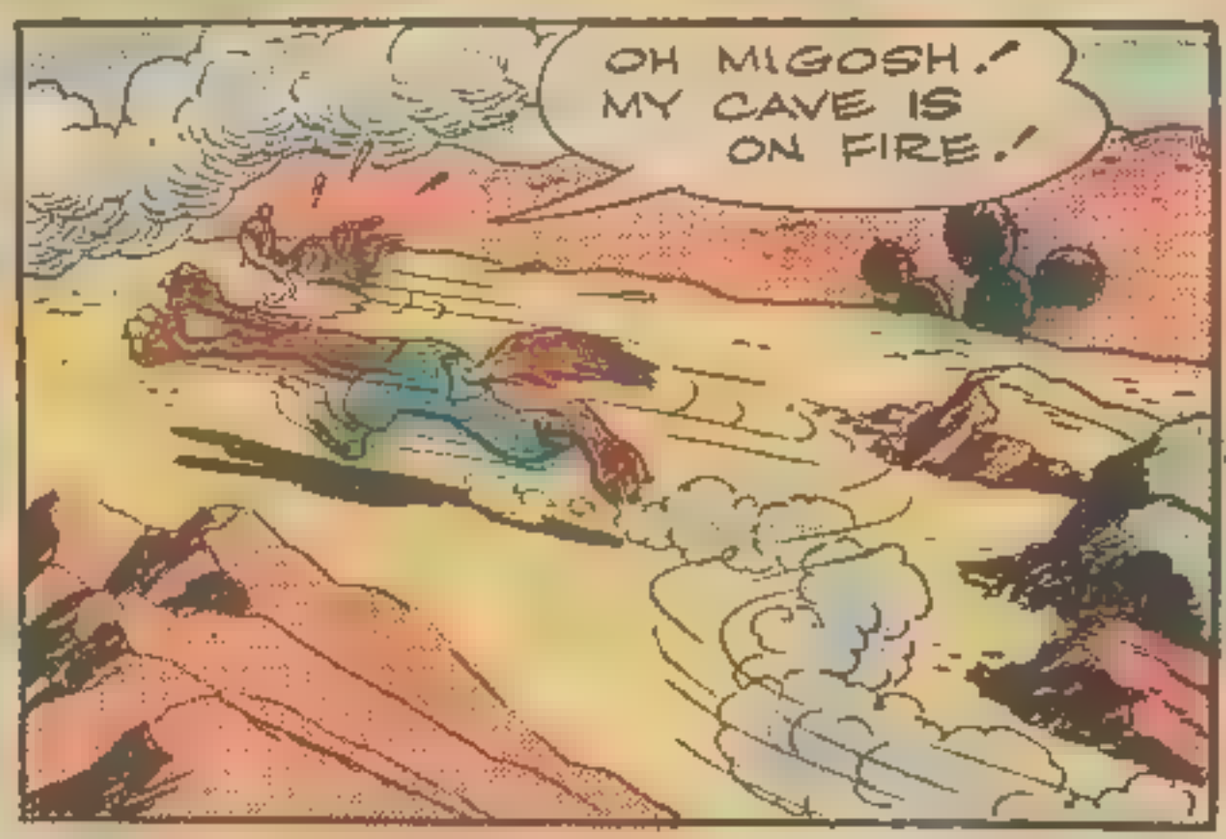

WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW! THE PLUNGER CAME OFF THE ROD!
?

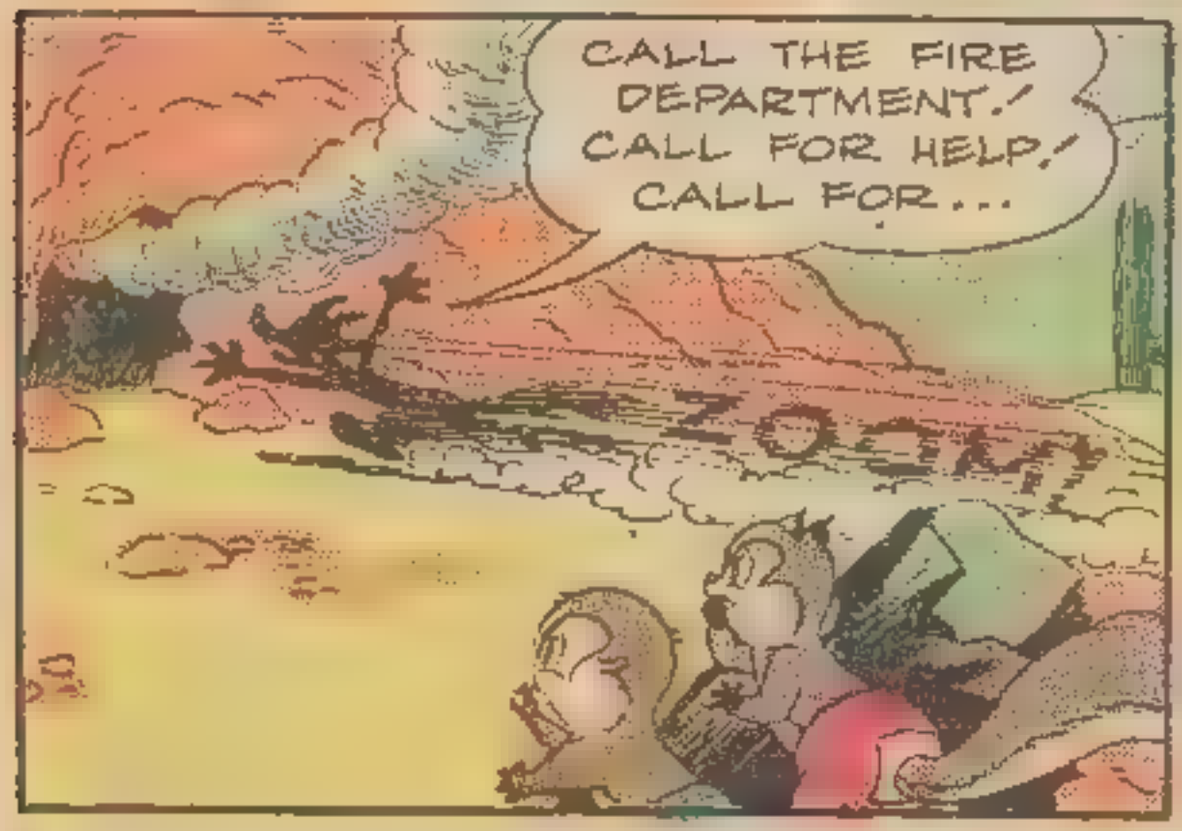

YES, AND LOOK WHAT THAT ROD DID TO MY NEW DRESS!
OH, OH!

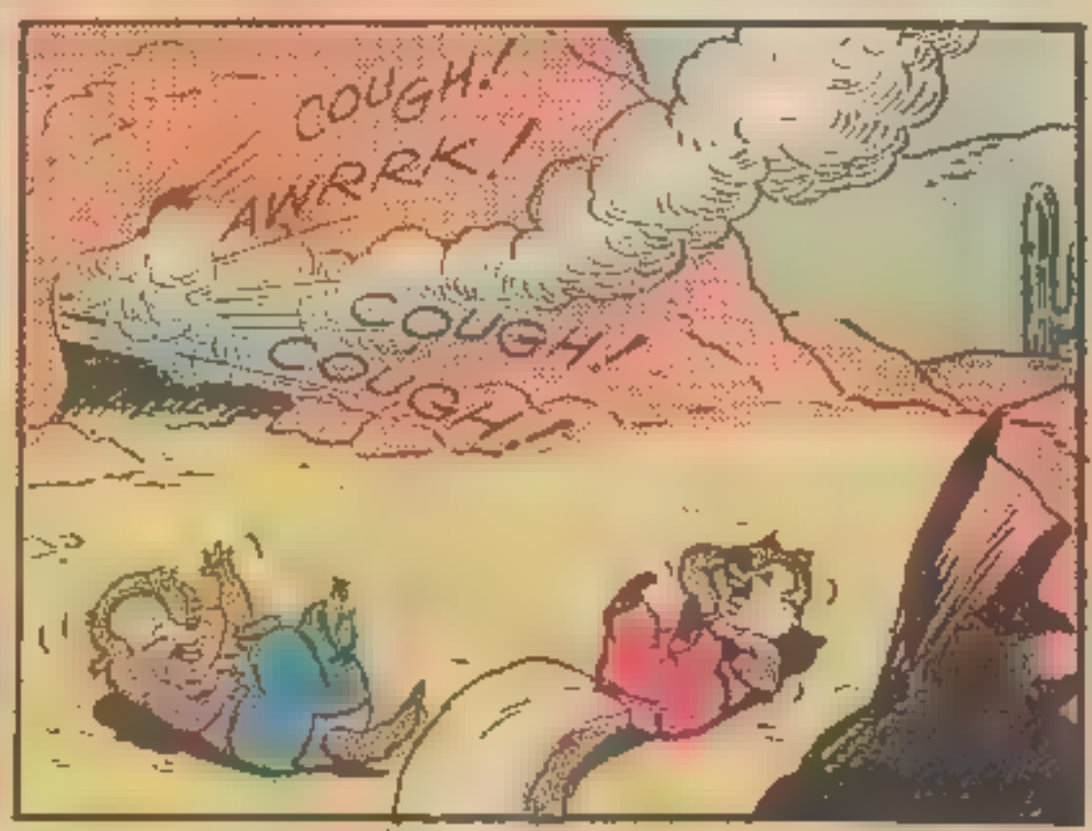

HELLO, MR. TURTLE. MOM DIDN'T LIKE YOUR WASHING MACHINE, SO SHE MADE ONE OF HER OWN!
THE END

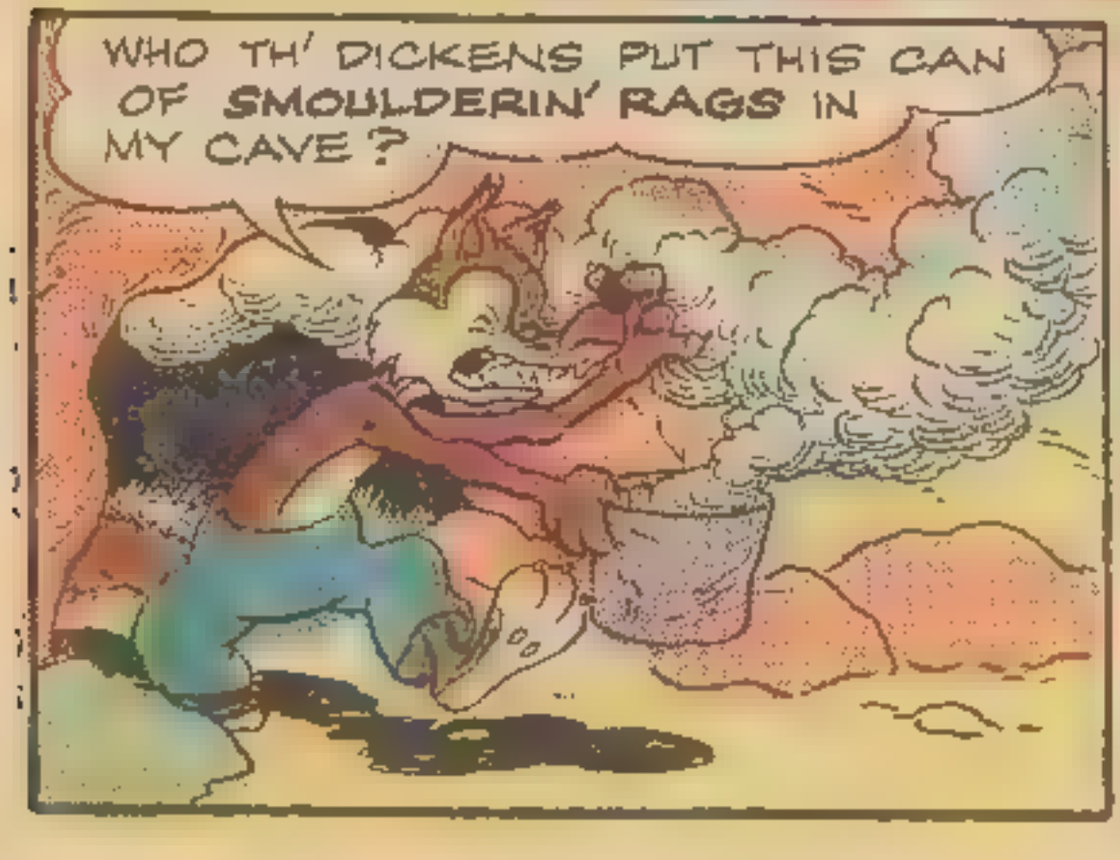

M.G.M. CARTOONS
PRESENT
WUFF
THE PRAIRIE DOG
CHARLIE! CHARLIE COYOTE! COME QUICK! COME QUICK!
YOUR CAVE IS ON FIRE!

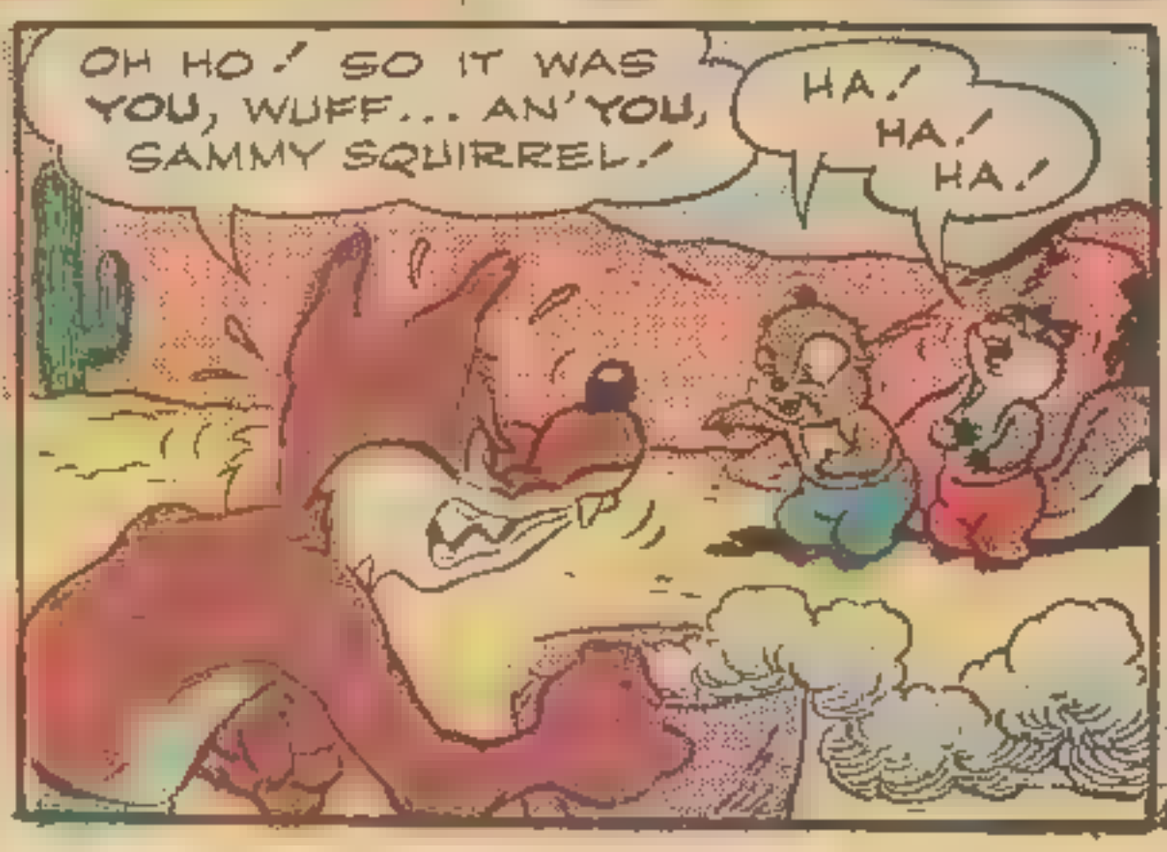

CHARLIE COYOTE!!
YOUR CAVE IS ON FIRE!!
HUH? WHUZZAT?

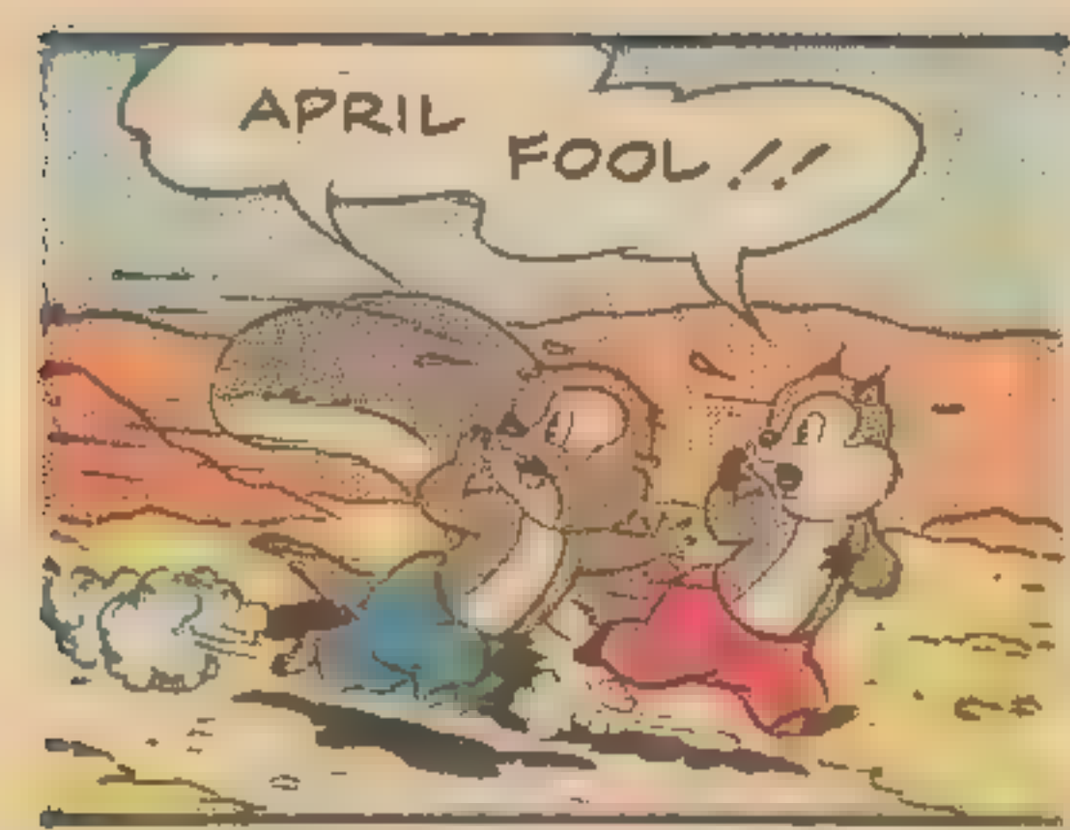

OH MIGOSH! MY CAVE IS ON FIRE!

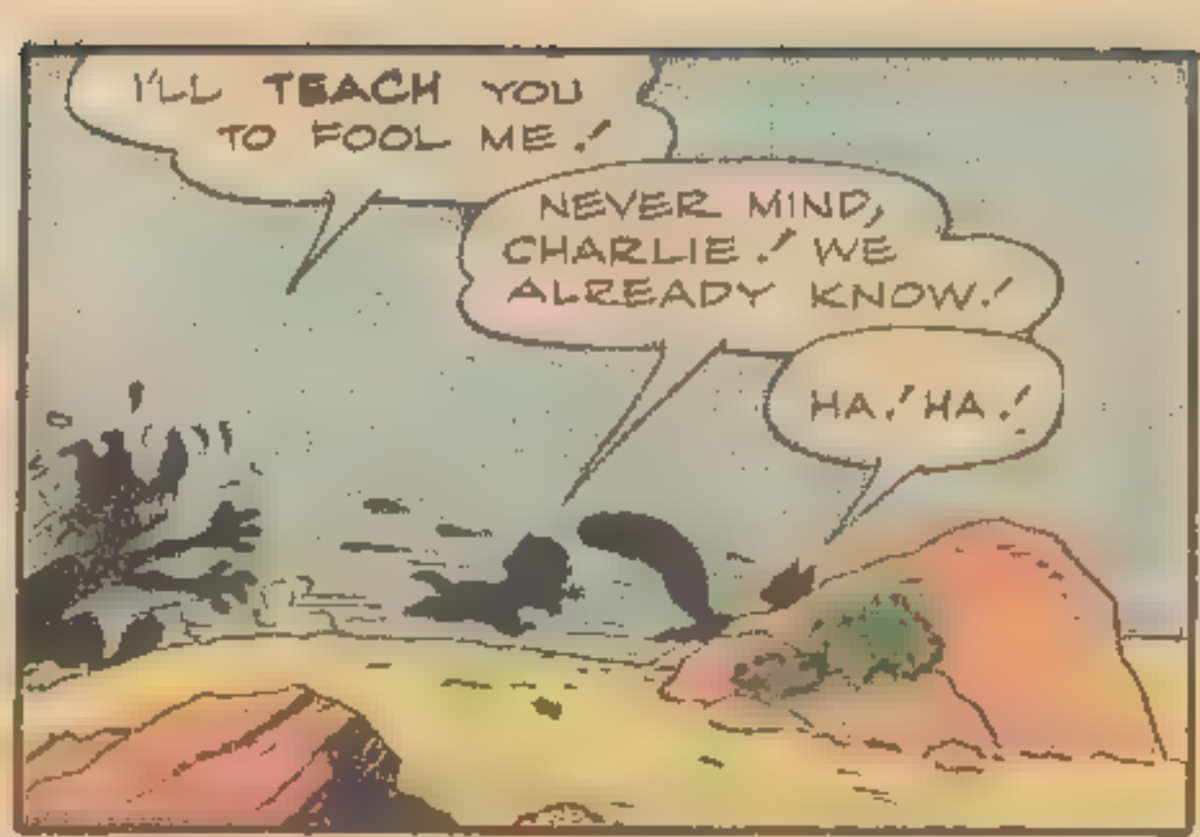

CALL THE FIRE DEPARTMENT! CALL FOR HELP! CALL FOR...
ZOOM!

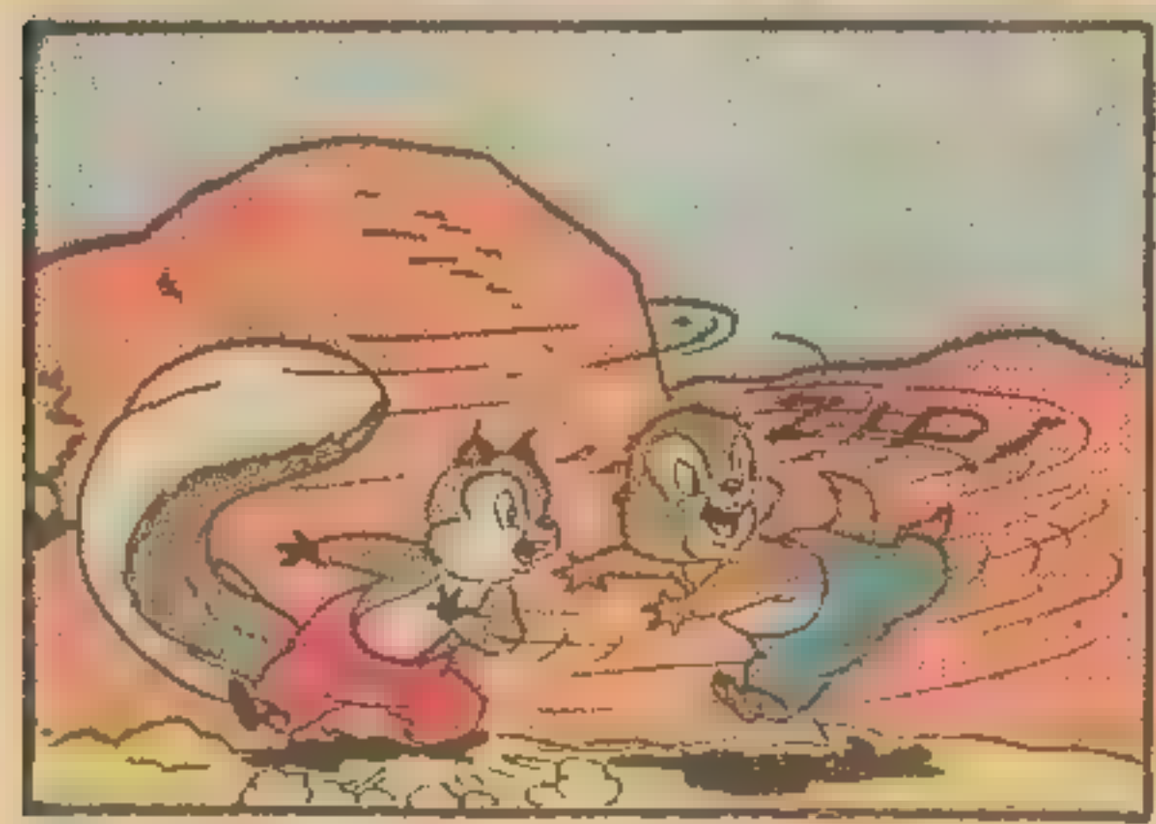

COUGH! AWRRK! COUGH! COUGH!

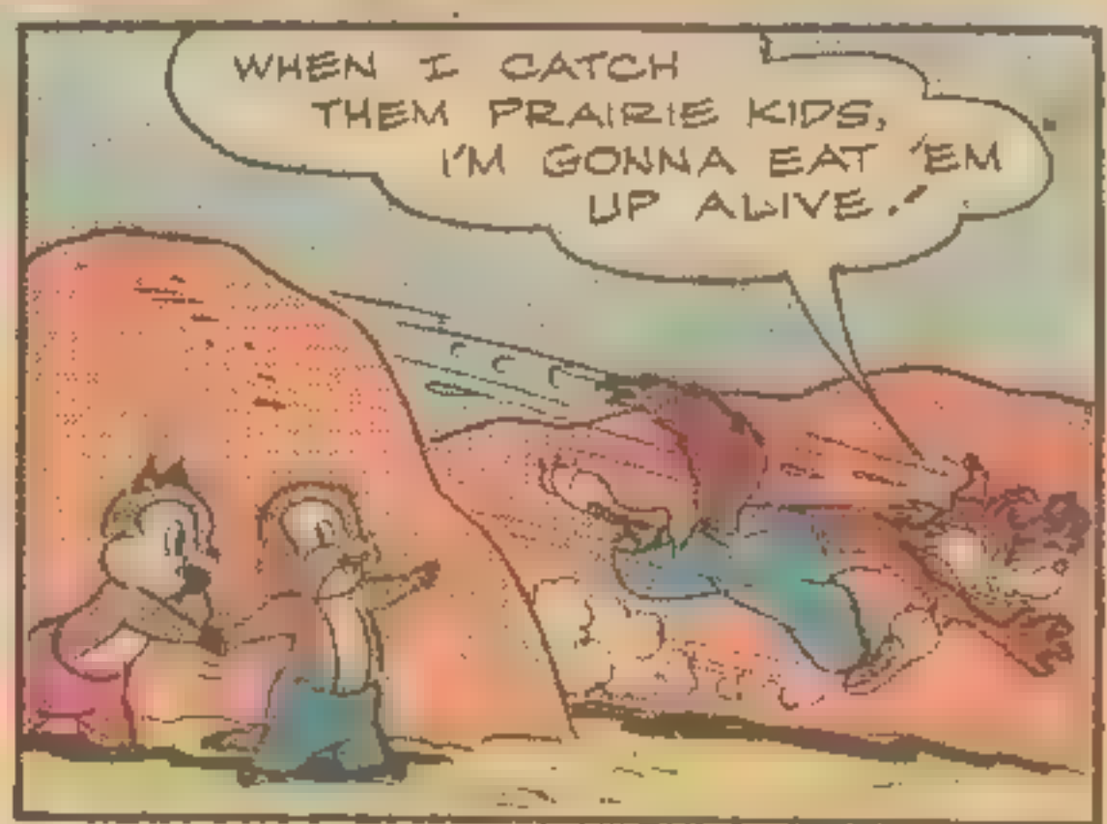

WHO TH' DICKENS PUT THIS CAN OF SMOULDERIN' RAGS IN MY CAVE?

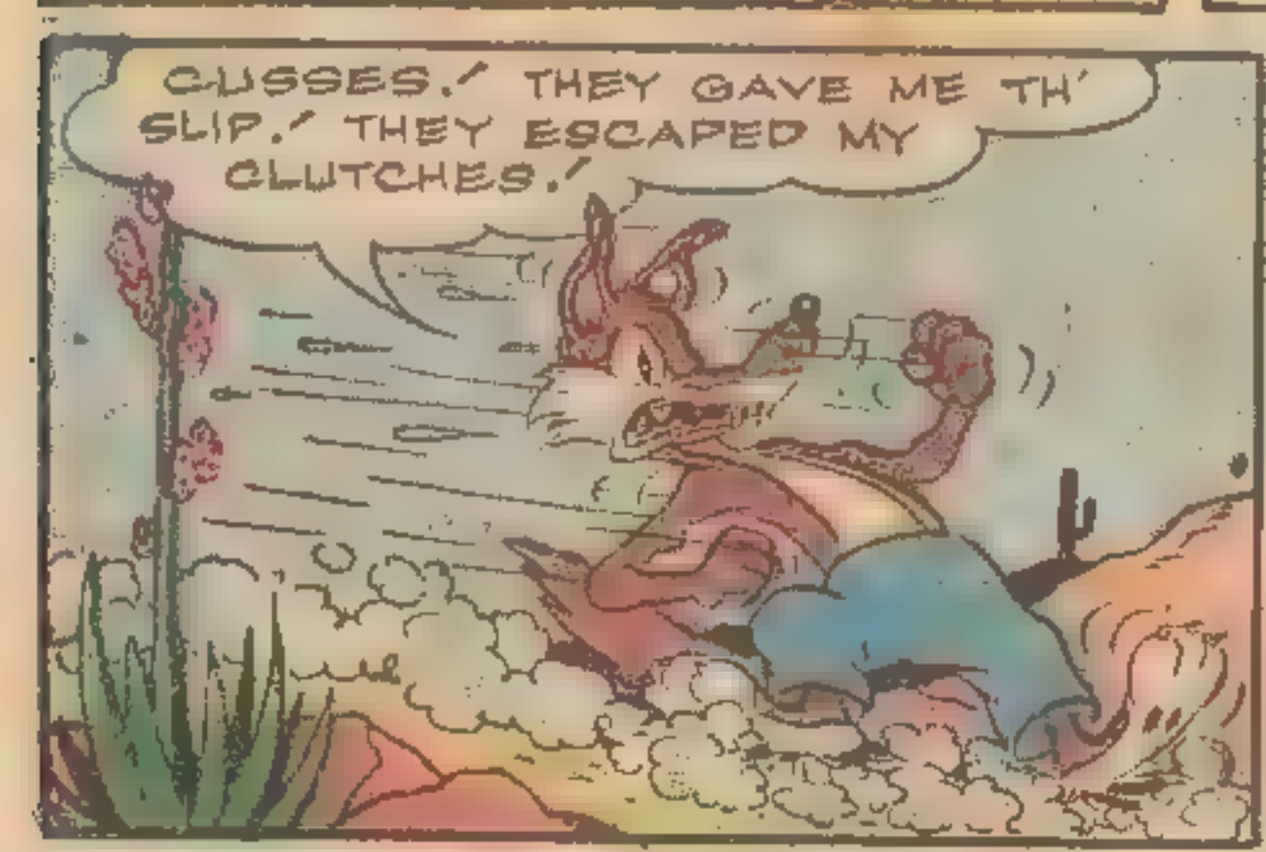

OH HO! SO IT WAS YOU, WUFF... AN' YOU, SAMMY SQUIRREL!
HA! HA! HA!

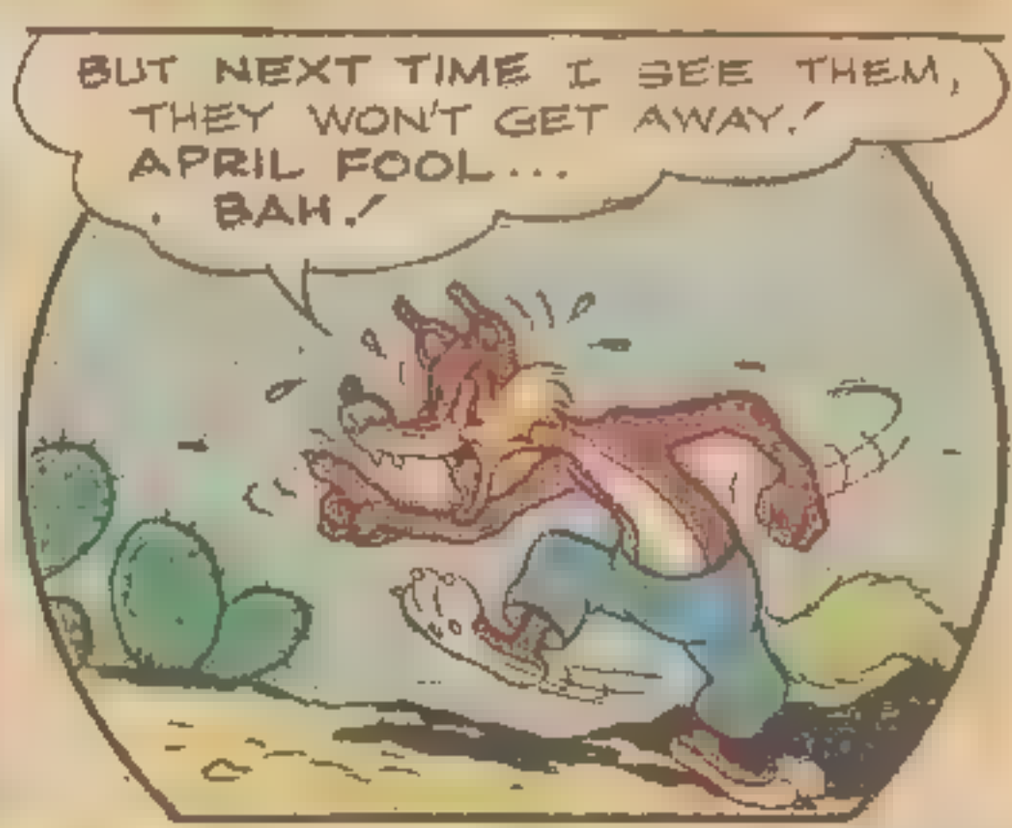

APRIL FOOL!!!

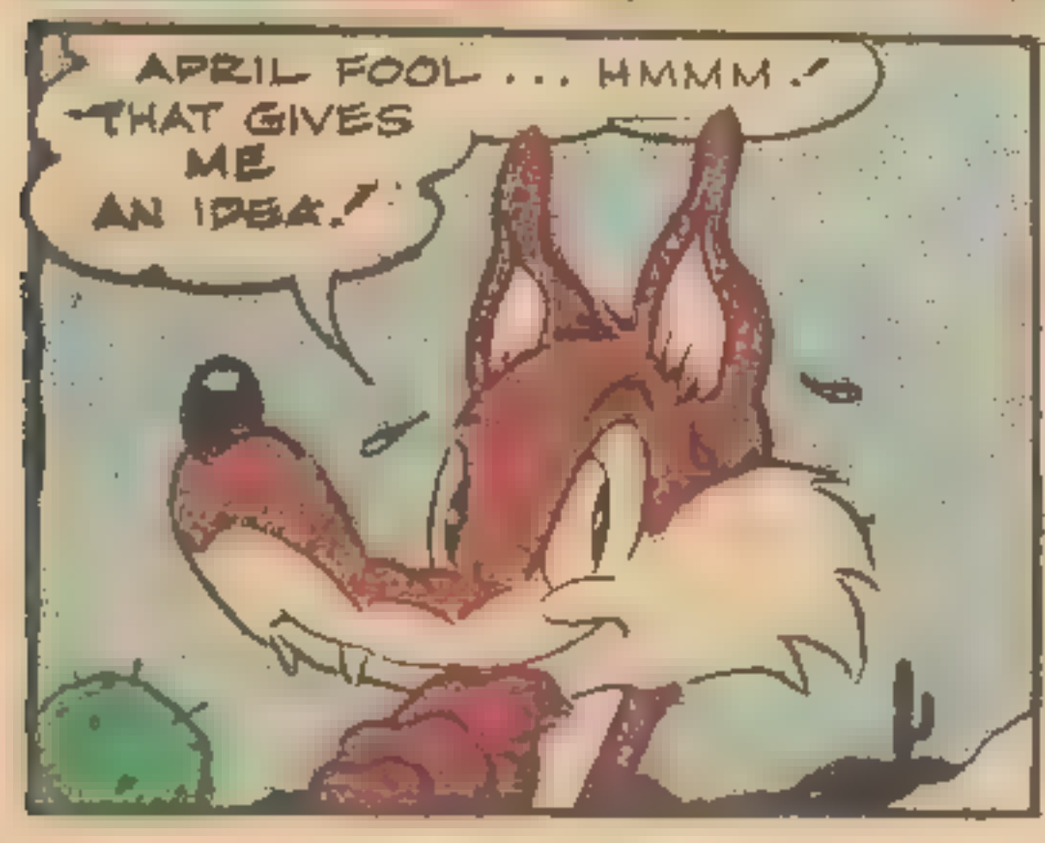

I'LL TEACH YOU TO FOOL ME!
NEVER MIND, CHARLIE! WE ALREADY KNOW!
HA! HA!

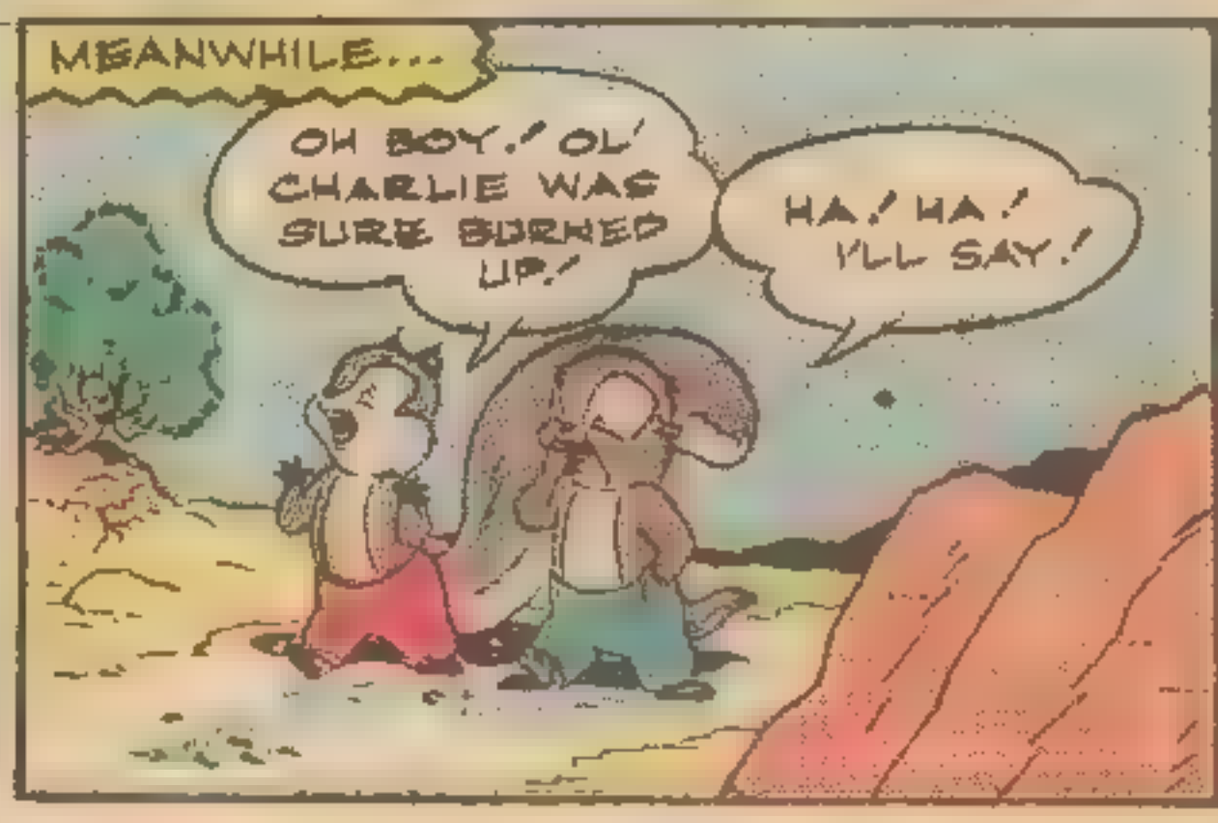

ZIP!

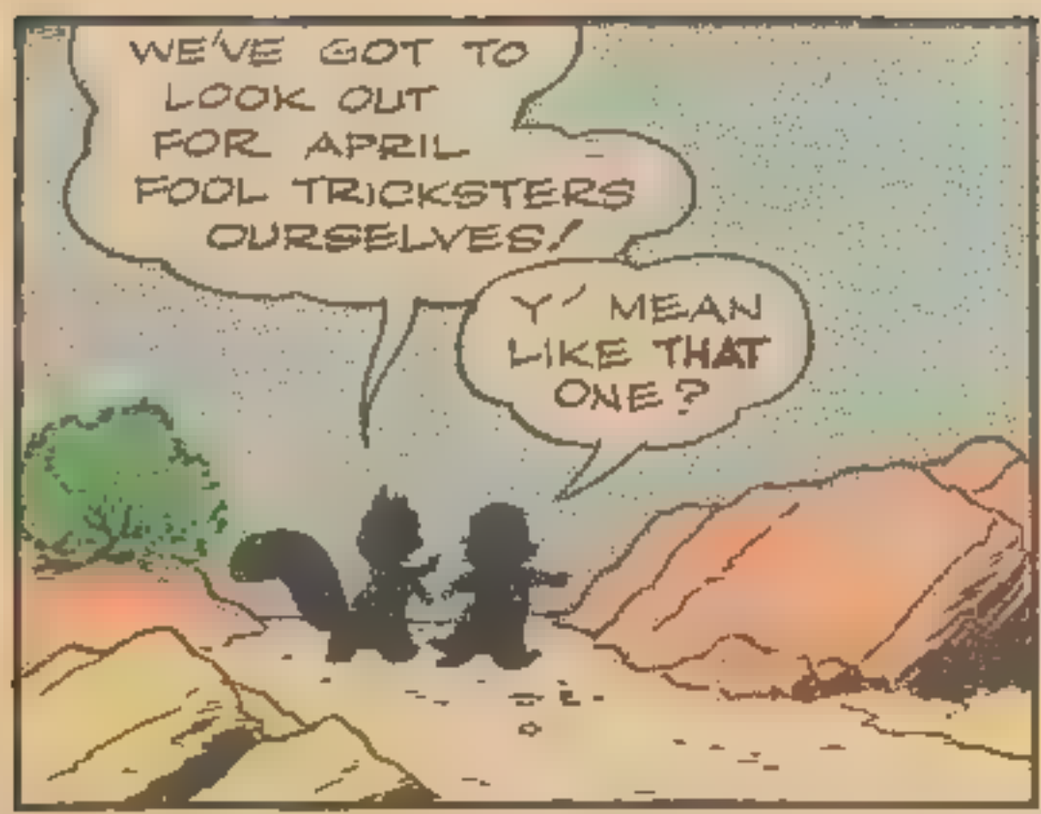

WHEN I CATCH THEM PRAIRIE KIDS, I'M GONNA EAT 'EM UP ALIVE!

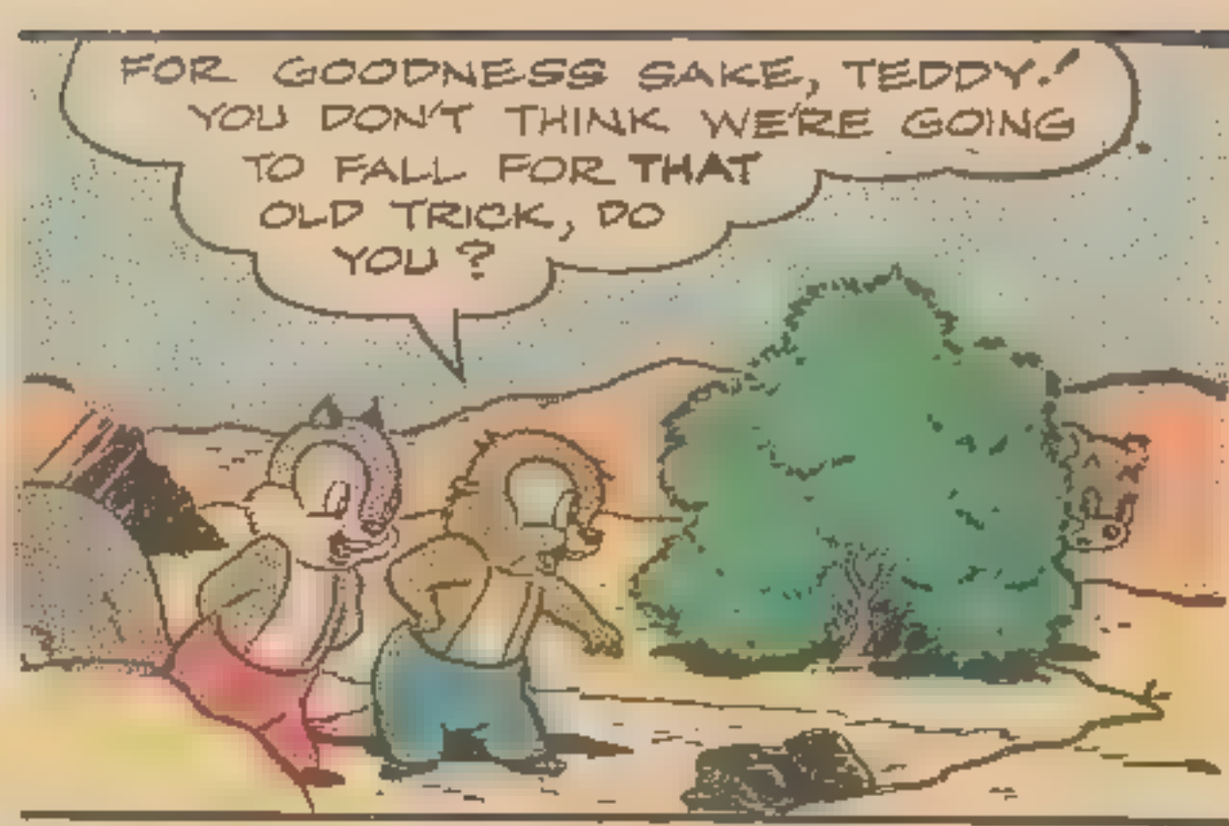

CUSSES! THEY GAVE ME TH' SLIP! THEY ESCAPED MY CLUTCHES!

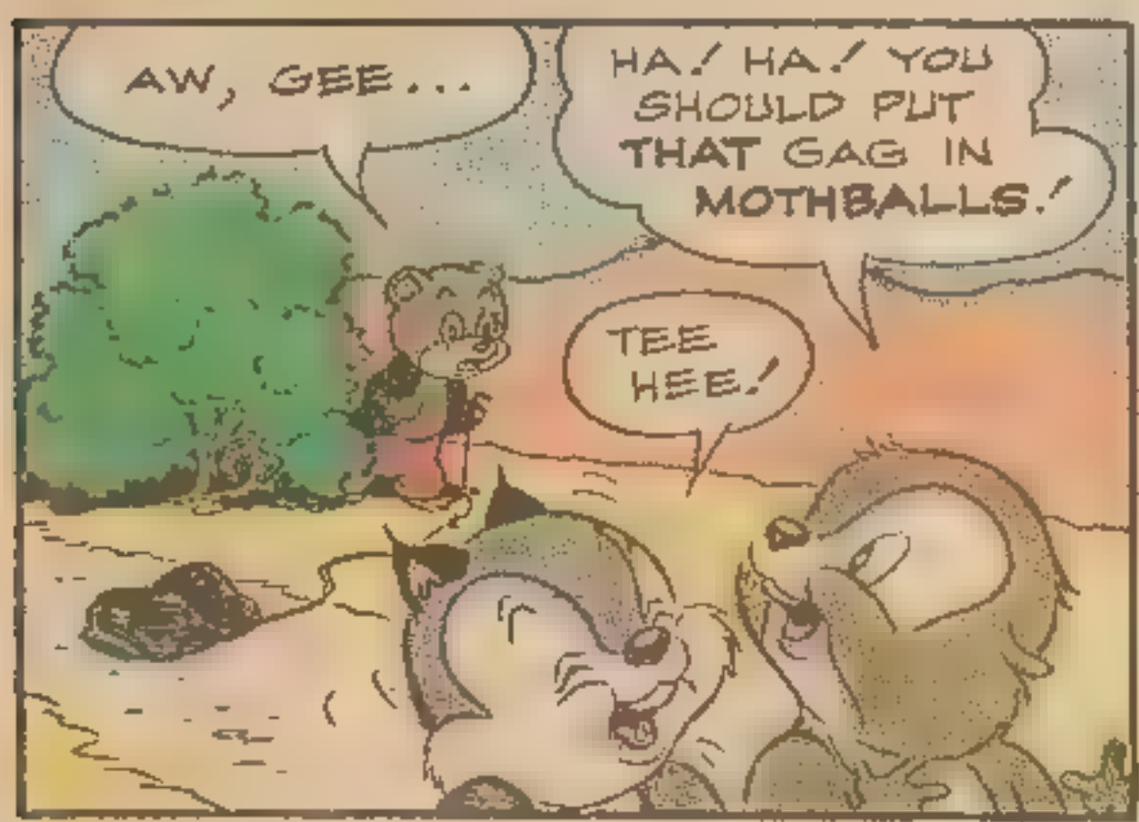

BUT NEXT TIME I SEE THEM, THEY WON'T GET AWAY! APRIL FOOL... BAH!

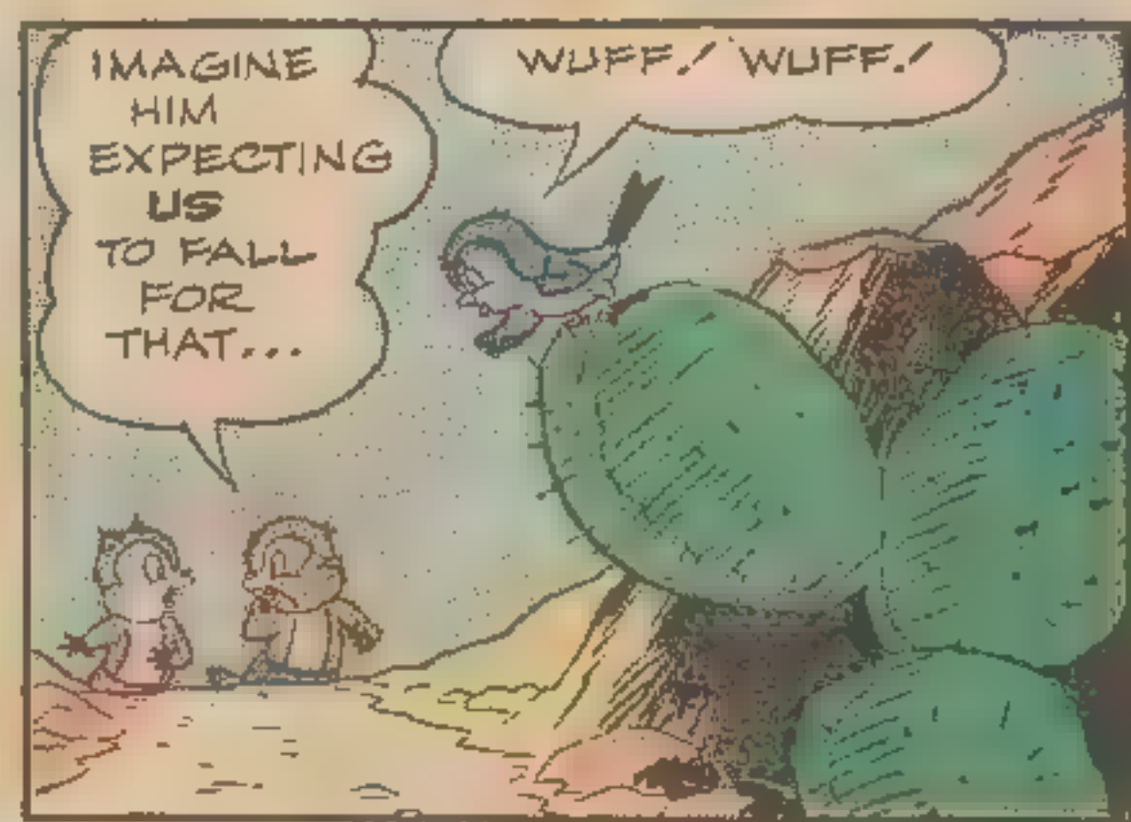

APRIL FOOL... HMMM! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

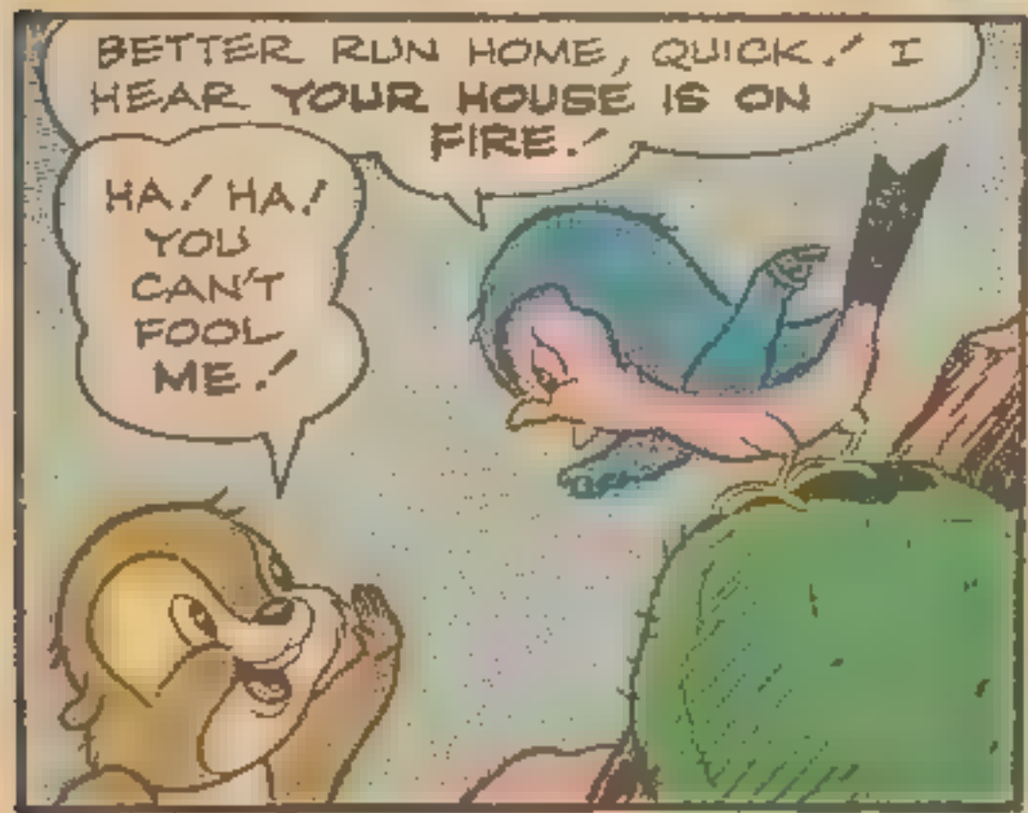

MEANWHILE...
OH BOY! OL' CHARLIE WAS SURE BURNED UP!
HA! HA! I'LL SAY!

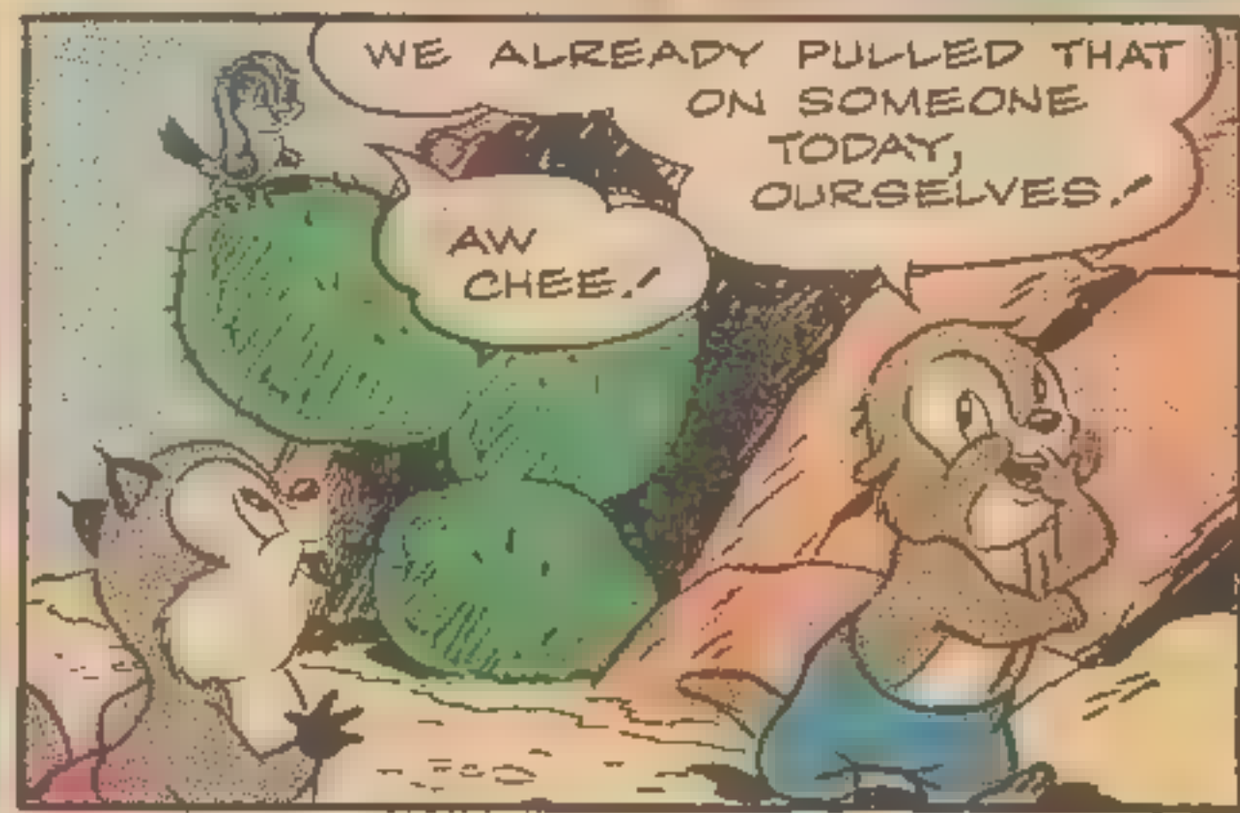

WE'VE GOT TO LOOK OUT FOR APRIL FOOL TRICKSTERS OURSELVES!
Y' MEAN LIKE THAT ONE?

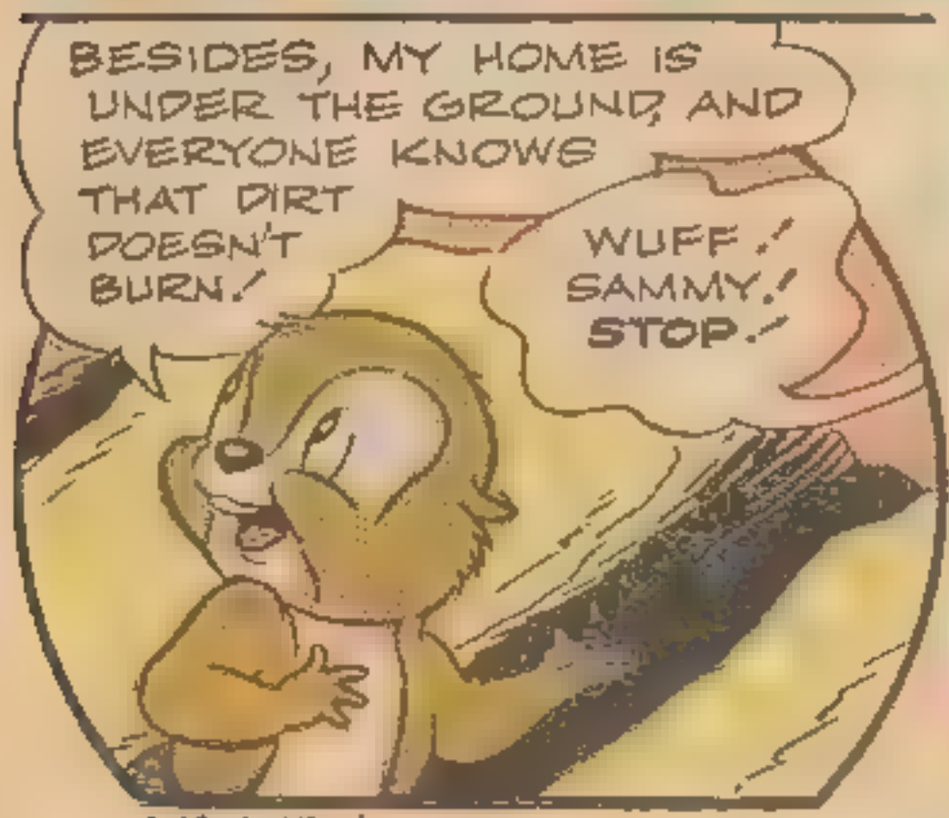

FOR GOODNESS SAKE, TEDDY! YOU DON'T THINK WE'RE GOING TO FALL FOR THAT OLD TRICK, DO YOU?

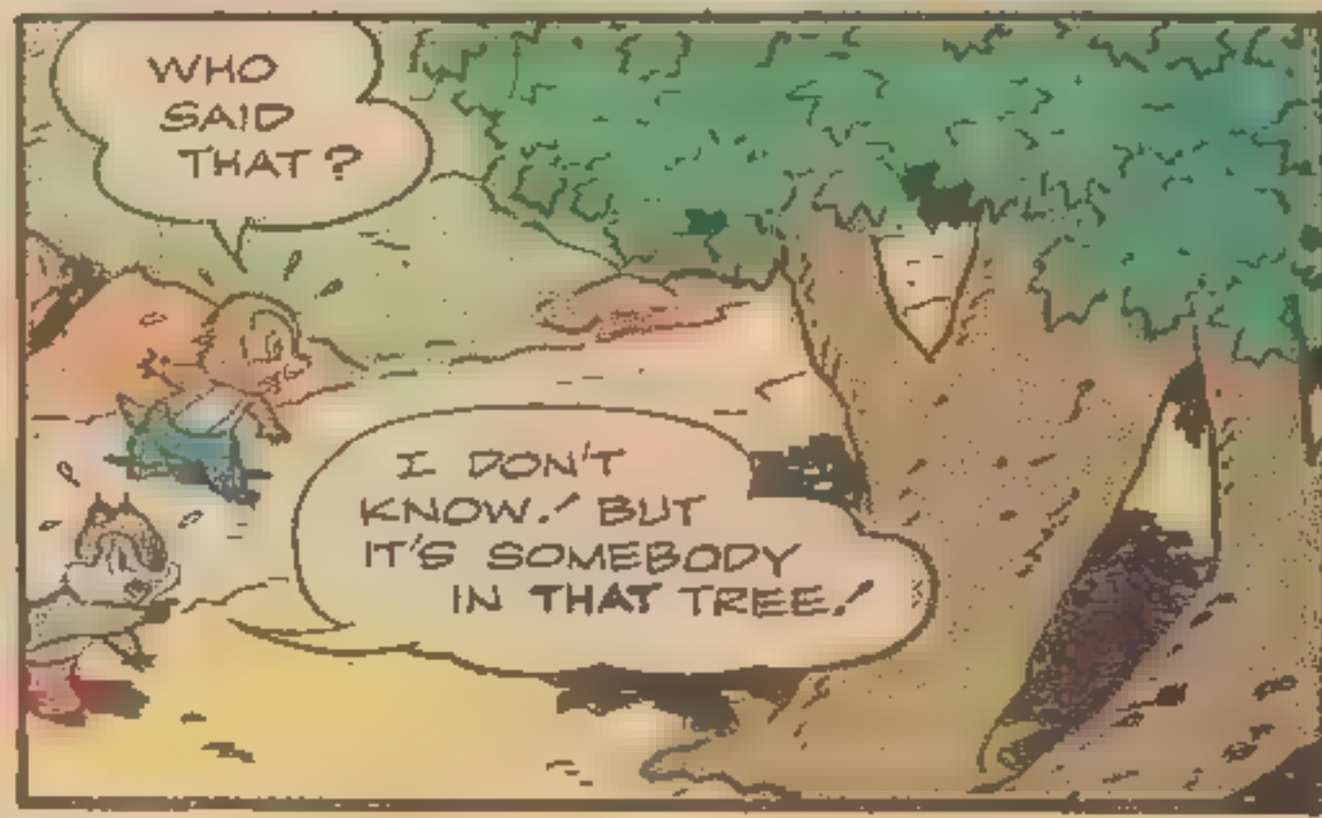

AW, GEE...
HA! HA! YOU SHOULD PUT THAT GAG IN MOTHBALLS!
TEE HEE!


IMAGINE HIM EXPECTING US TO FALL FOR THAT...
WUFF! WUFF!

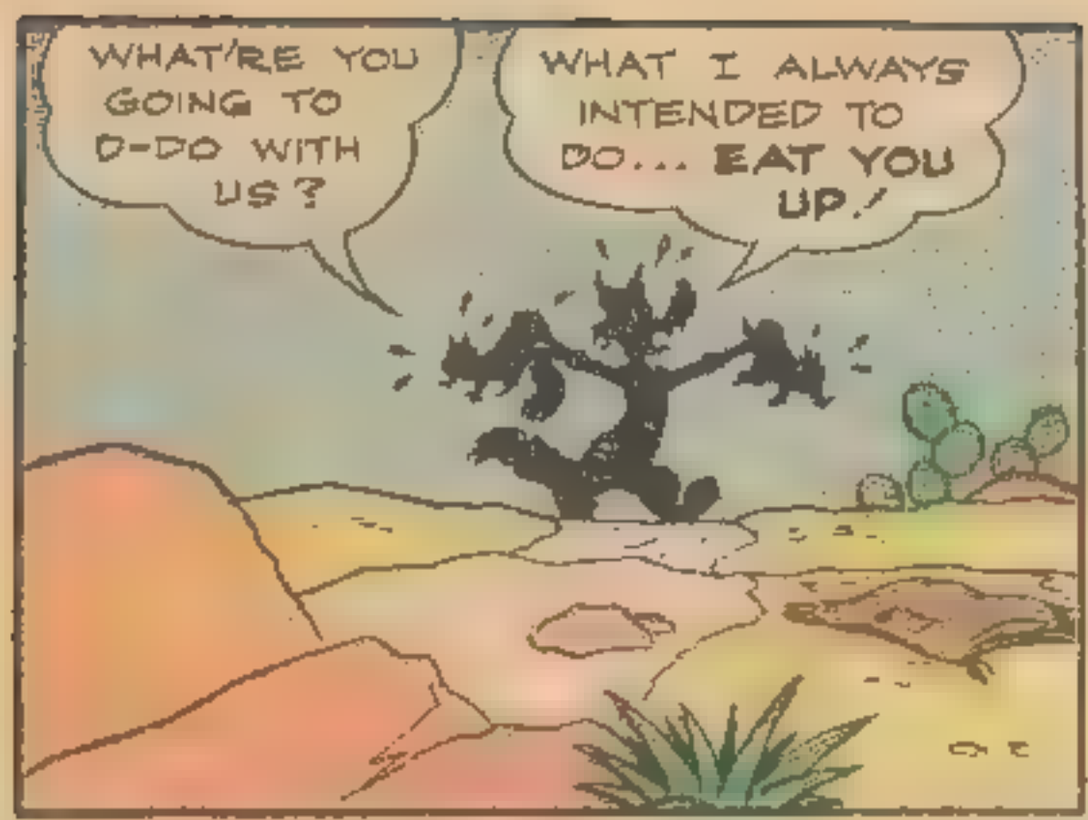

BETTER RUN HOME, QUICK! I HEAR YOUR HOUSE IS ON FIRE!
HA! HA! YOU CAN'T FOOL ME!

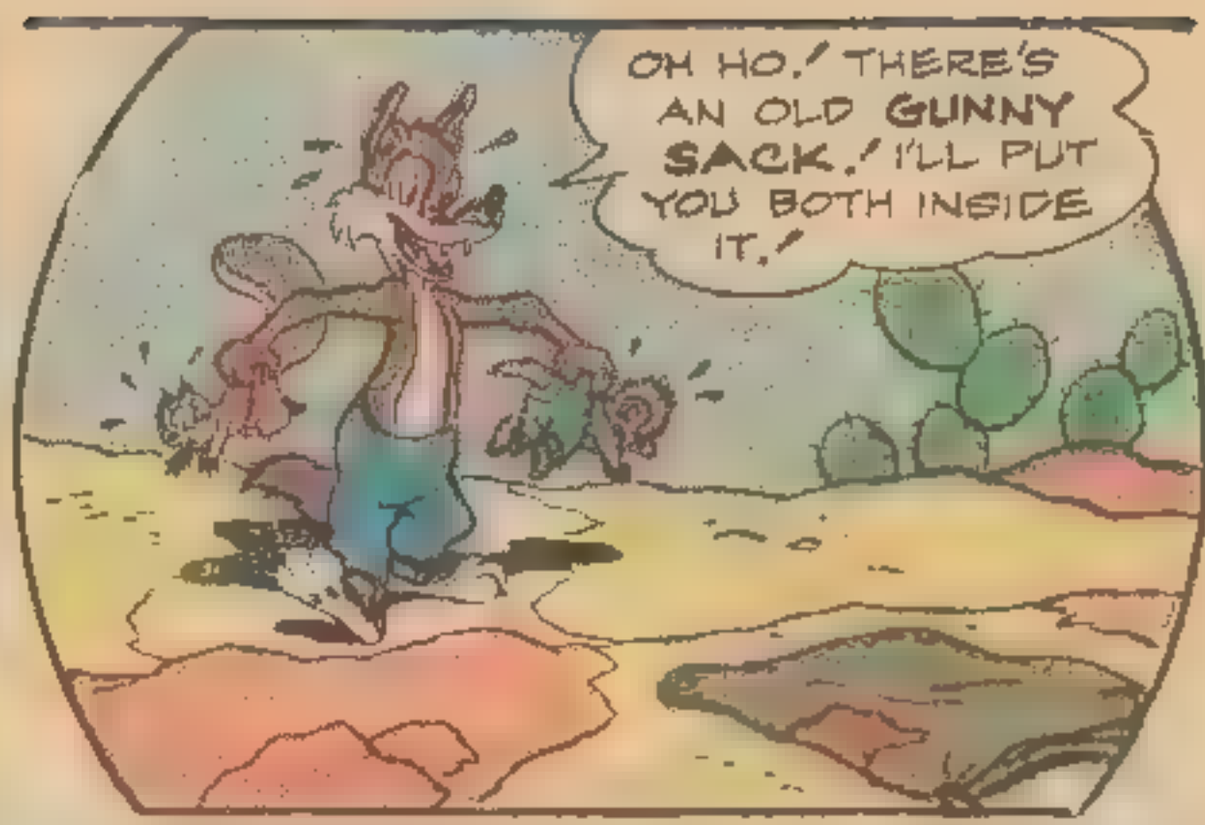

WE ALREADY PULLED THAT ON SOMEONE TODAY, OURSELVES!
AW CHEE!

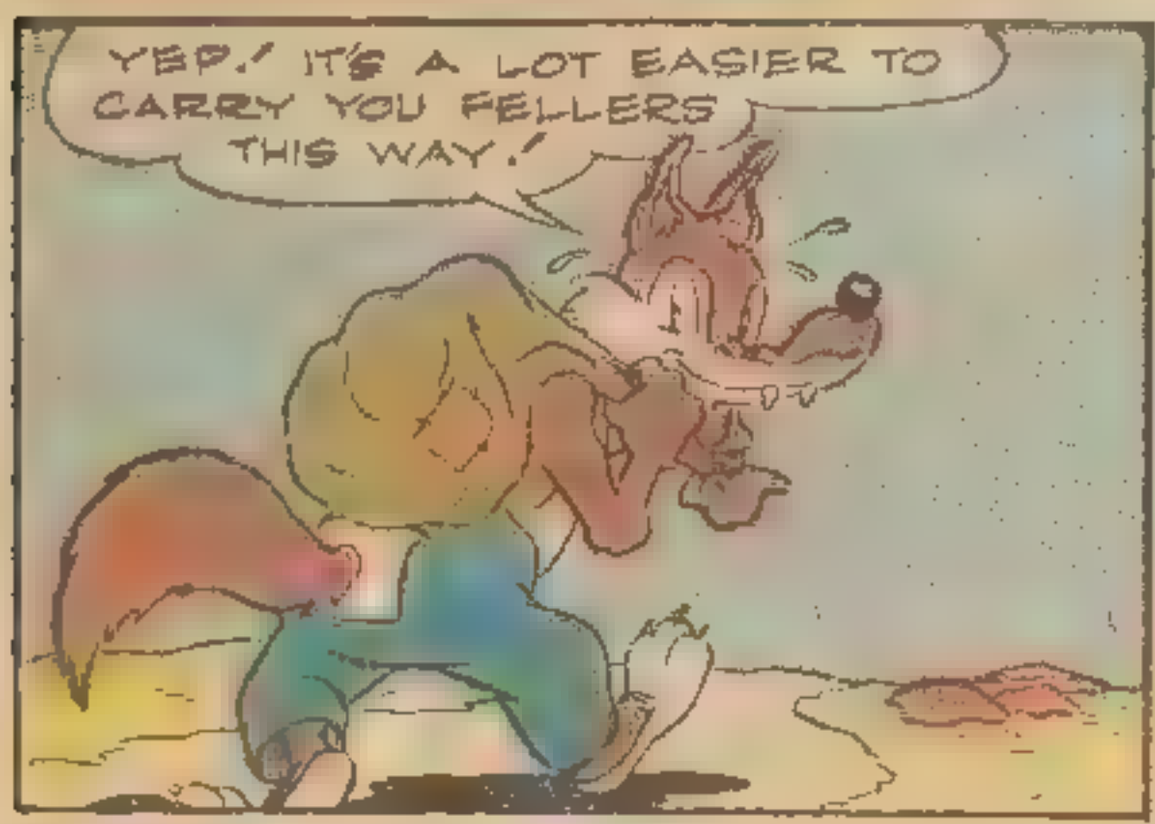

BESIDES, MY HOME IS UNDER THE GROUND, AND EVERYONE KNOWS THAT DIRT DOESN'T BURN!
WUFF! SAMMY! STOP!

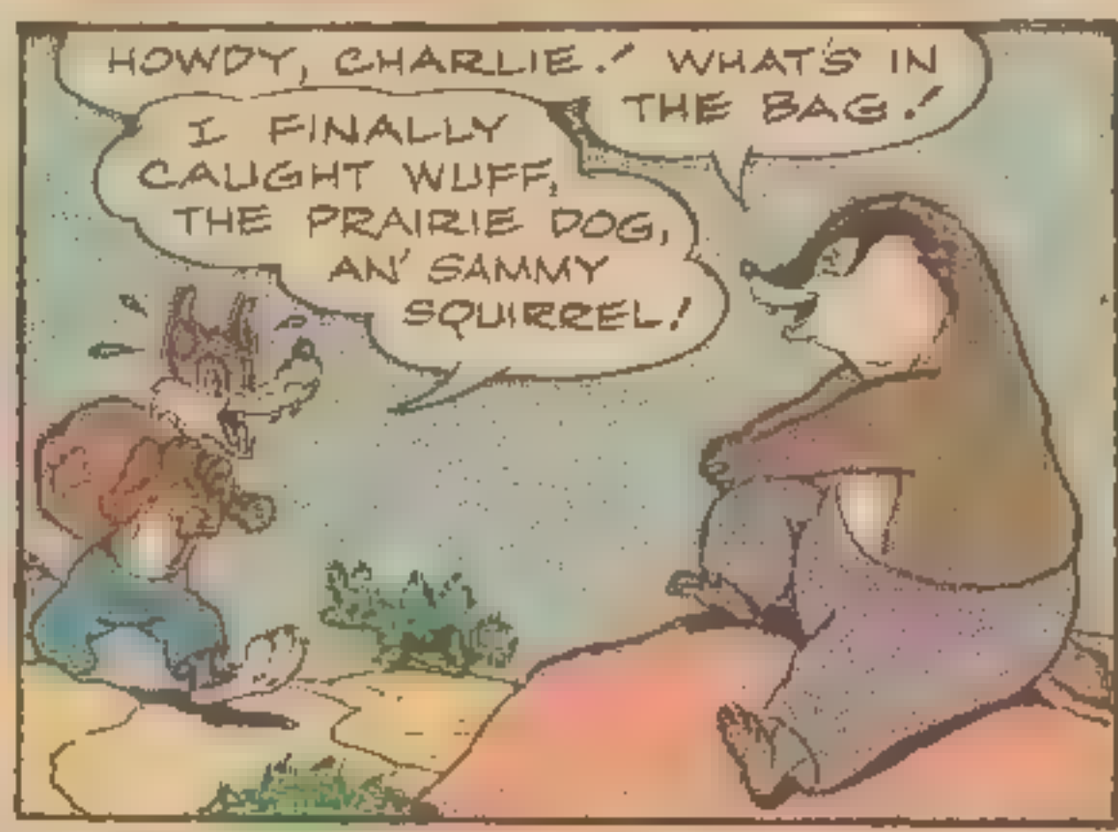

WHO SAID THAT?
I DON'T KNOW! BUT IT'S SOMEBODY IN THAT TREE!

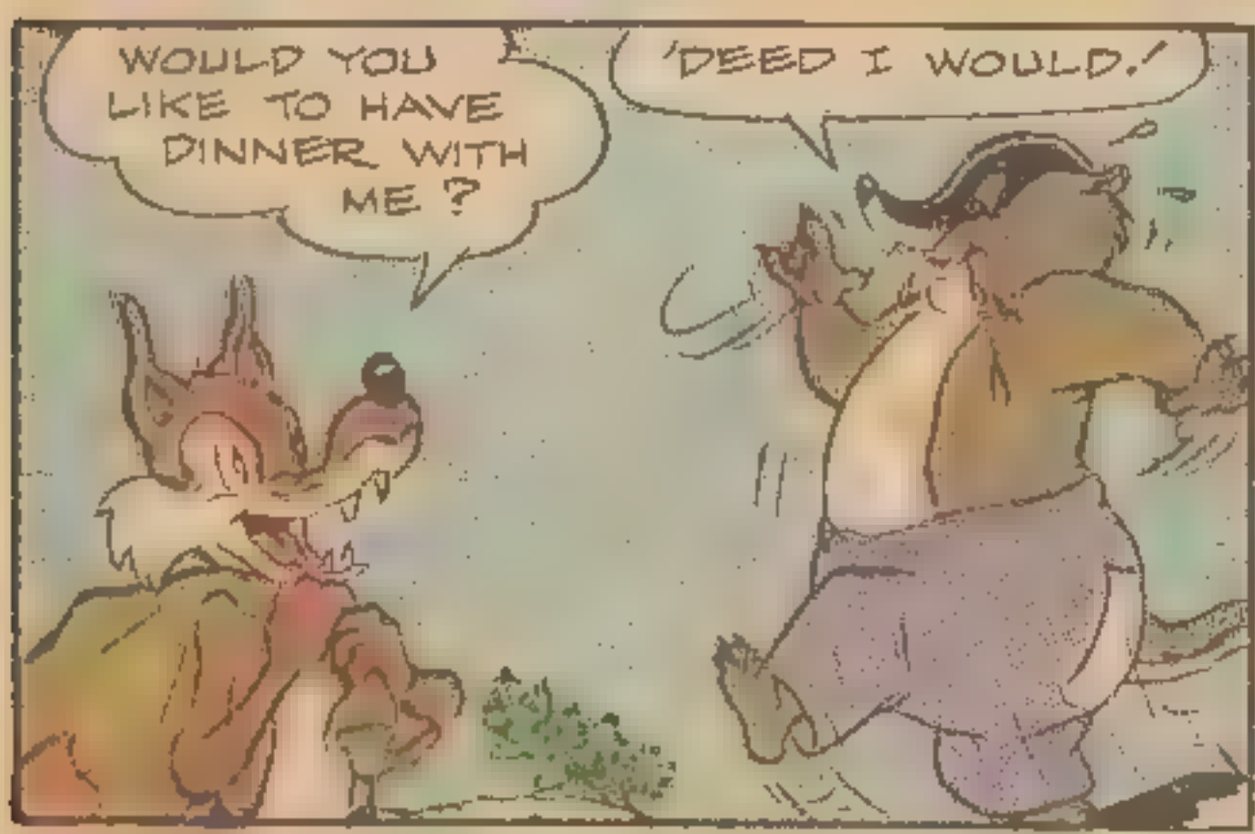
TURN BACK! TURN BACK! THERE'S DANGER AROUND THAT BIG BOULDER!
D-DANGER?
THAT MEAN, NASTY, OLD CHARLIE COYOTE IS LURKING BEHIND THAT BOULDER!
CHARLIE C-COYOTE?
WE'D BETTER RUN THIS WAY!
WUFF! THIS MAY BE AN APRIL FOOL TRICK, TOO!
MAYBE SO...
BUT WHERE CHARLIE COYOTE IS CONCERNED, I'D RATHER BE SAFE THAN...
...THAN... THAN...
SORRY? HEE! HEE! HEE!
WELL, BOYS... I GUESS OL' CHARLIE KNOWS A FEW TRICKS HIMSELF, EH? HEE HEE!


WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO D-DO WITH US?
WHAT I ALWAYS INTENDED TO DO... EAT YOU UP!


OH HO! THERE'S AN OLD GUNNY SACK! I'LL PUT YOU BOTH INSIDE IT!

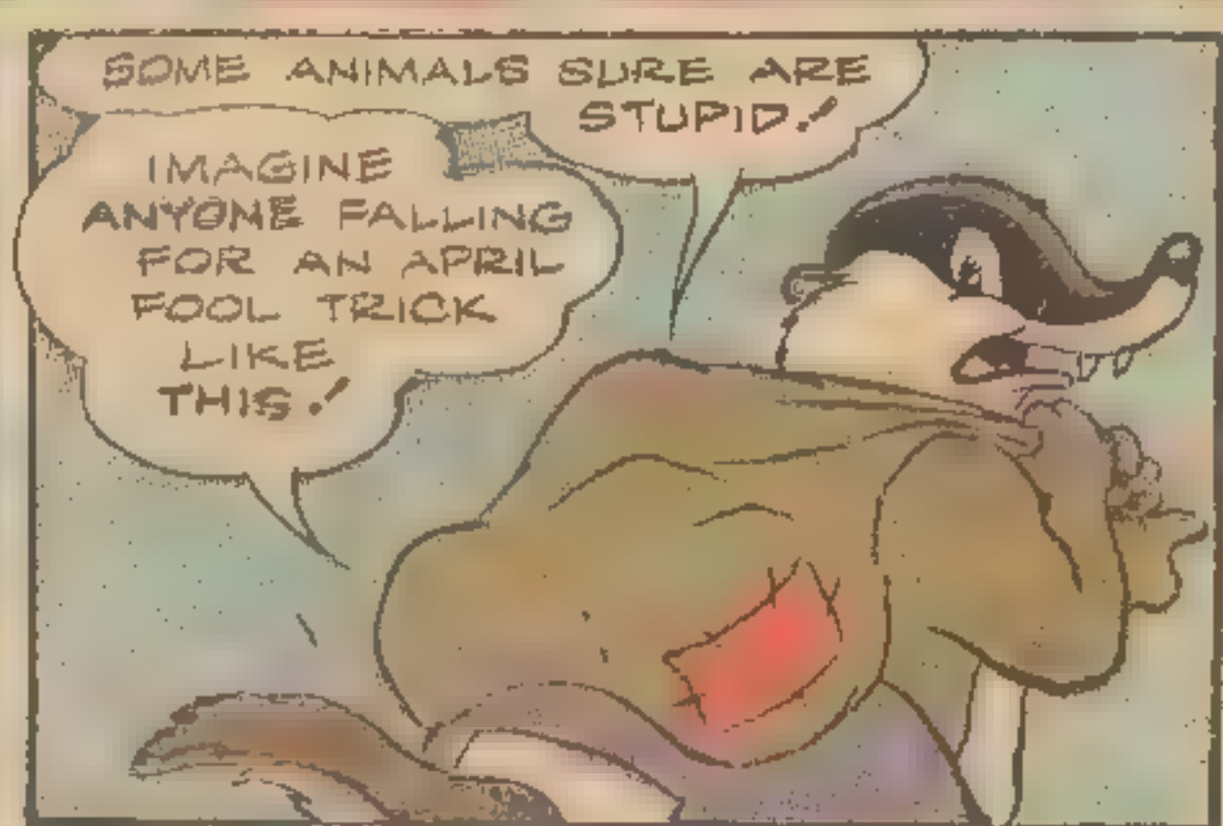

YEP! IT'S A LOT EASIER TO CARRY YOU FELLERS THIS WAY!

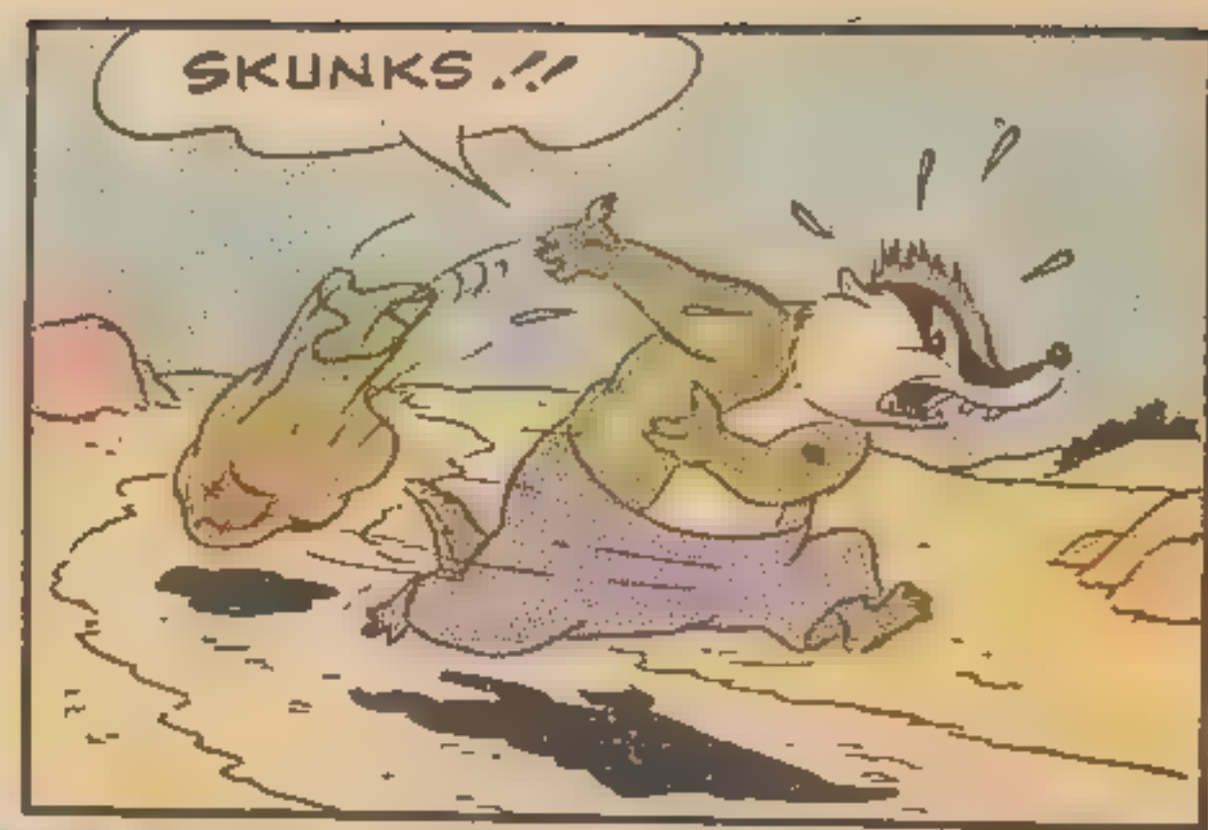

HOWDY, CHARLIE! WHAT'S IN THE BAG!
I FINALLY CAUGHT WUFF, THE PRAIRIE DOG, AN' SAMMY SQUIRREL!

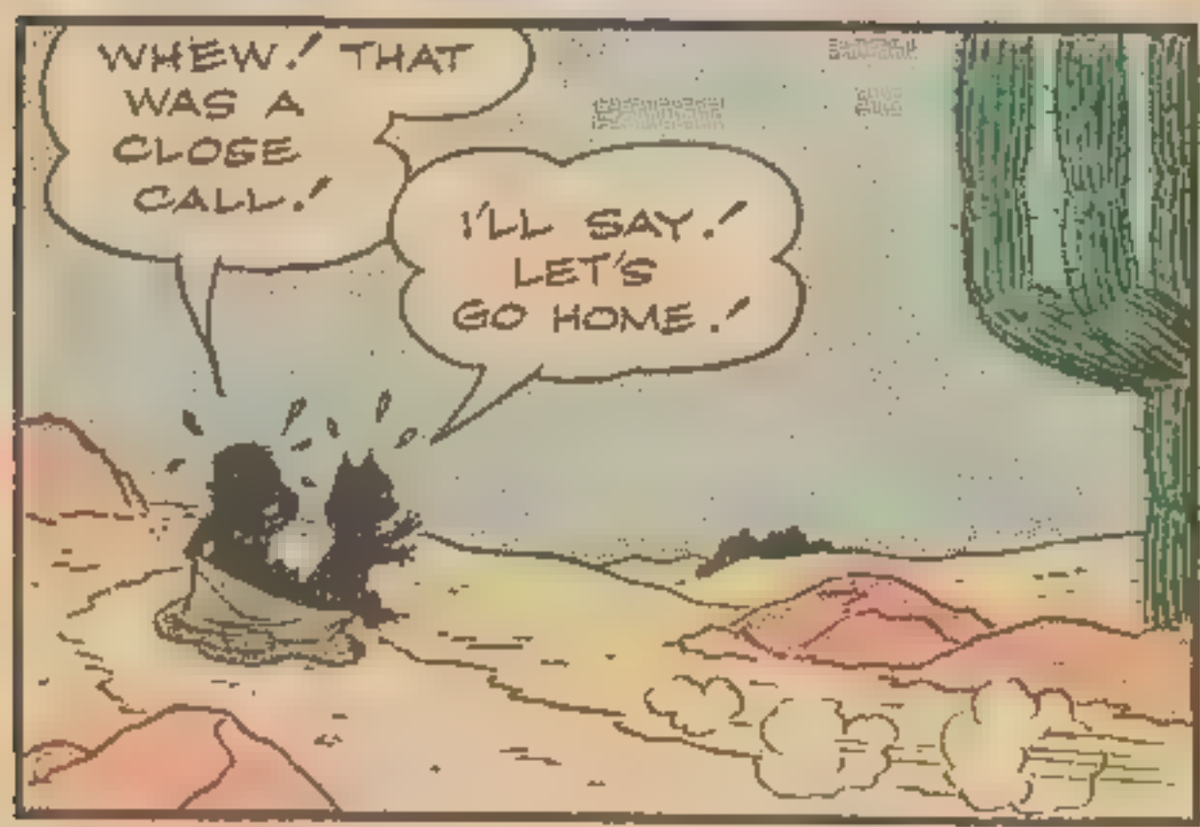

WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE DINNER WITH ME?
'DEED I WOULD!

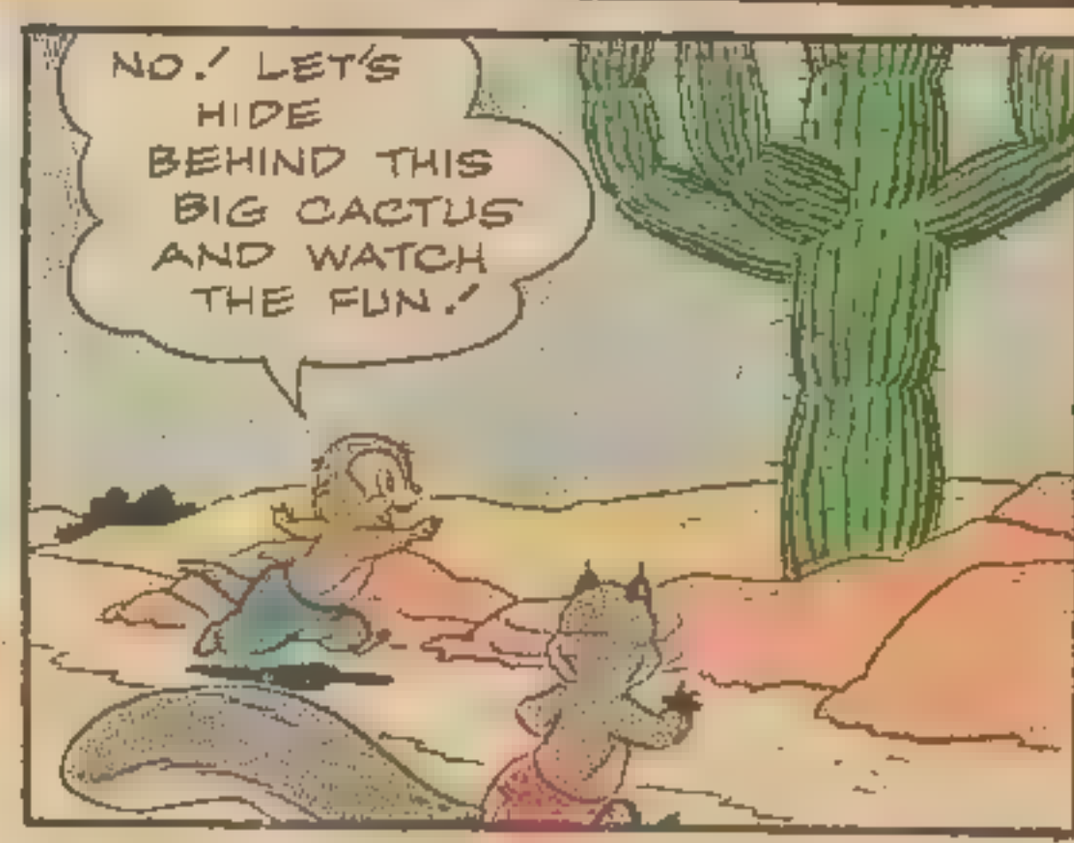
SWELL! YOU TAKE THEM TO THE CAVE! I'LL GATHER SOME FIREWOOD!
OKAY!

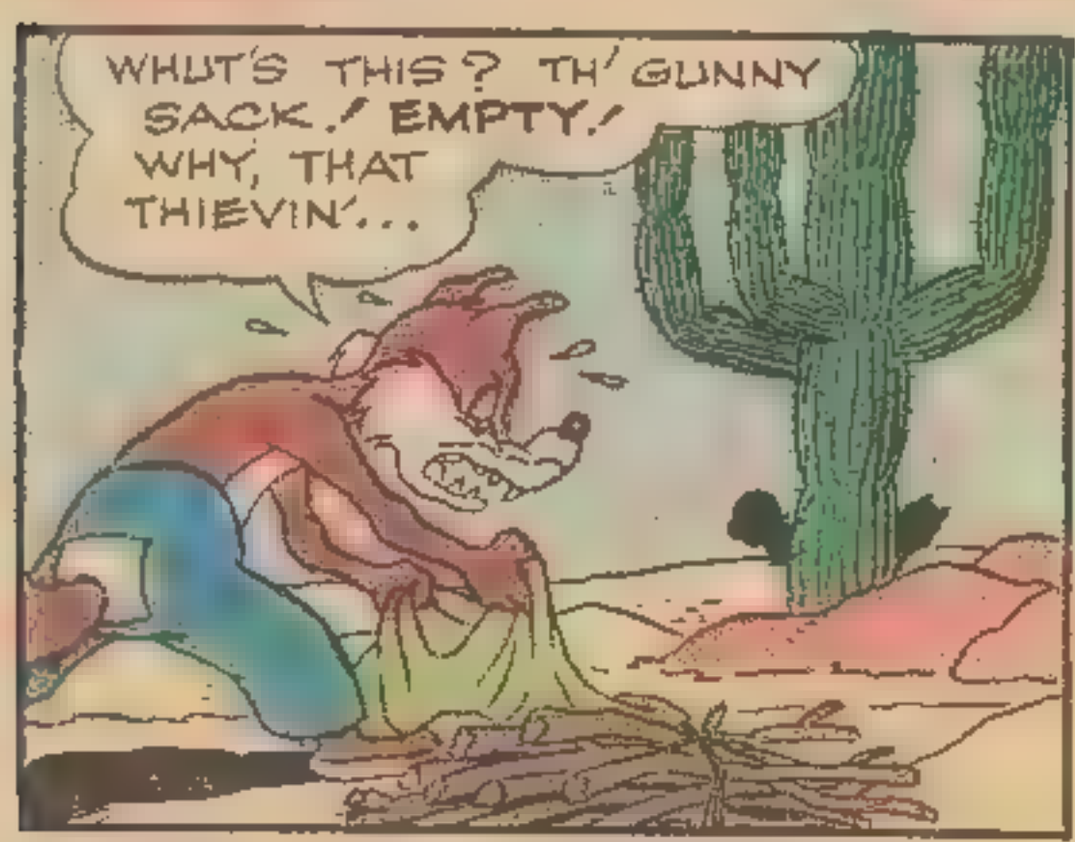
YUM! YUM! YUM! PRAIRIE DOG'N' SQUIRREL STEW! YUM! YUM! YUM!

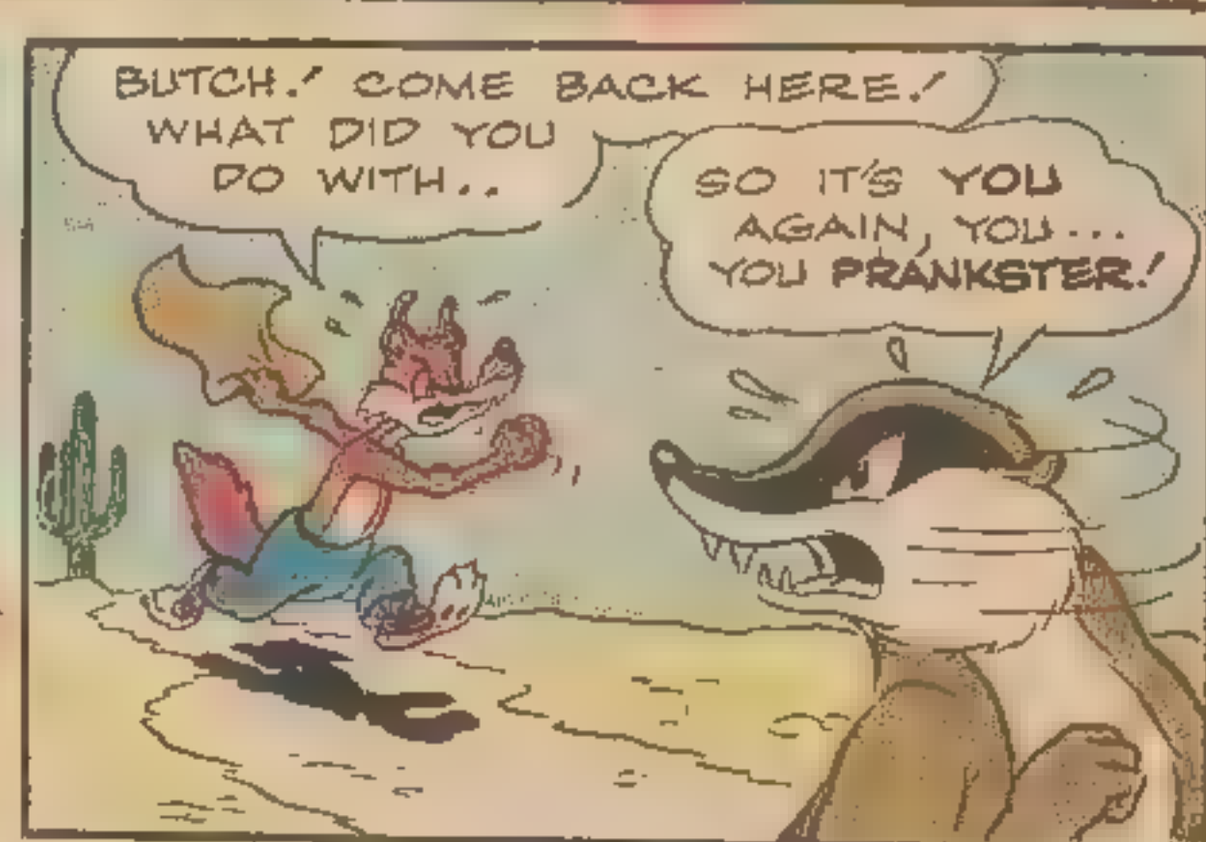

SOME ANIMALS SURE ARE STUPID!
IMAGINE ANYONE FALLING FOR AN APRIL FOOL TRICK LIKE THIS!

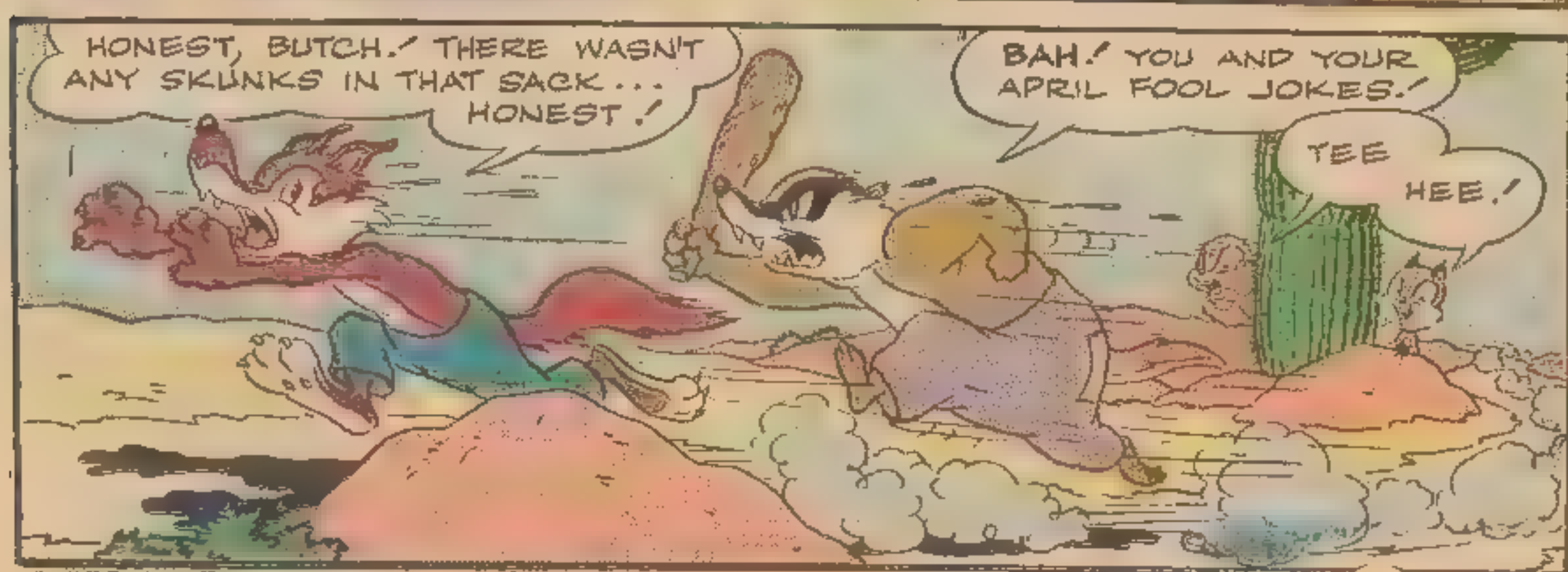








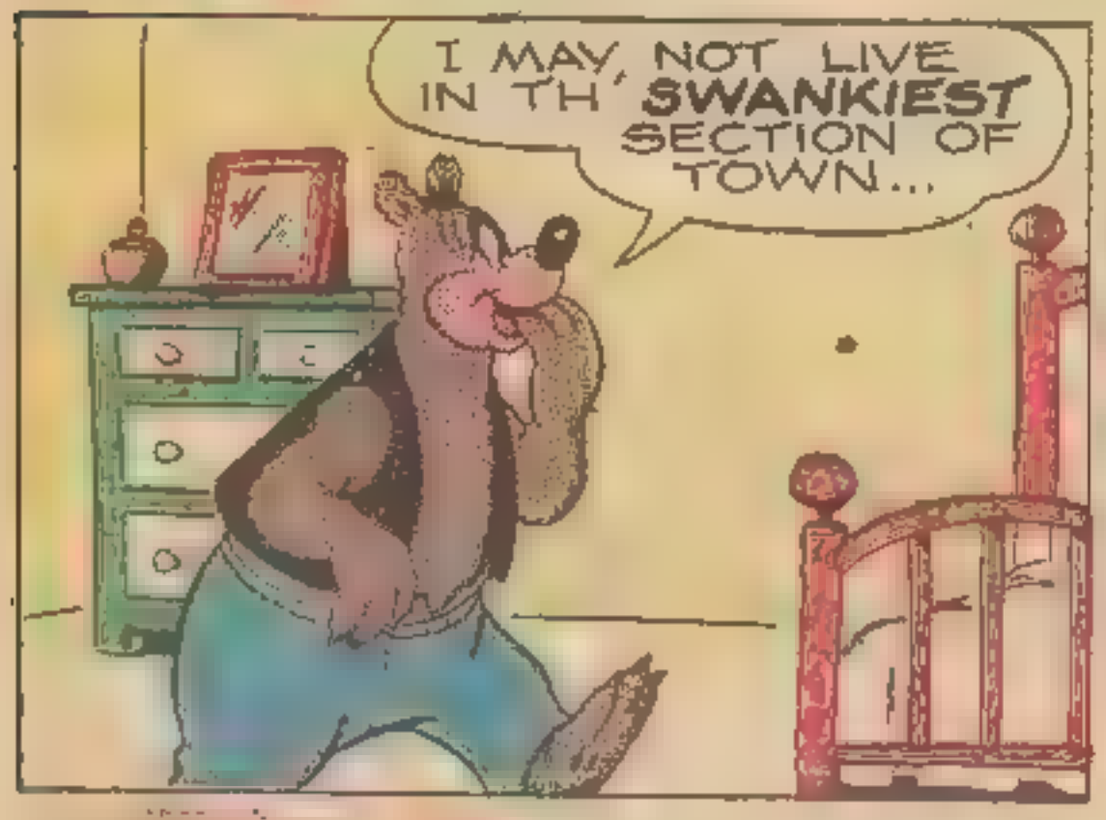


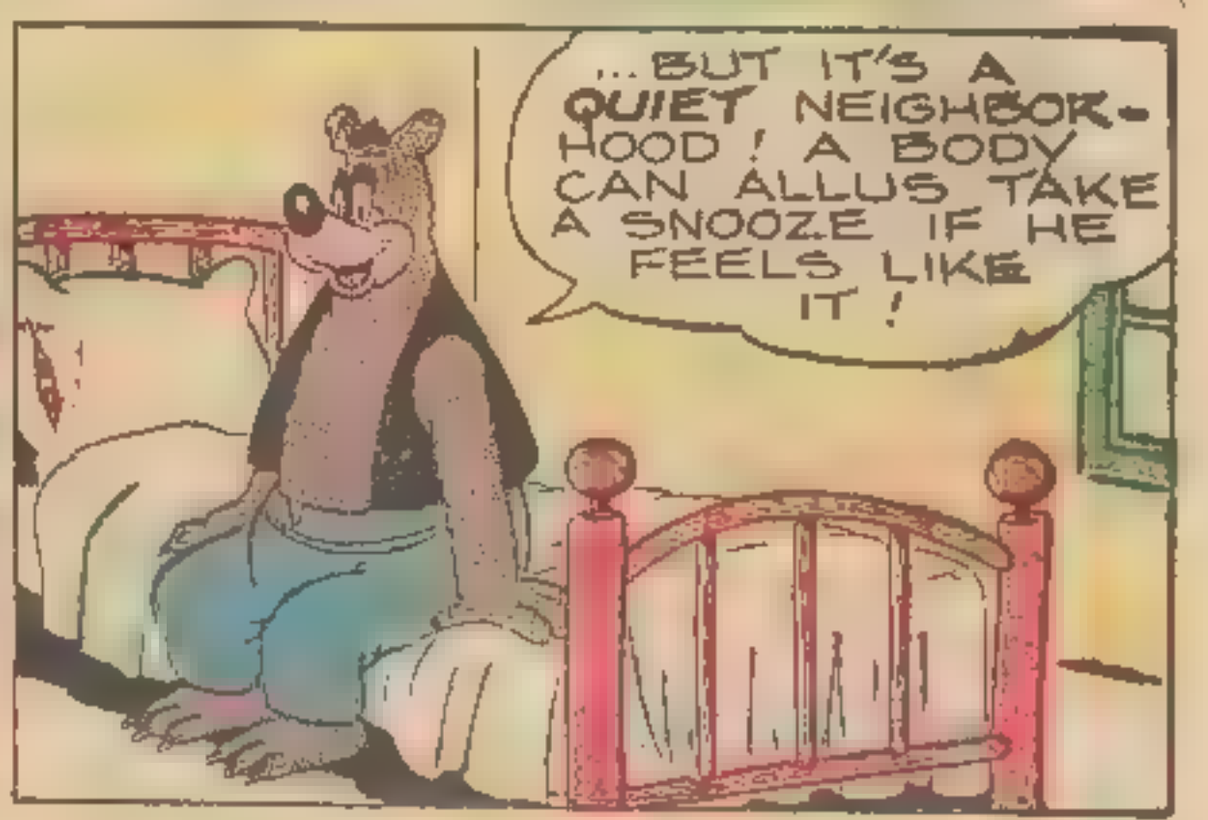


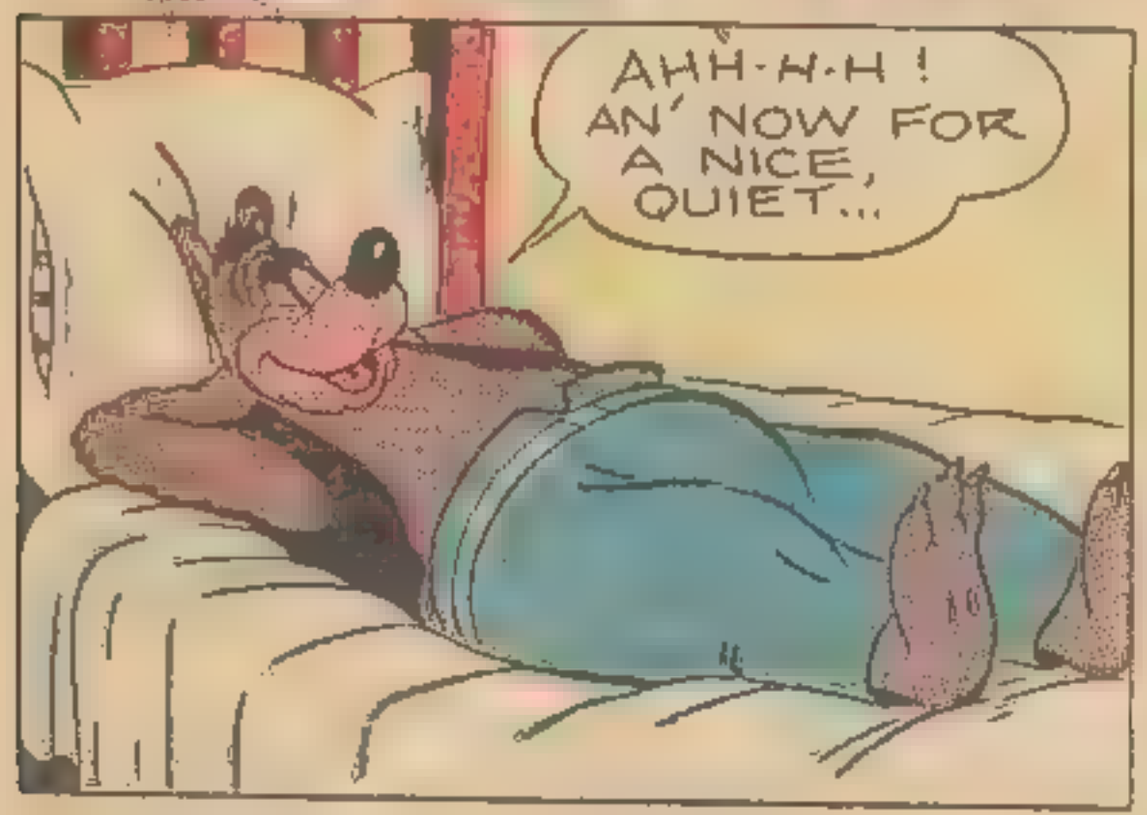
M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

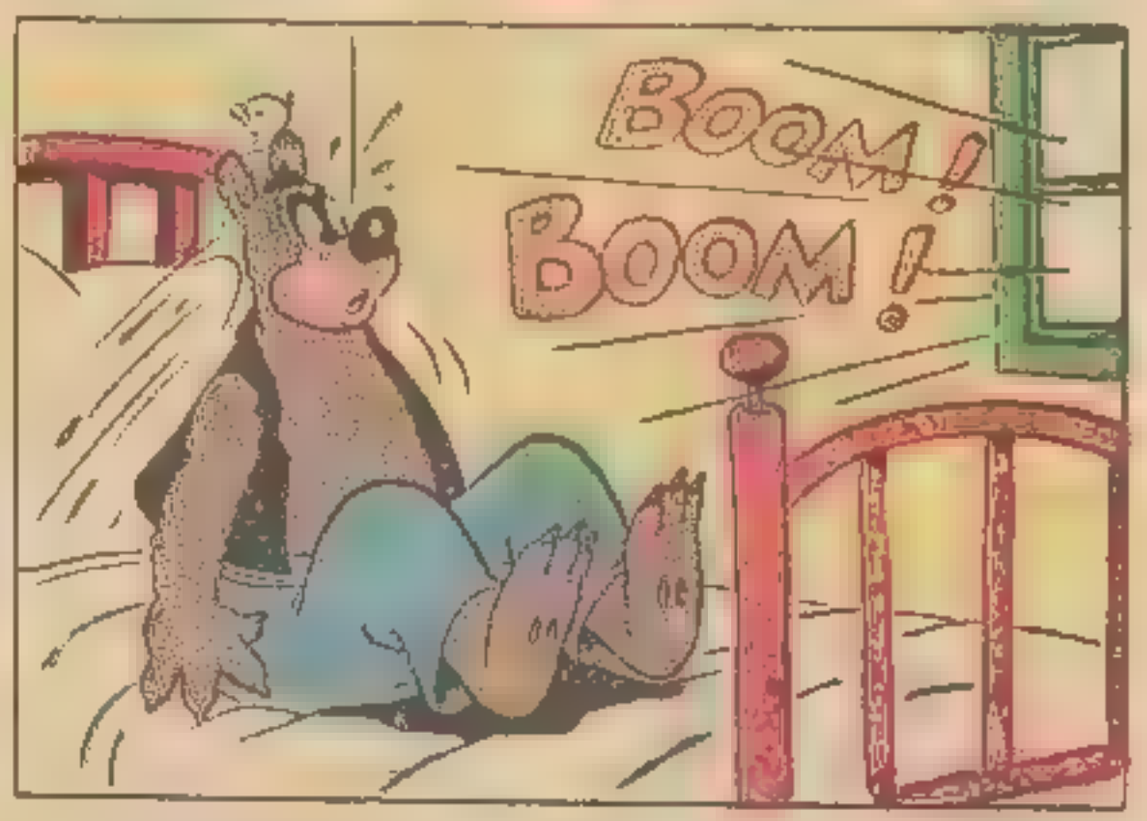
M·G·M CARTOONS *present*

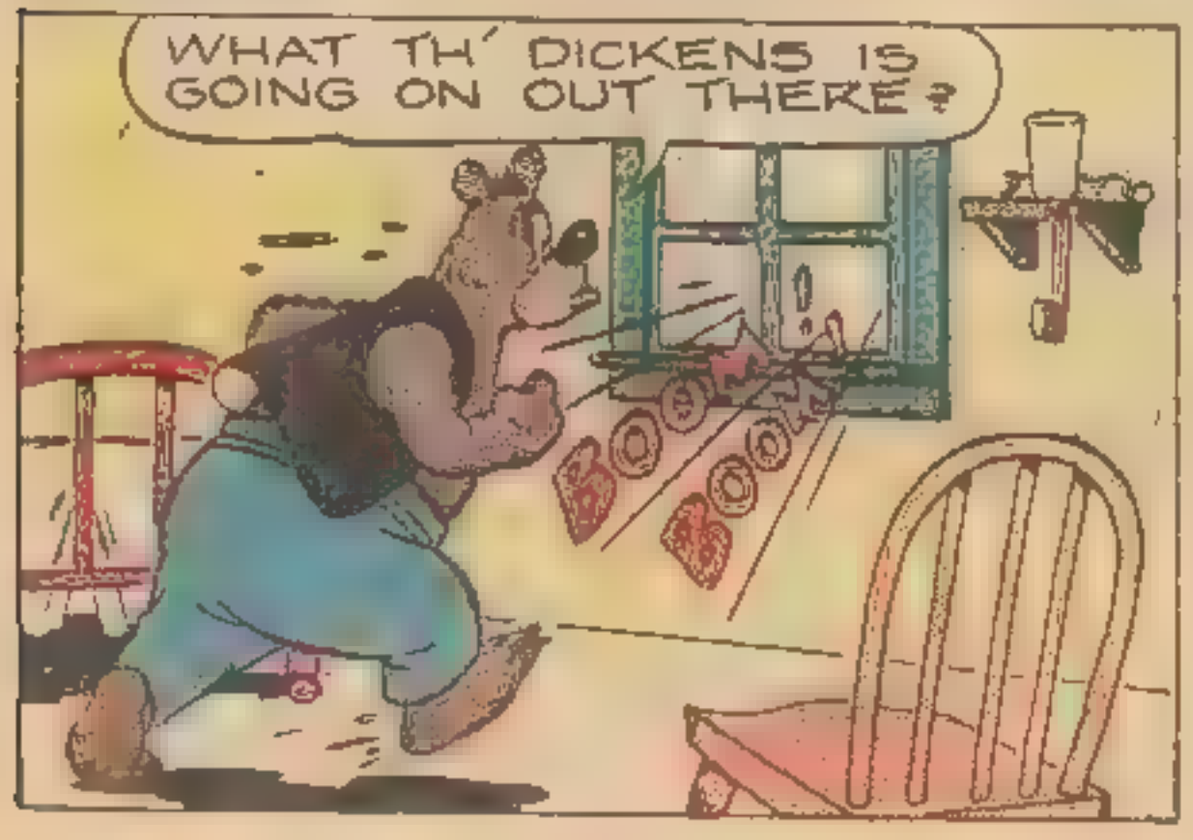
BARNEY BEAR *and* BENNY BURRO

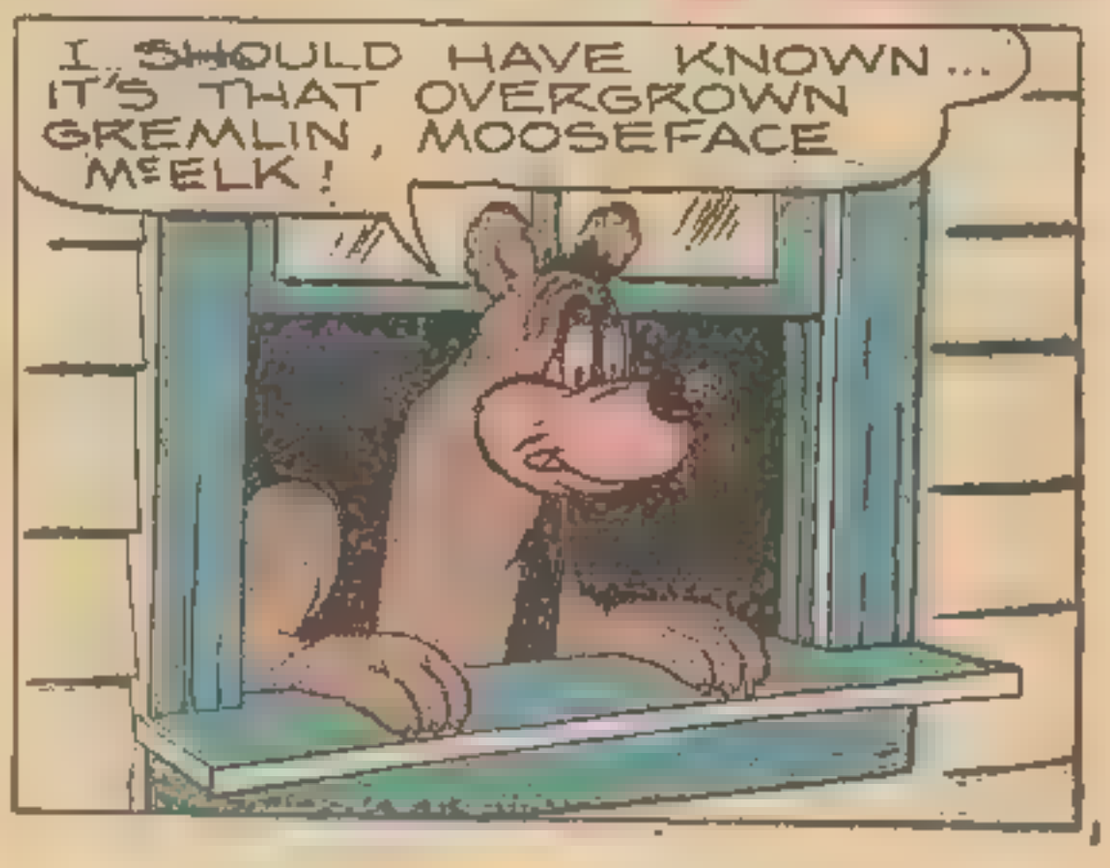


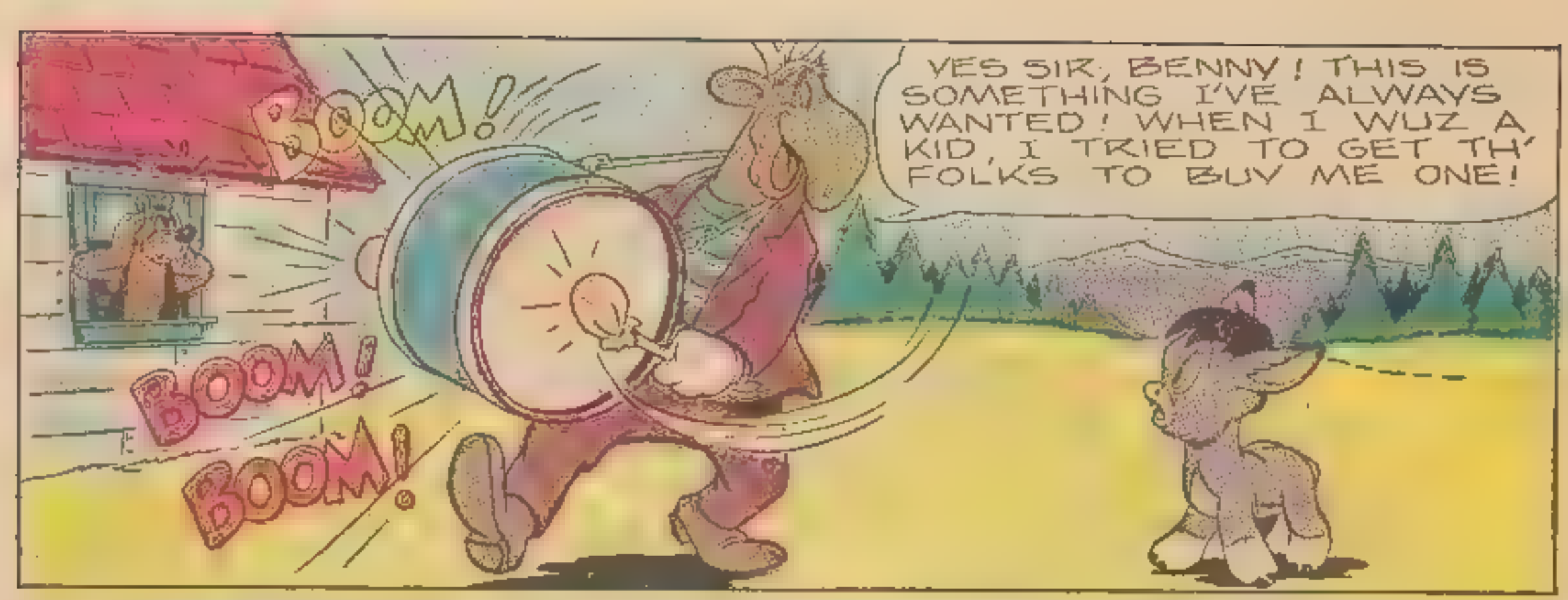


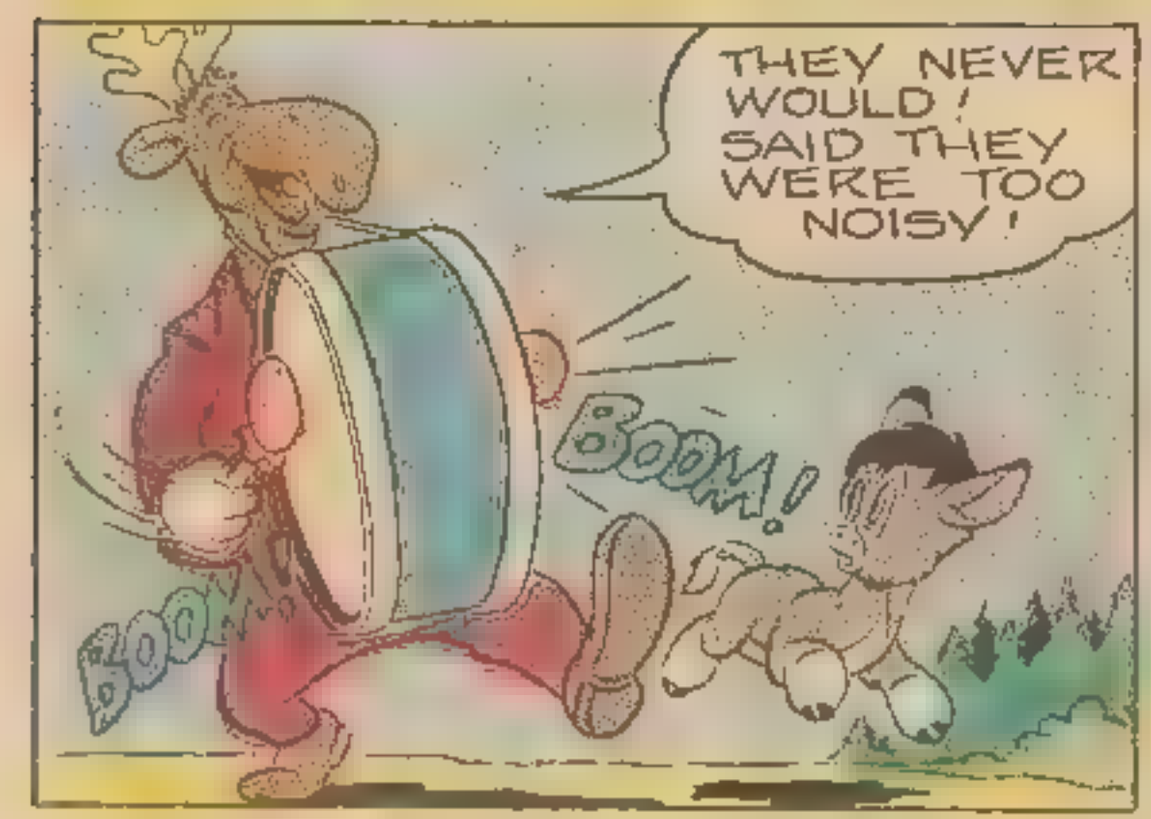


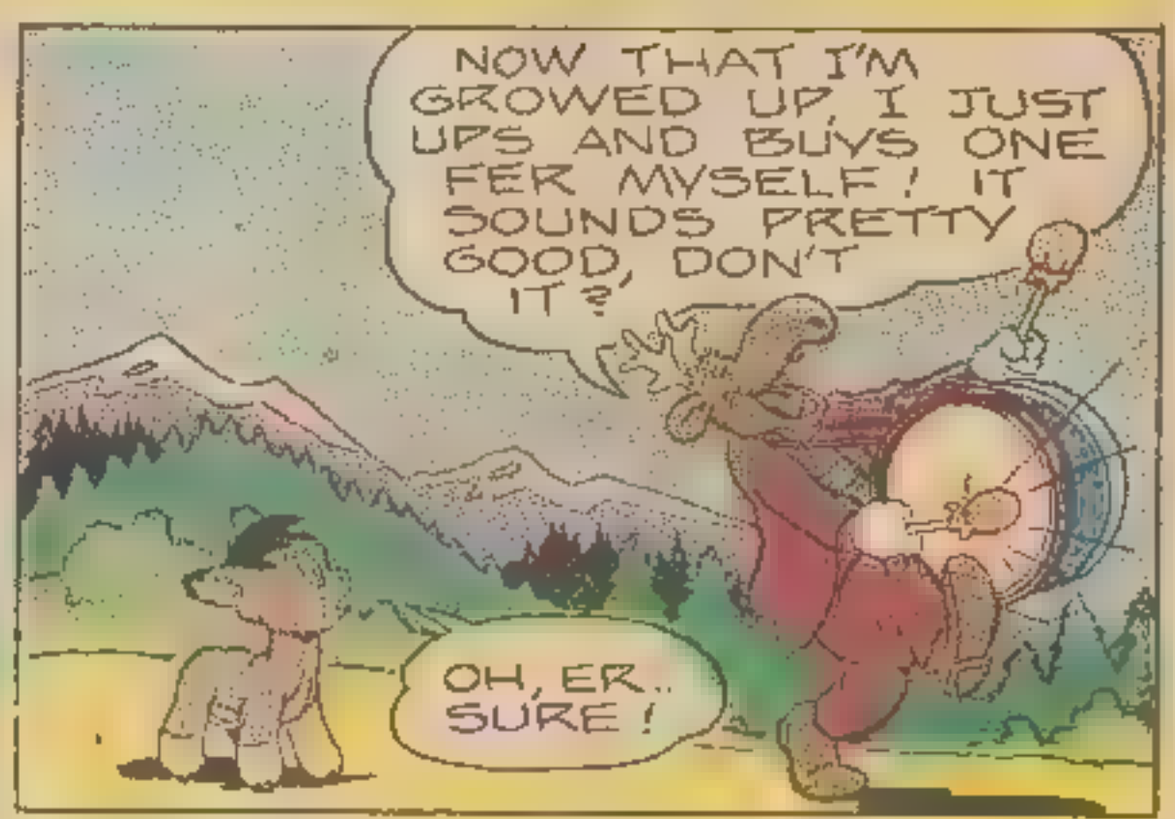






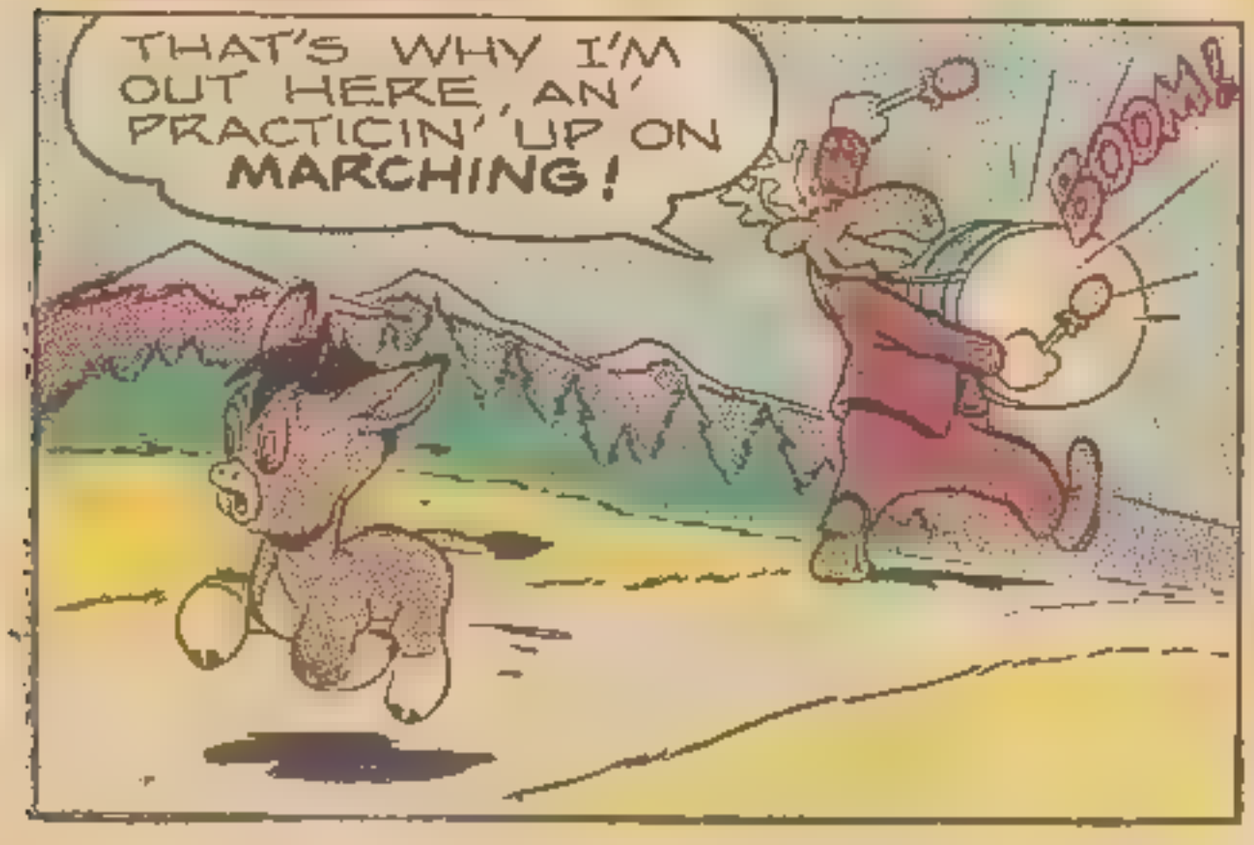

BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!
YES SIR, BENNY! THIS IS SOMETHING I'VE ALWAYS WANTED! WHEN I WUZ A KID, I TRIED TO GET TH' FOLKS TO BUY ME ONE!

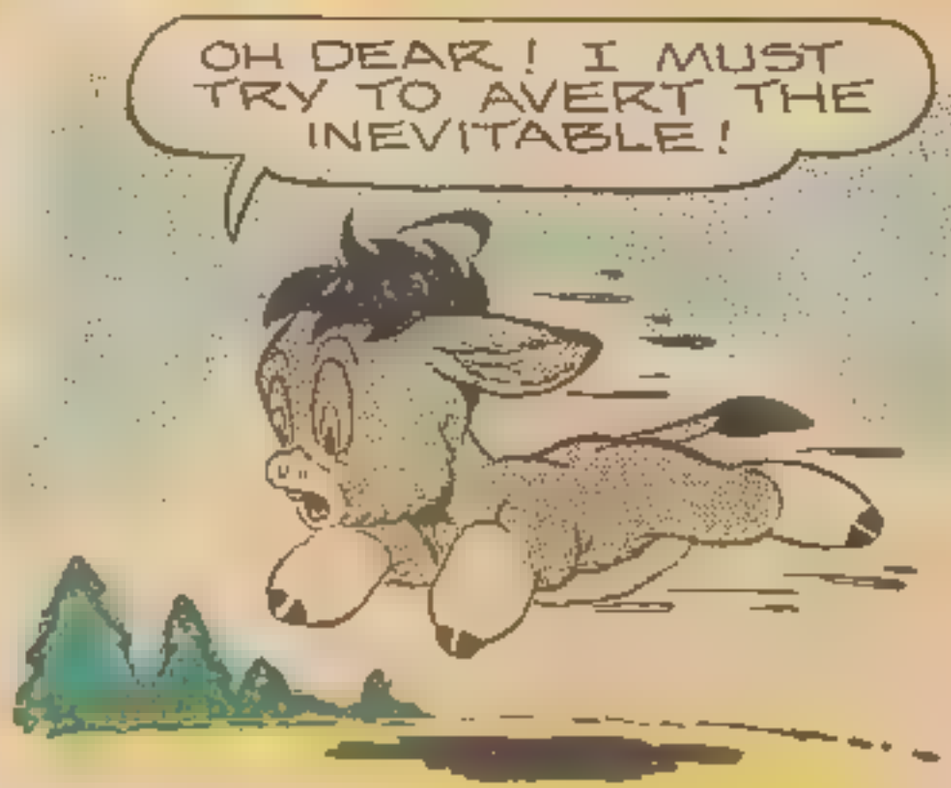

THEY NEVER WOULD! SAID THEY WERE TOO NOISY!
BOOM!
BOOM!

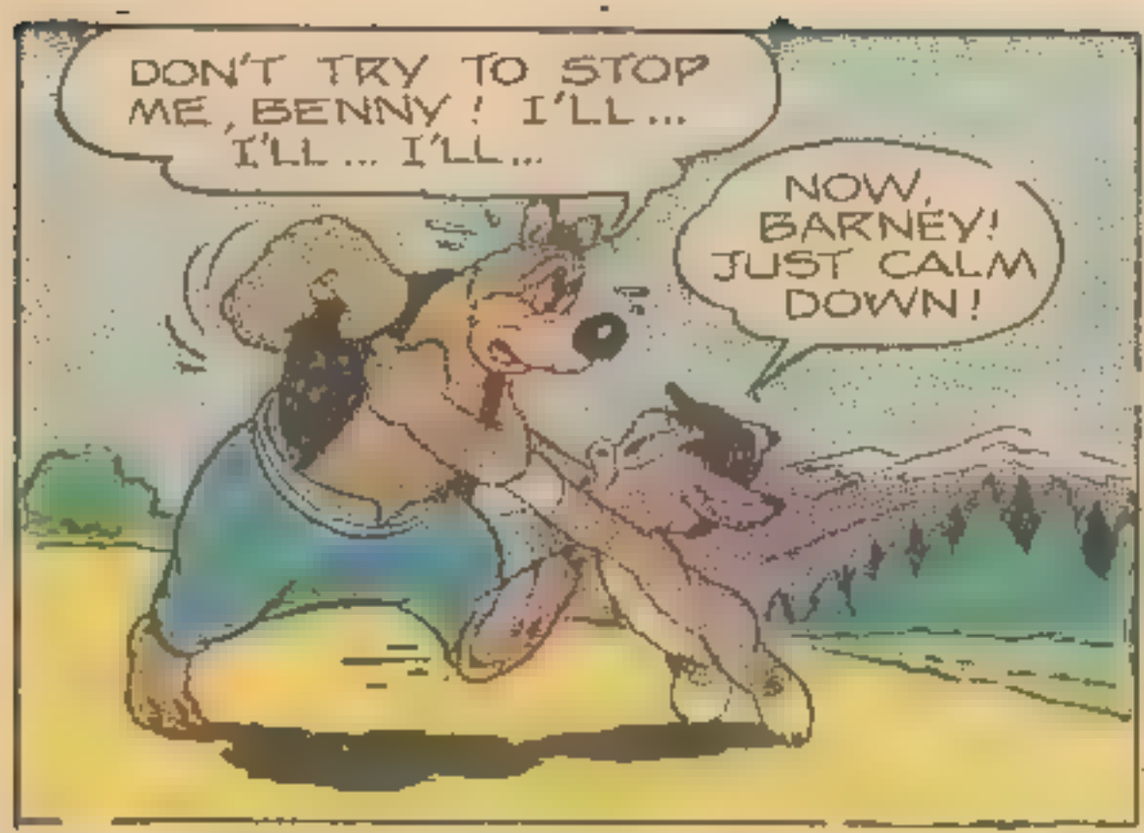

NOW THAT I'M GROWED UP, I JUST UPS AND BUYS ONE FER MYSELF! IT SOUNDS PRETTY GOOD, DON'T IT?
OH, ER.. SURE!

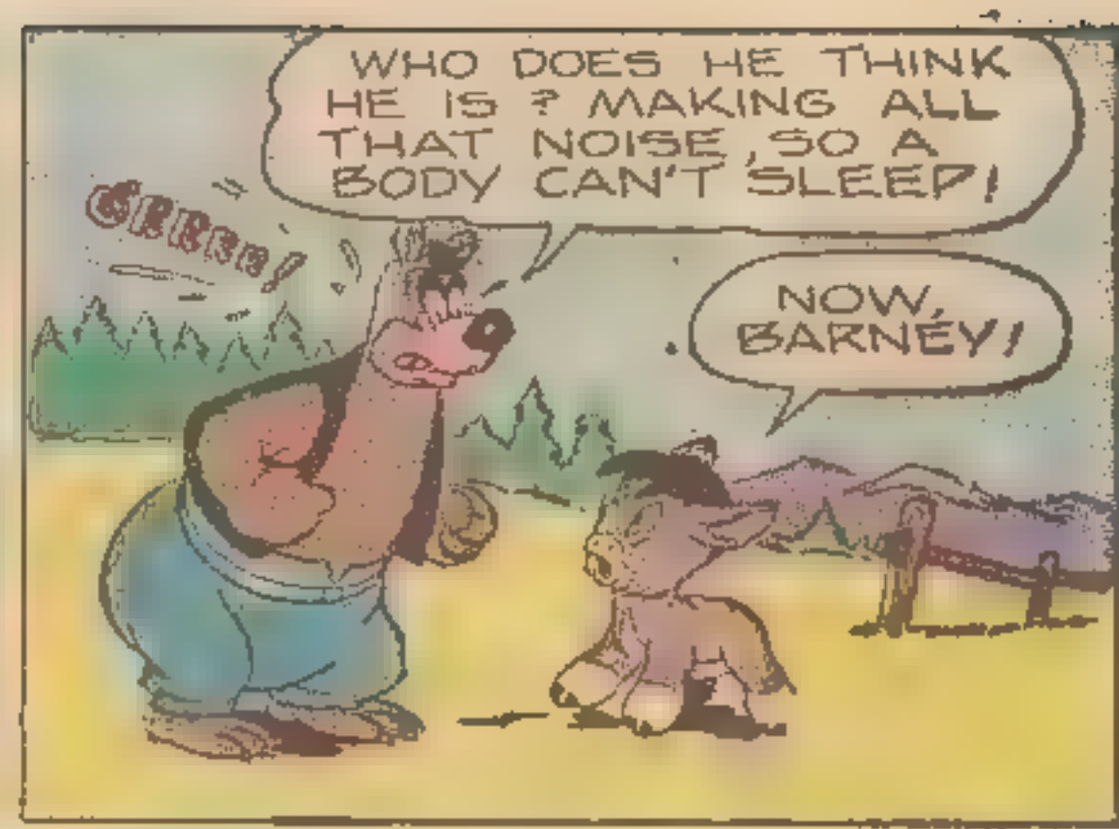
WHO KNOWS? SOMEDAY **SOOZI**, THE GREAT BAND LEADER, MIGHT HEAR OF MY MUSICAL TALENTS, AN' SEND FOR ME!
UH OH! HERE COMES TROUBLE!

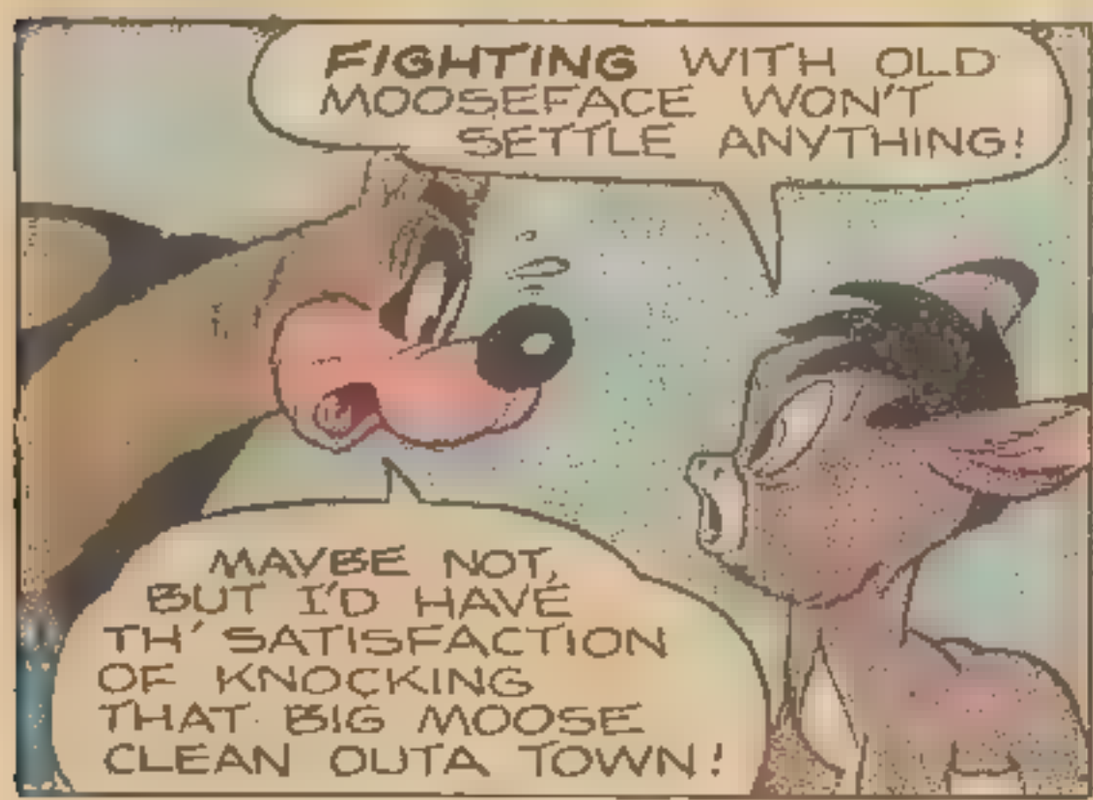
YES, SIRREE! IT WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME IF I GOT A TELEGRAM FROM SOOZI, ANY DAY NOW!

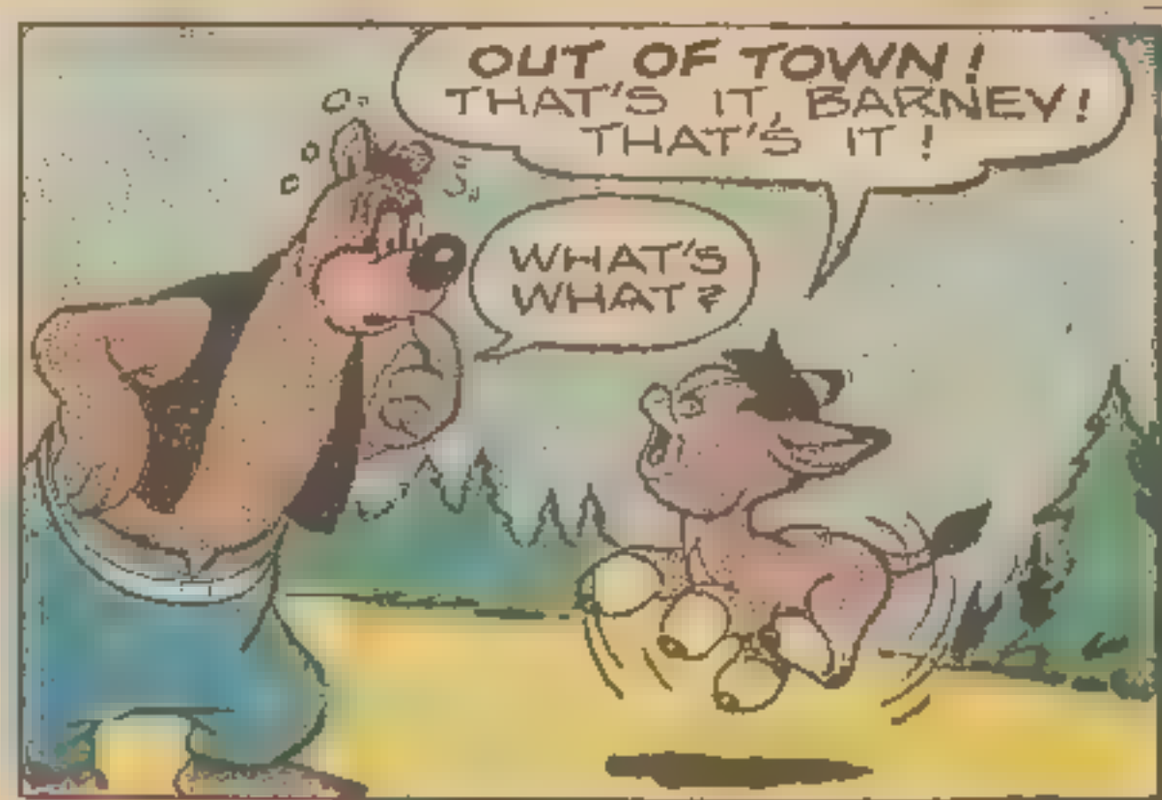

THAT'S WHY I'M OUT HERE, AN' PRACTICIN' UP ON **MARCHING!**
BOOM!

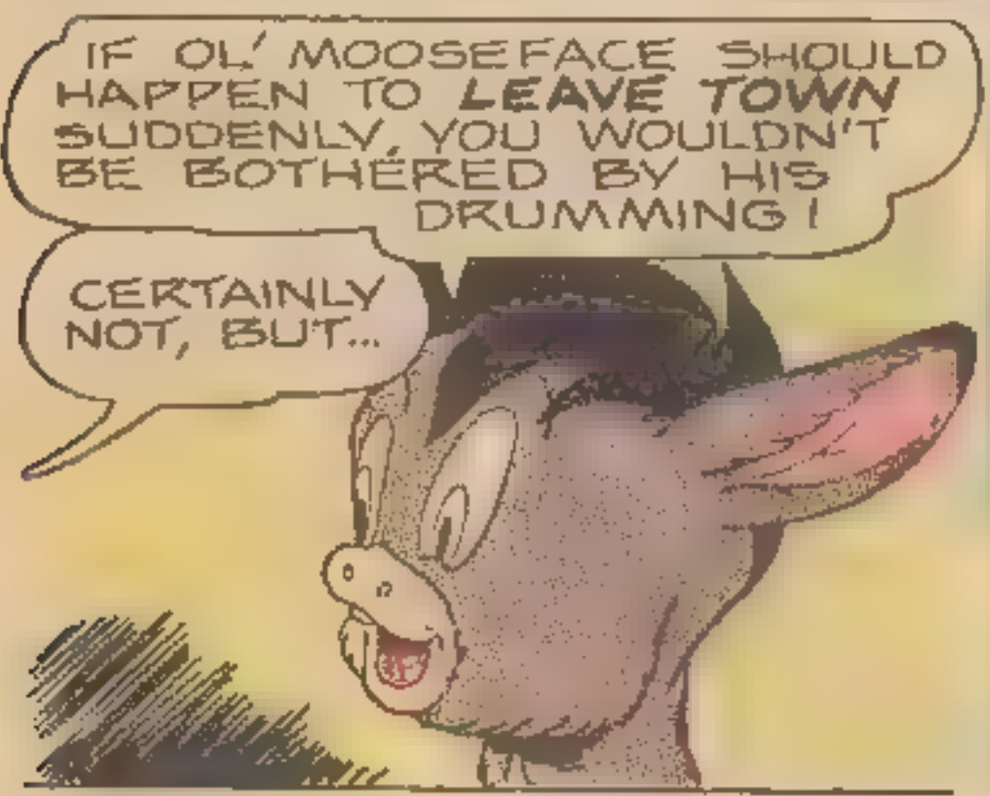

OH DEAR! I MUST TRY TO AVERT THE INEVITABLE!

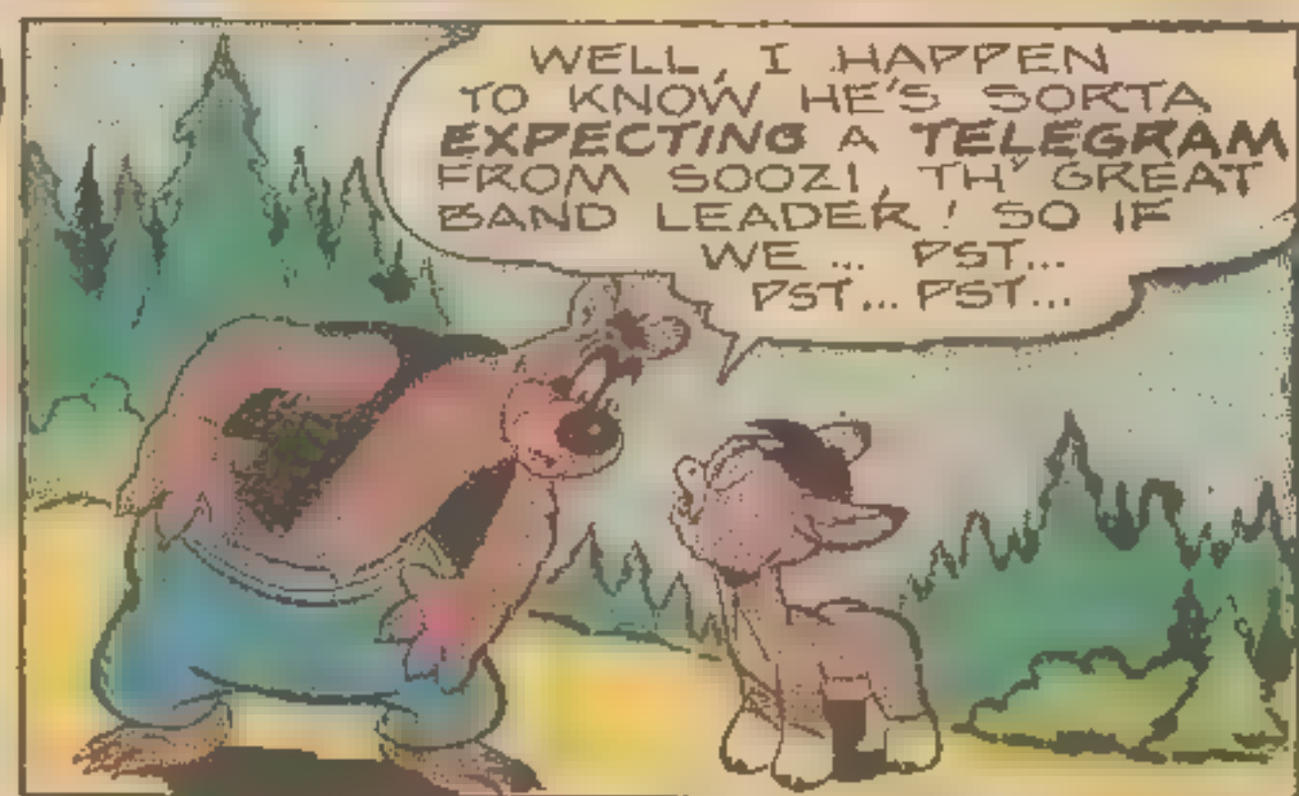

DON'T TRY TO STOP ME, BENNY! I'LL... I'LL... I'LL...
NOW, BARNEY! JUST CALM DOWN!

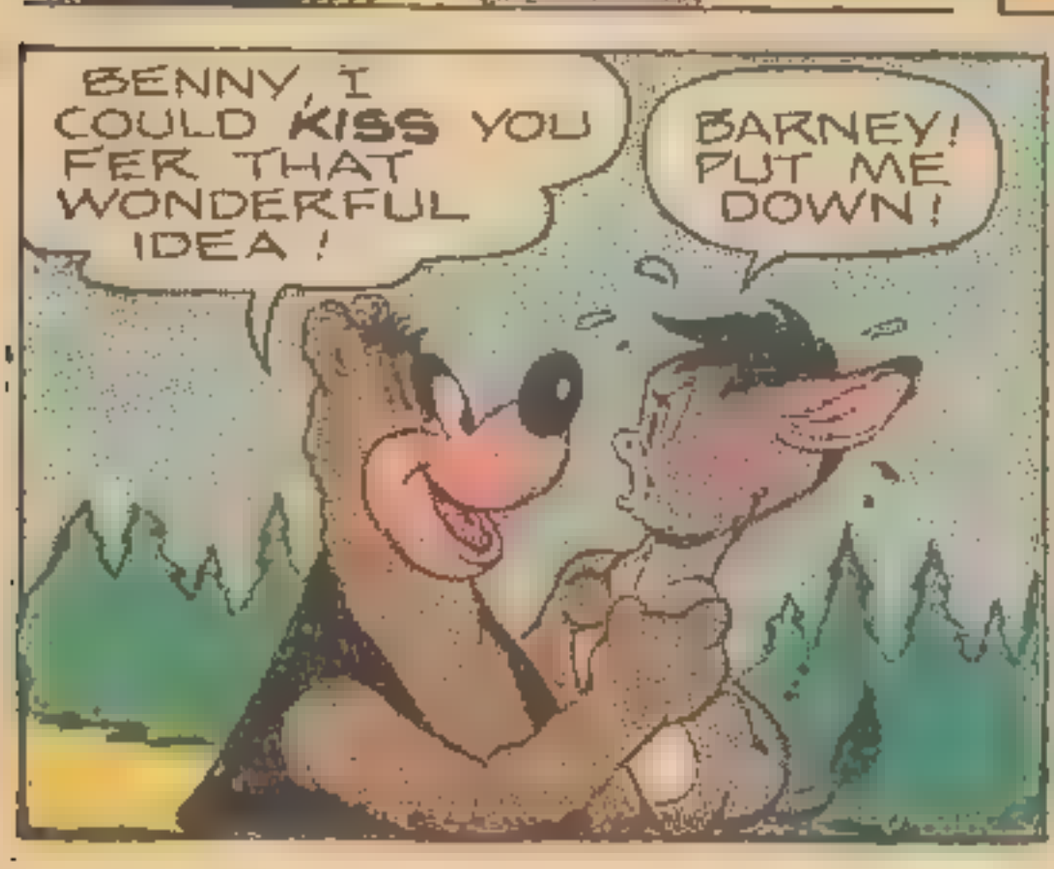

WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS? MAKING ALL THAT NOISE, SO A BODY CAN'T SLEEP!
GRRR!
NOW, BARNEY!

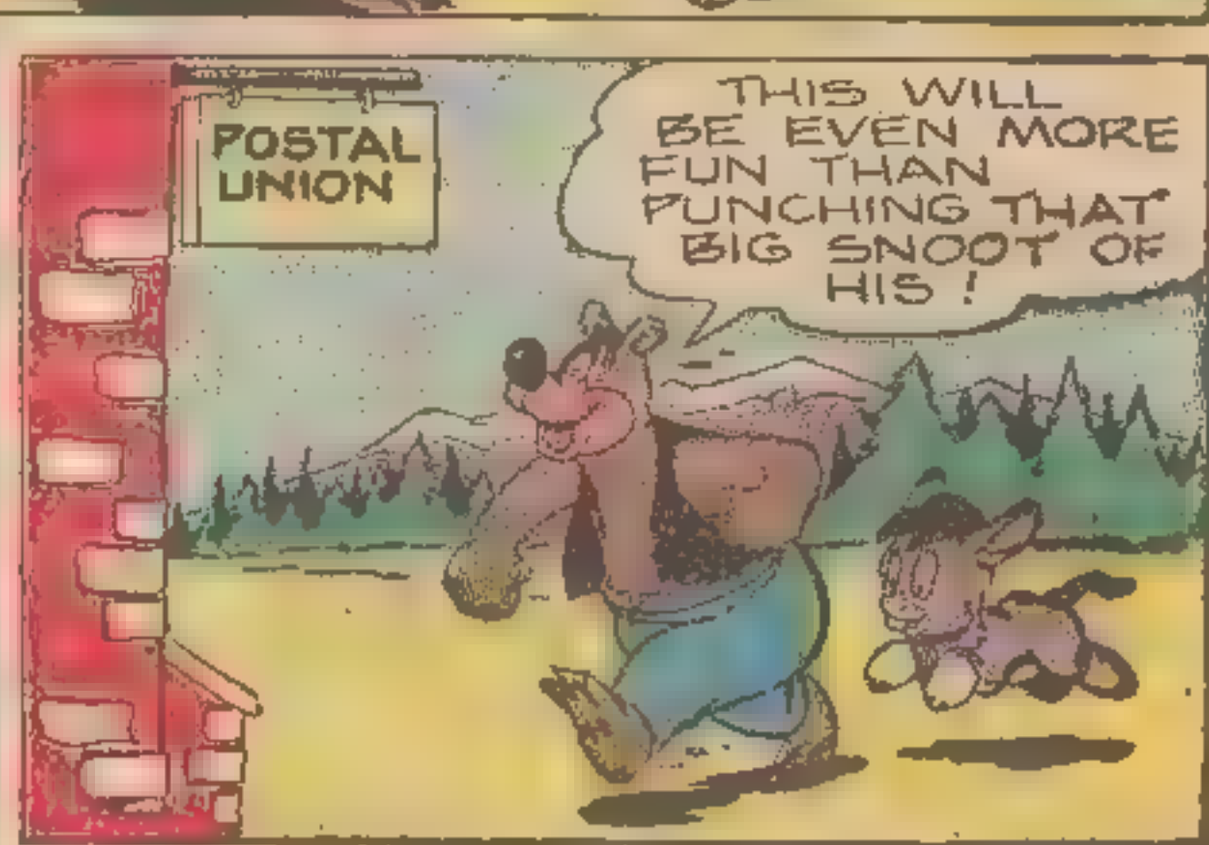

FIGHTING WITH OLD MOOSEFACE WON'T SETTLE ANYTHING!
MAYBE NOT, BUT I'D HAVE TH' SATISFACTION OF KNOCKING THAT BIG MOOSE CLEAN OUTA TOWN!

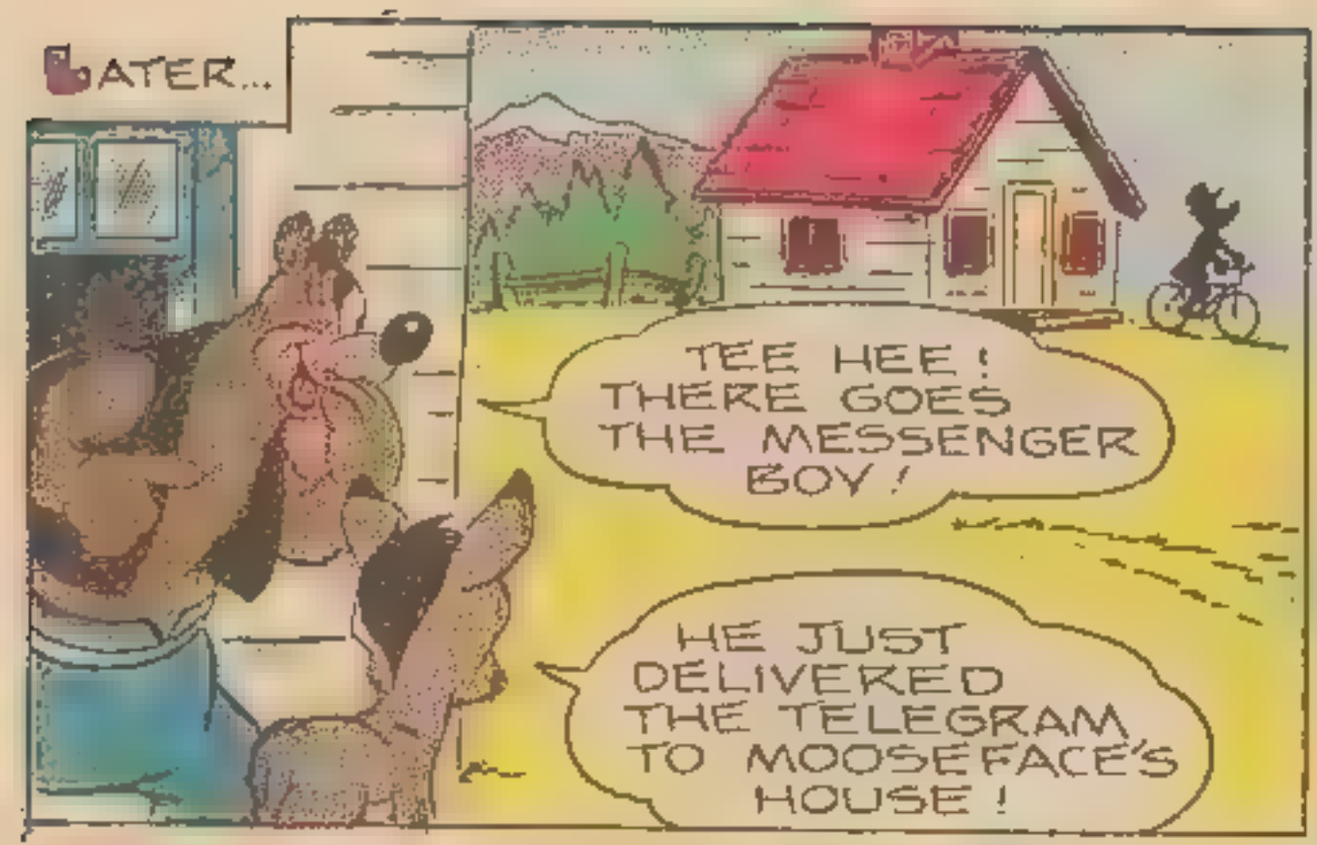

OUT OF TOWN! THAT'S IT, BARNEY! THAT'S IT!
WHAT'S WHAT?


IF OL' MOOSEFACE SHOULD HAPPEN TO LEAVE TOWN SUDDENLY, YOU WOULDN'T BE BOTHERED BY HIS DRUMMING!
CERTAINLY NOT, BUT...

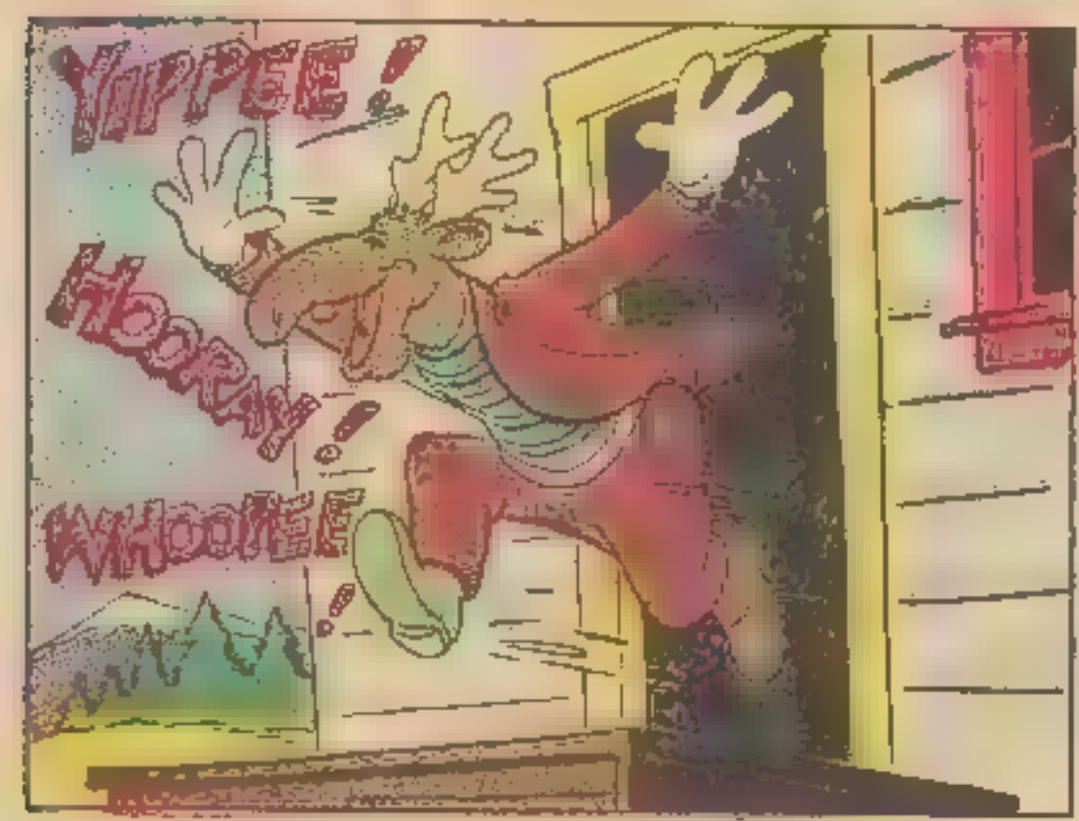

WELL, I HAPPEN TO KNOW HE'S SORTA EXPECTING A TELEGRAM FROM SOOZI, TH' GREAT BAND LEADER! SO IF WE... PST... PST... PST...

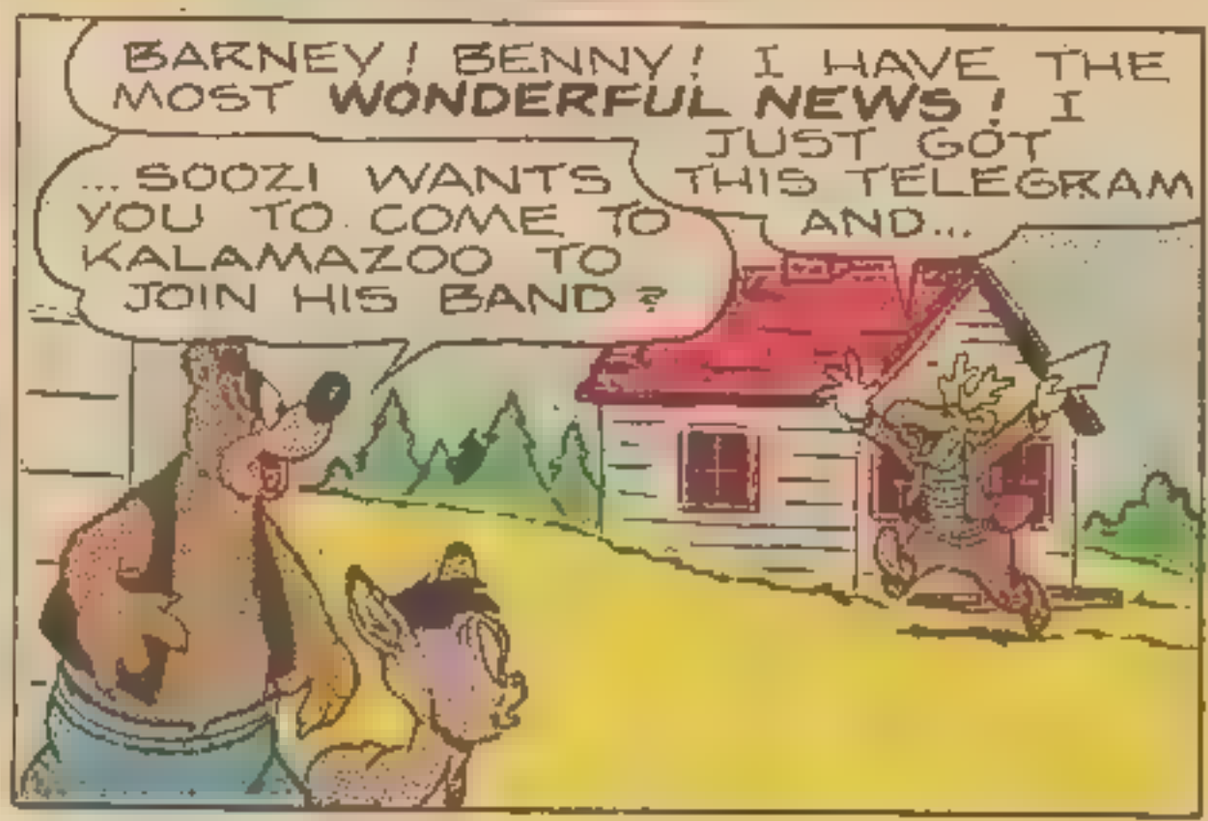

BENNY, I COULD KISS YOU FER THAT WONDERFUL IDEA!
BARNEY! PUT ME DOWN!

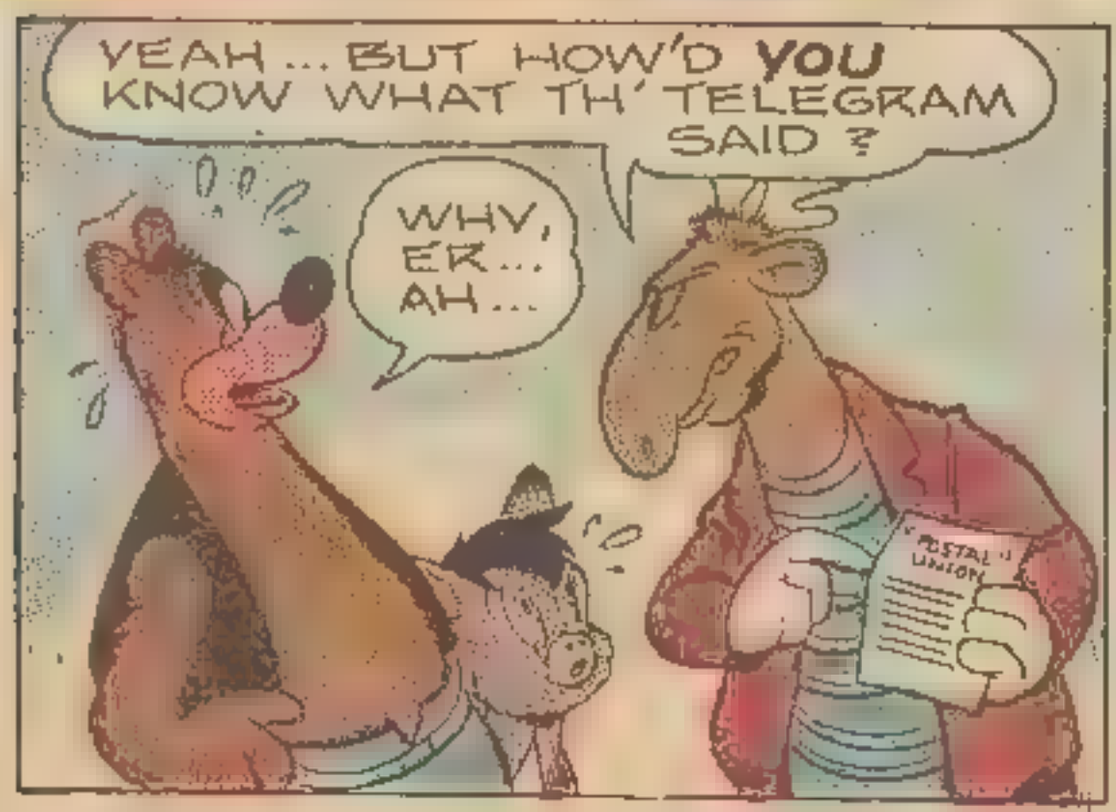

POSTAL UNION
THIS WILL BE EVEN MORE FUN THAN PUNCHING THAT BIG SNOOT OF HIS!

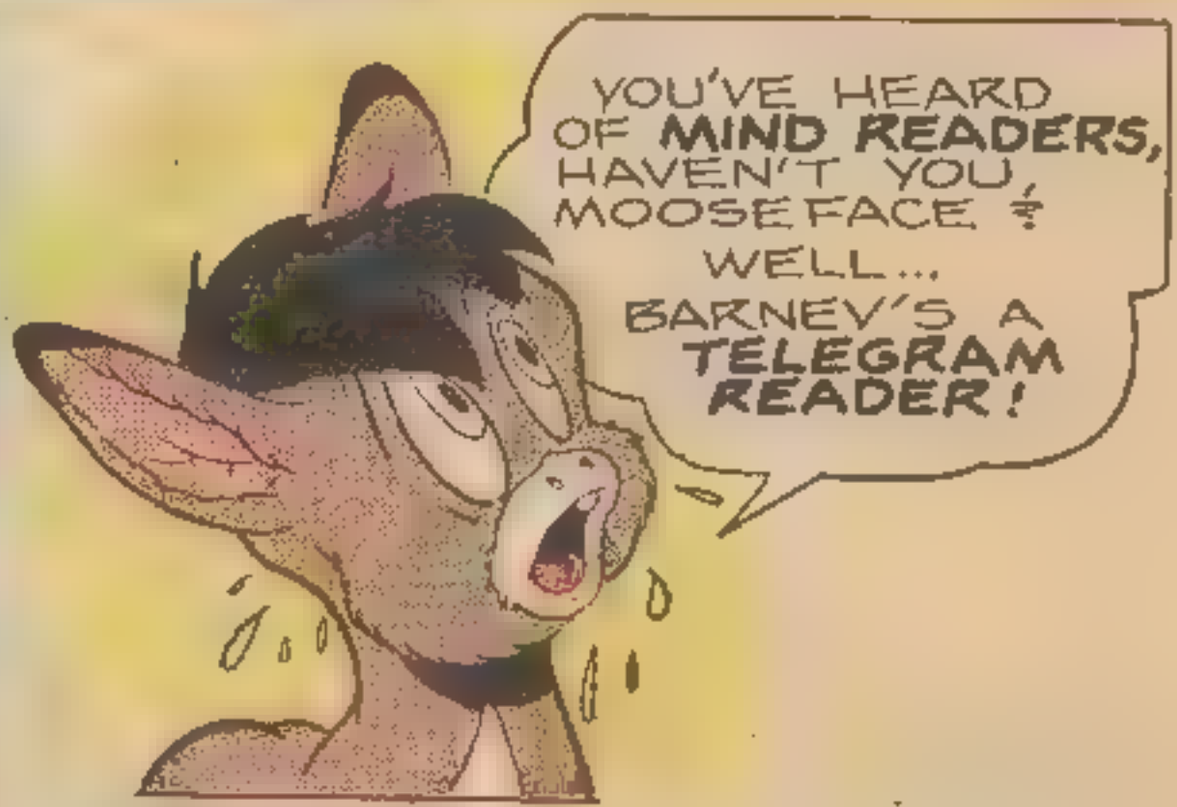

LATER...
TEE HEE! THERE GOES THE MESSENGER BOY!
HE JUST DELIVERED THE TELEGRAM TO MOOSEFACE'S HOUSE!

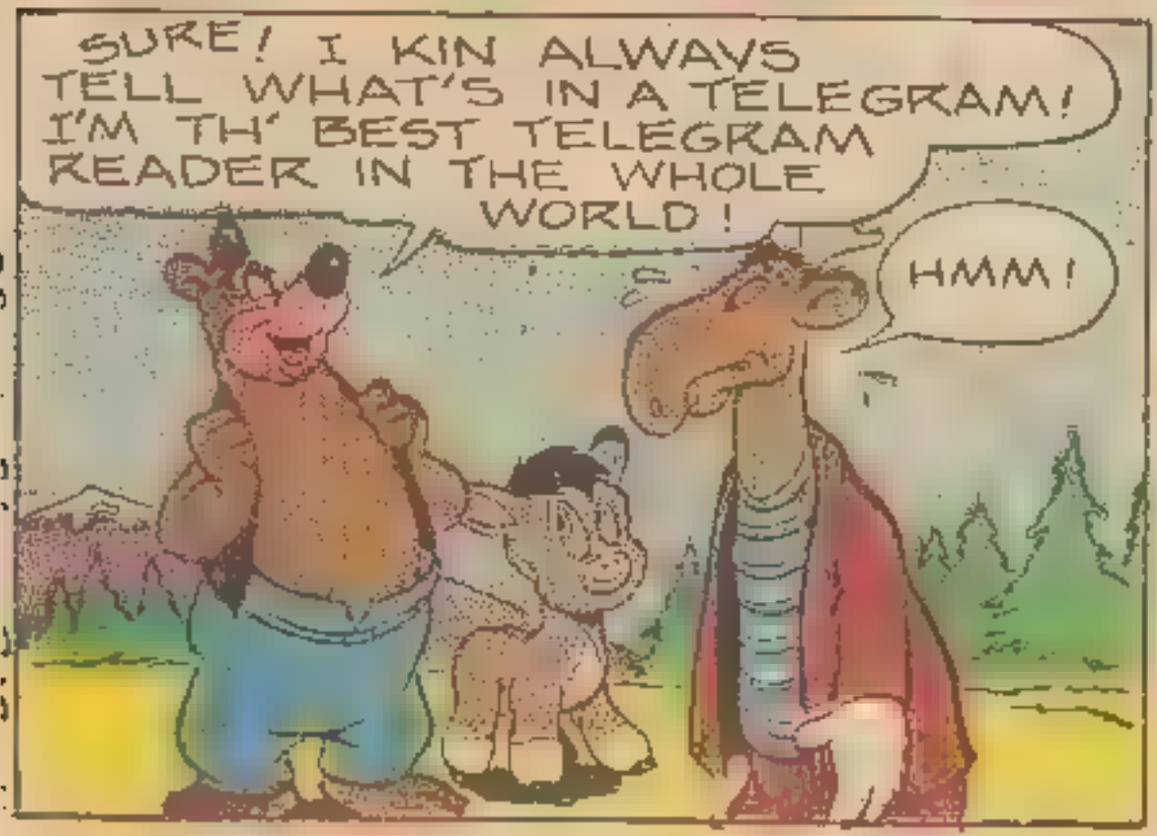
AREN'T WE TH' LITTLE DICKENSES, THOUGH?
IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!

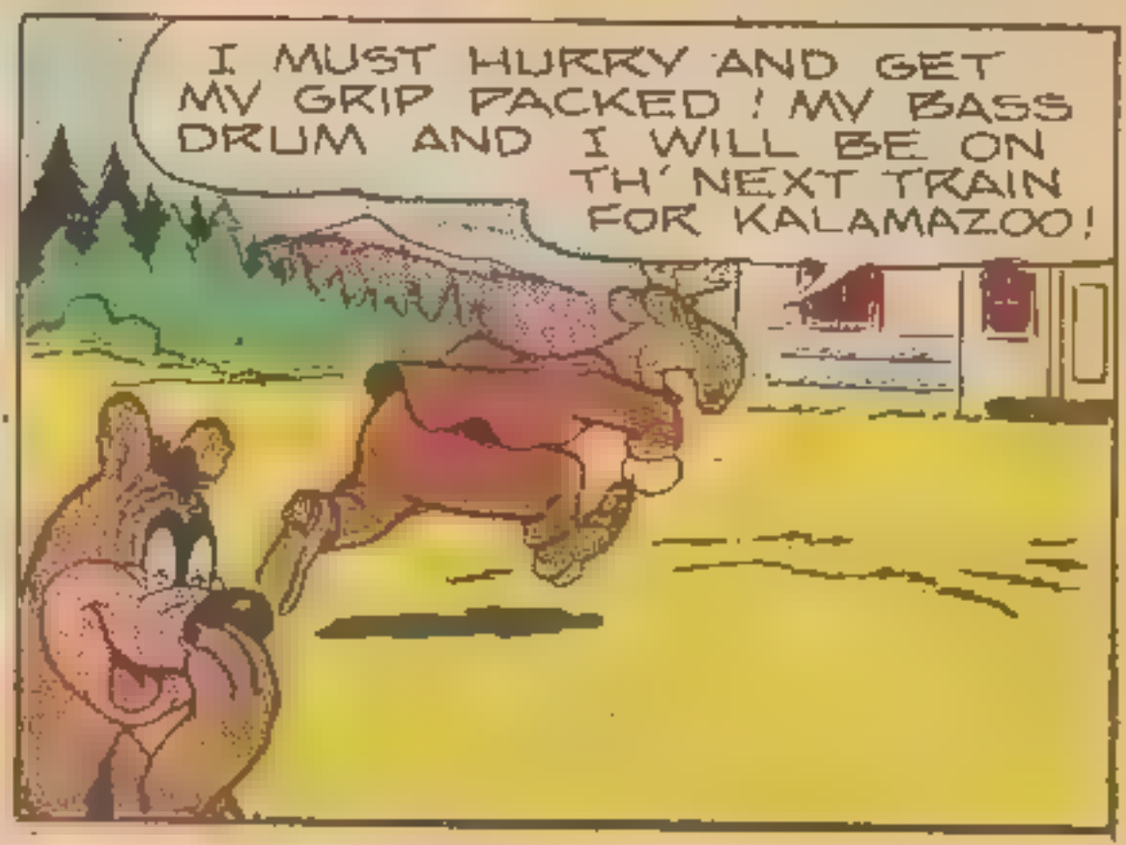

YIPPEE!
HOORAY!
WHOOPEE!

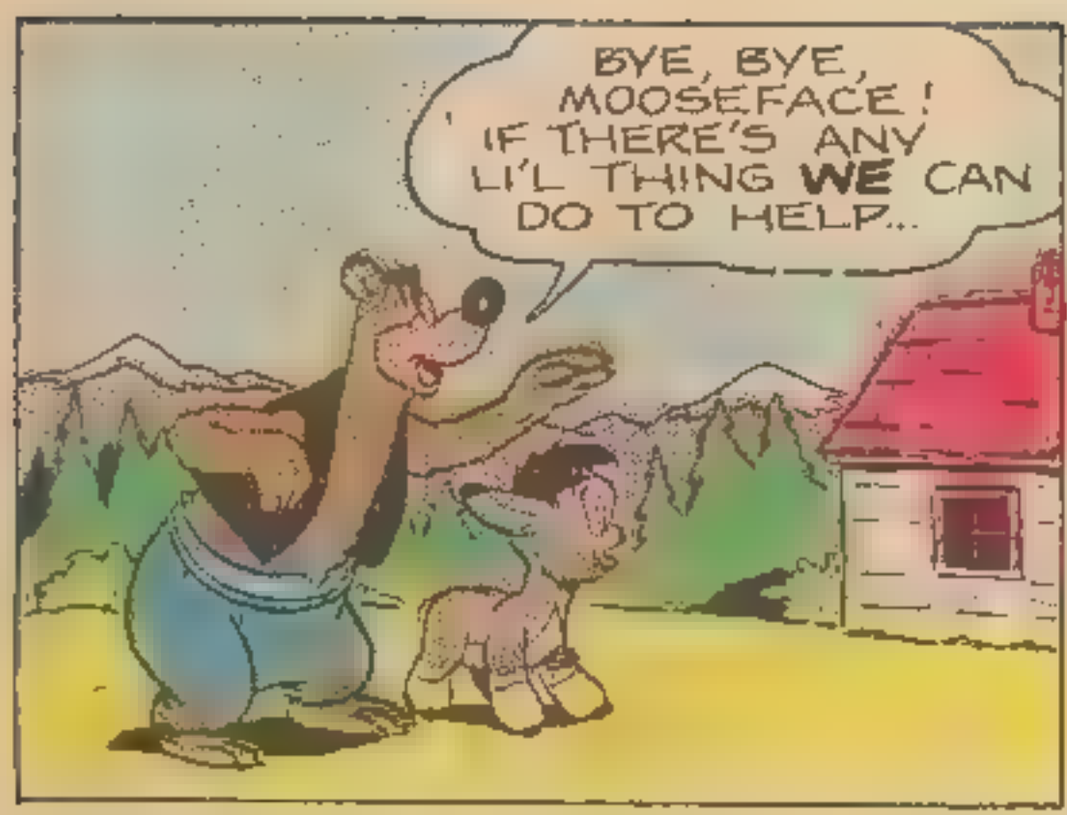

BARNEY! BENNY! I HAVE THE MOST WONDERFUL NEWS! I JUST GOT THIS TELEGRAM AND...
...SOOZI WANTS YOU TO COME TO KALAMAZOO TO JOIN HIS BAND?

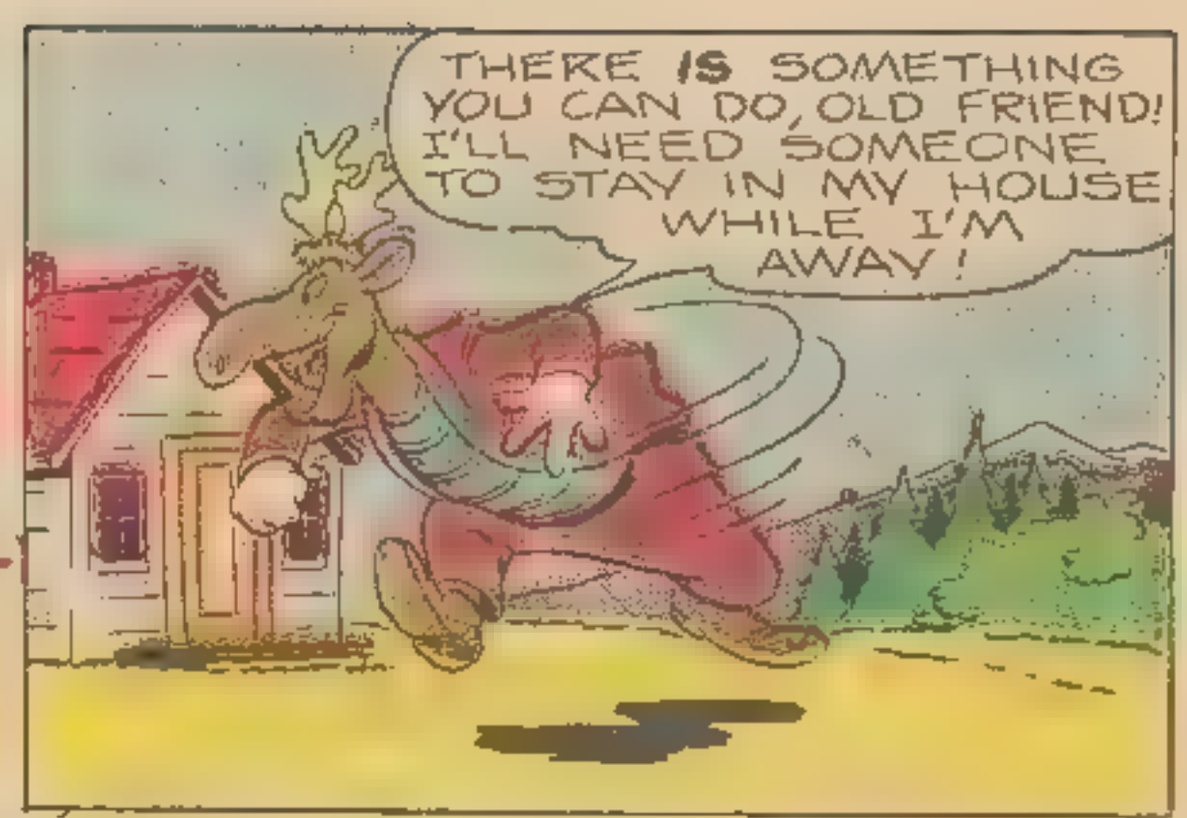

YEAH... BUT HOW'D YOU KNOW WHAT TH' TELEGRAM SAID?
WHY, ER... AH...

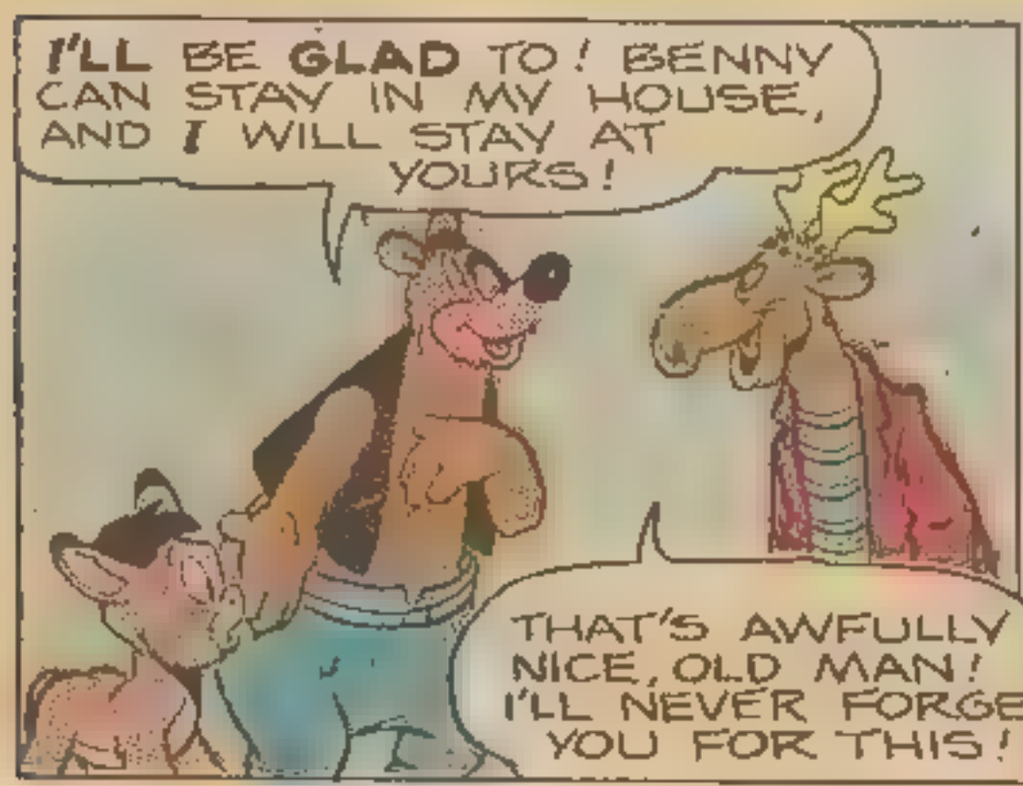

YOU'VE HEARD OF MIND READERS, HAVEN'T YOU, MOOSEFACE? WELL... BARNEY'S A TELEGRAM READER!

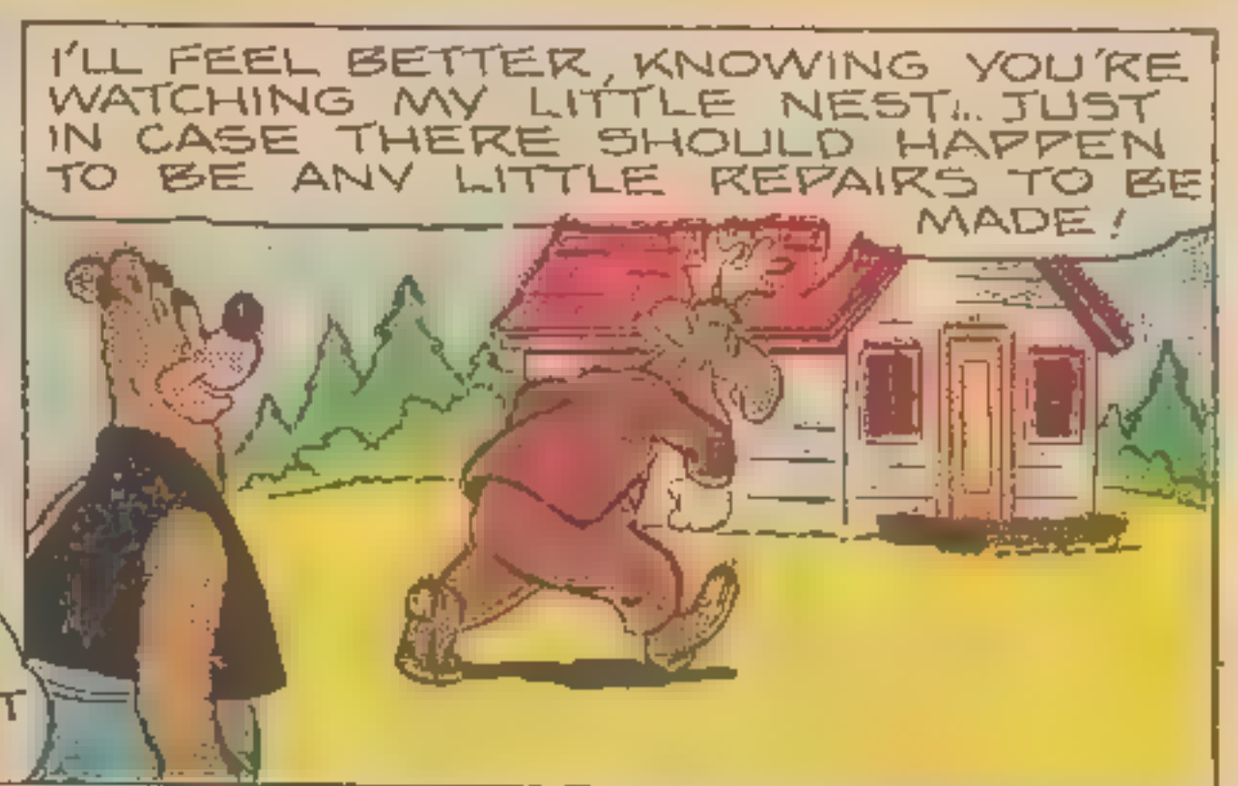

SURE! I KIN ALWAYS TELL WHAT'S IN A TELEGRAM! I'M TH' BEST TELEGRAM READER IN THE WHOLE WORLD!
HMM!

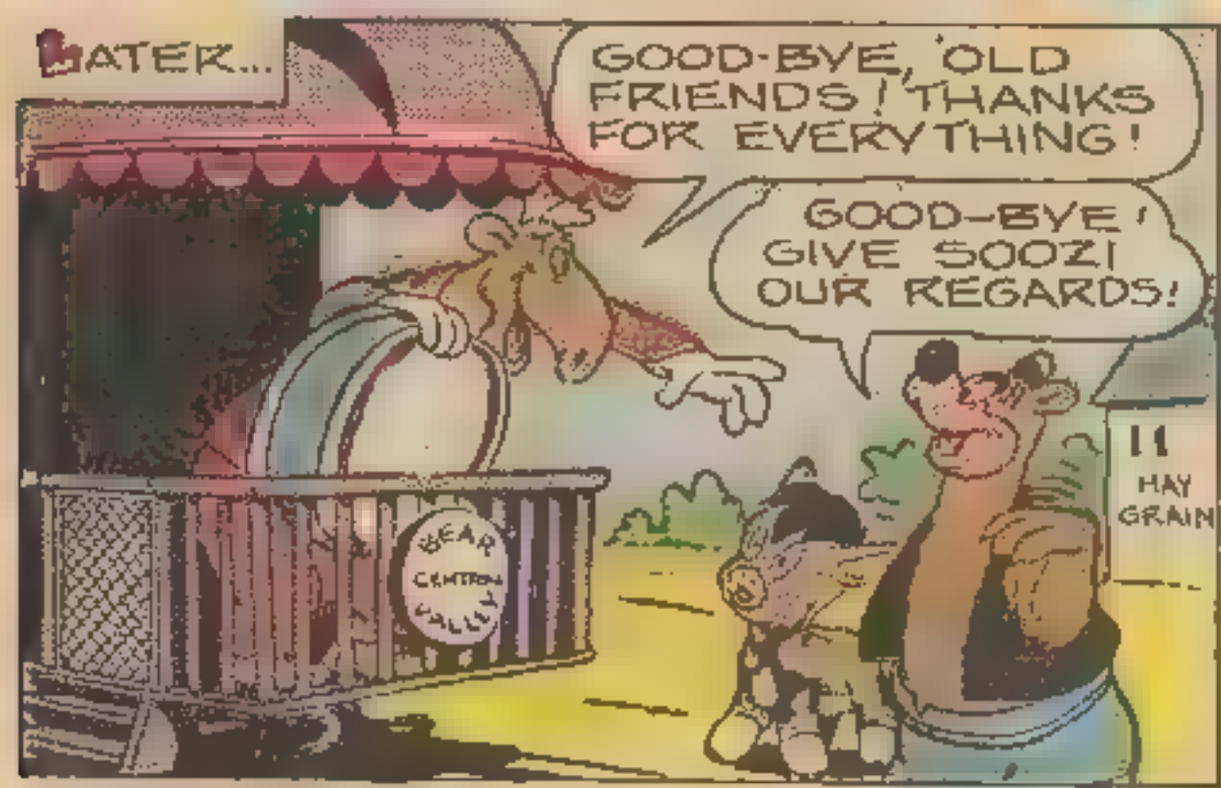

I MUST HURRY AND GET MY GRIP PACKED! MY BASS DRUM AND I WILL BE ON TH' NEXT TRAIN FOR KALAMAZOO!

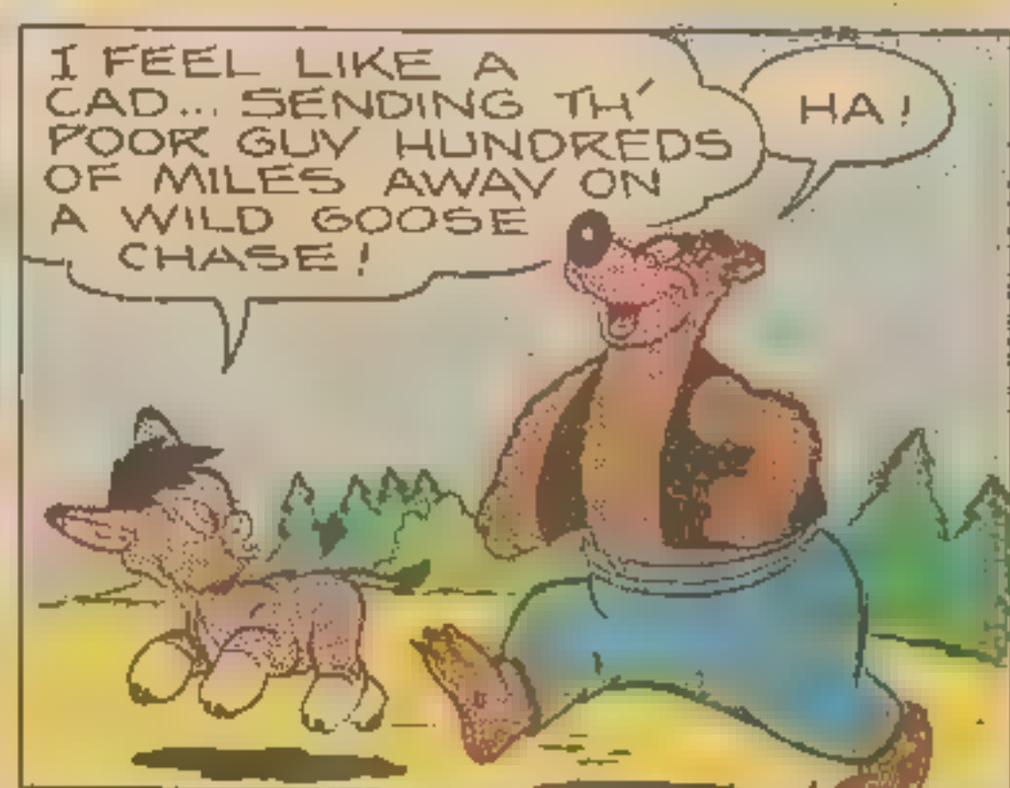

BYE, BYE, MOOSEFACE! IF THERE'S ANY LI'L THING WE CAN DO TO HELP...


THERE IS SOMETHING YOU CAN DO, OLD FRIEND! I'LL NEED SOMEONE TO STAY IN MY HOUSE WHILE I'M AWAY!

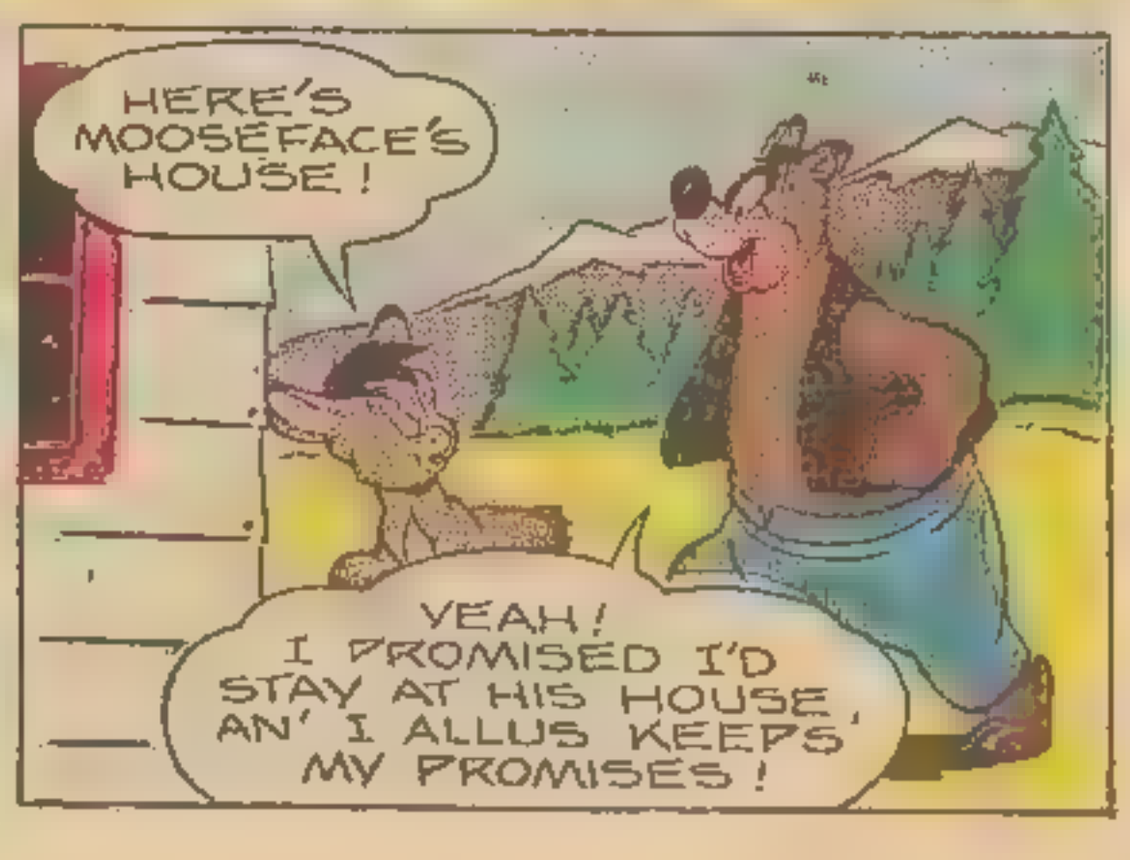

I'LL BE GLAD TO! BENNY CAN STAY IN MY HOUSE, AND I WILL STAY AT YOURS!
THAT'S AWFULLY NICE, OLD MAN! I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU FOR THIS!

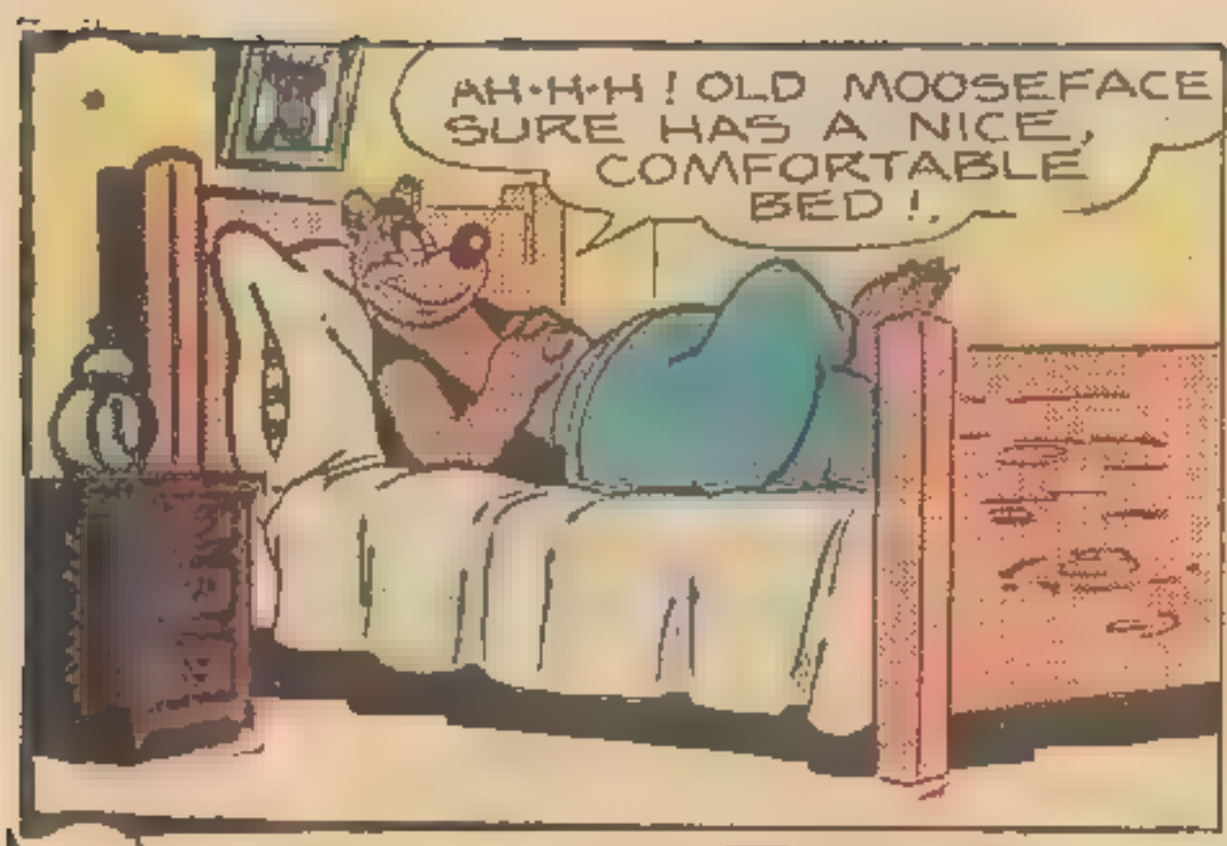

I'LL FEEL BETTER, KNOWING YOU'RE WATCHING MY LITTLE NEST... JUST IN CASE THERE SHOULD HAPPEN TO BE ANY LITTLE REPAIRS TO BE MADE!

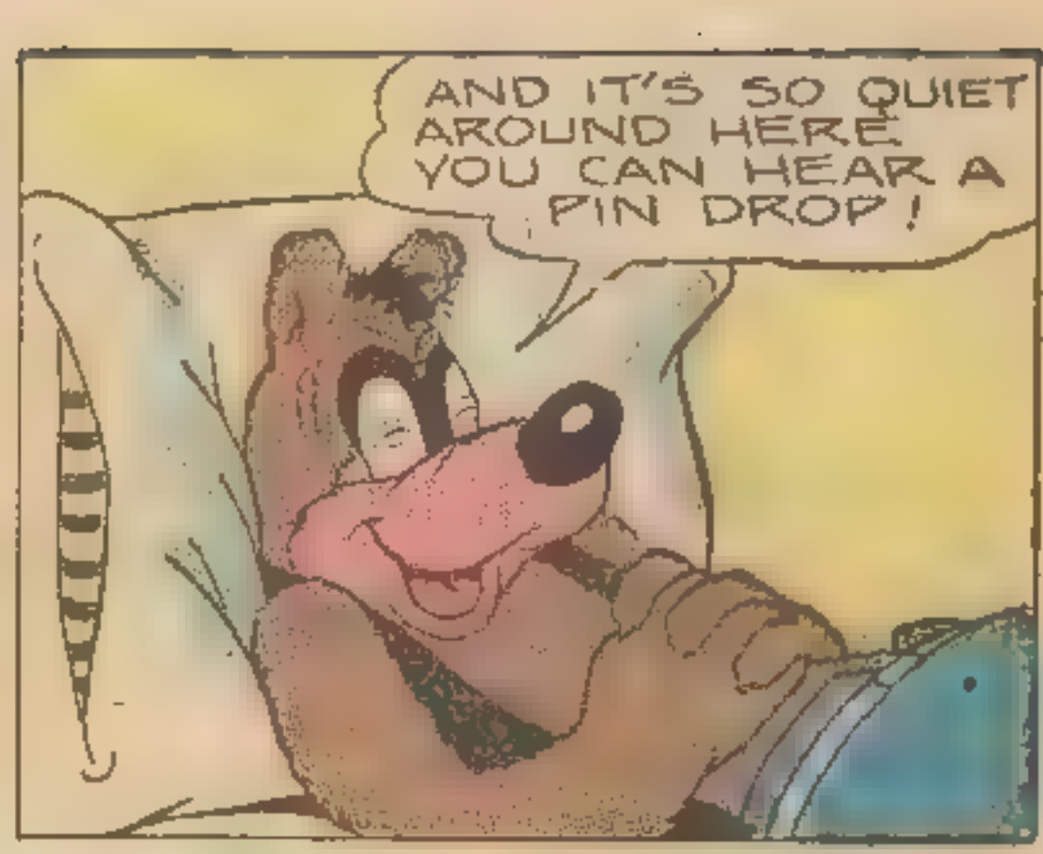

LATER...
GOOD-BYE, OLD FRIENDS! THANKS FOR EVERYTHING!
GOOD-BYE! GIVE SOOZI OUR REGARDS!
BEAR CENTRAL VALLEY
HAY GRAIN


I FEEL LIKE A CAD... SENDING TH' POOR GUY HUNDREDS OF MILES AWAY ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE!
HA!

SERVES HIM RIGHT! NOW THAT HE AN' THAT DRUM ARE GONE, MAYBE US PEACE-LOVIN' FOLKS CAN GET SOME SLEEP!

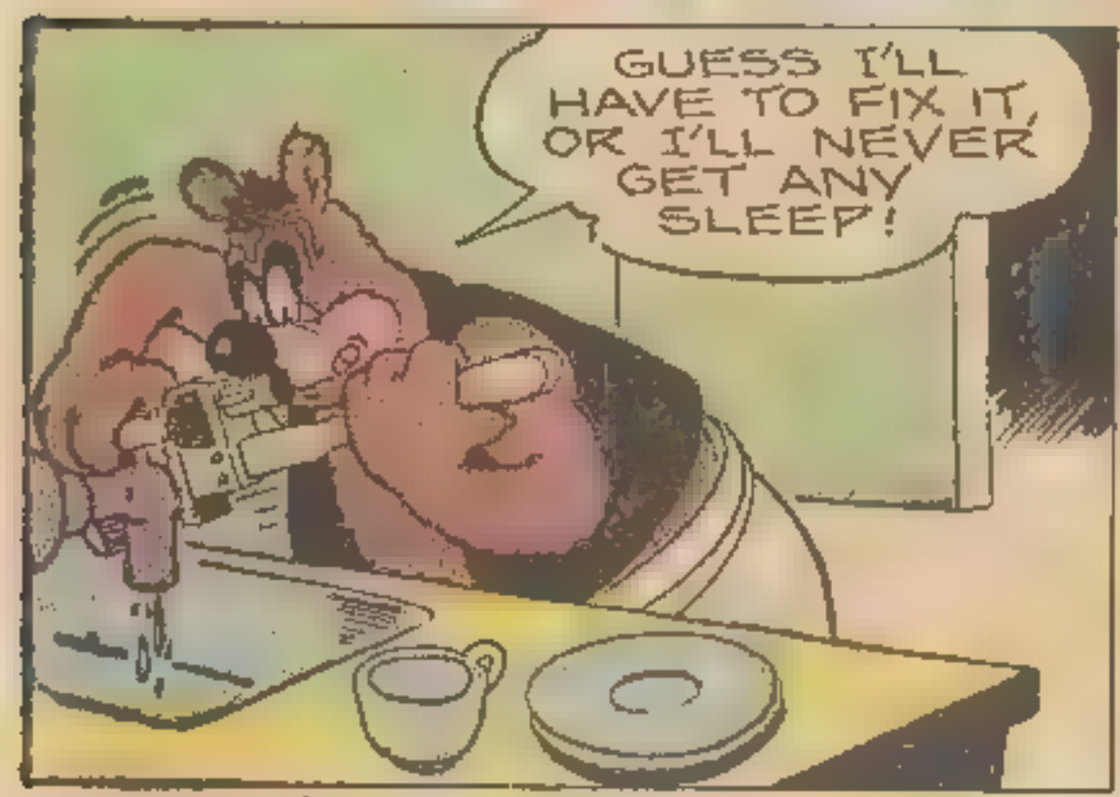

HERE'S MOOSEFACE'S HOUSE!
YEAH! I PROMISED I'D STAY AT HIS HOUSE, AN' I ALLUS KEEPS MY PROMISES!


AH-H-H! OLD MOOSEFACE SURE HAS A NICE, COMFORTABLE BED!

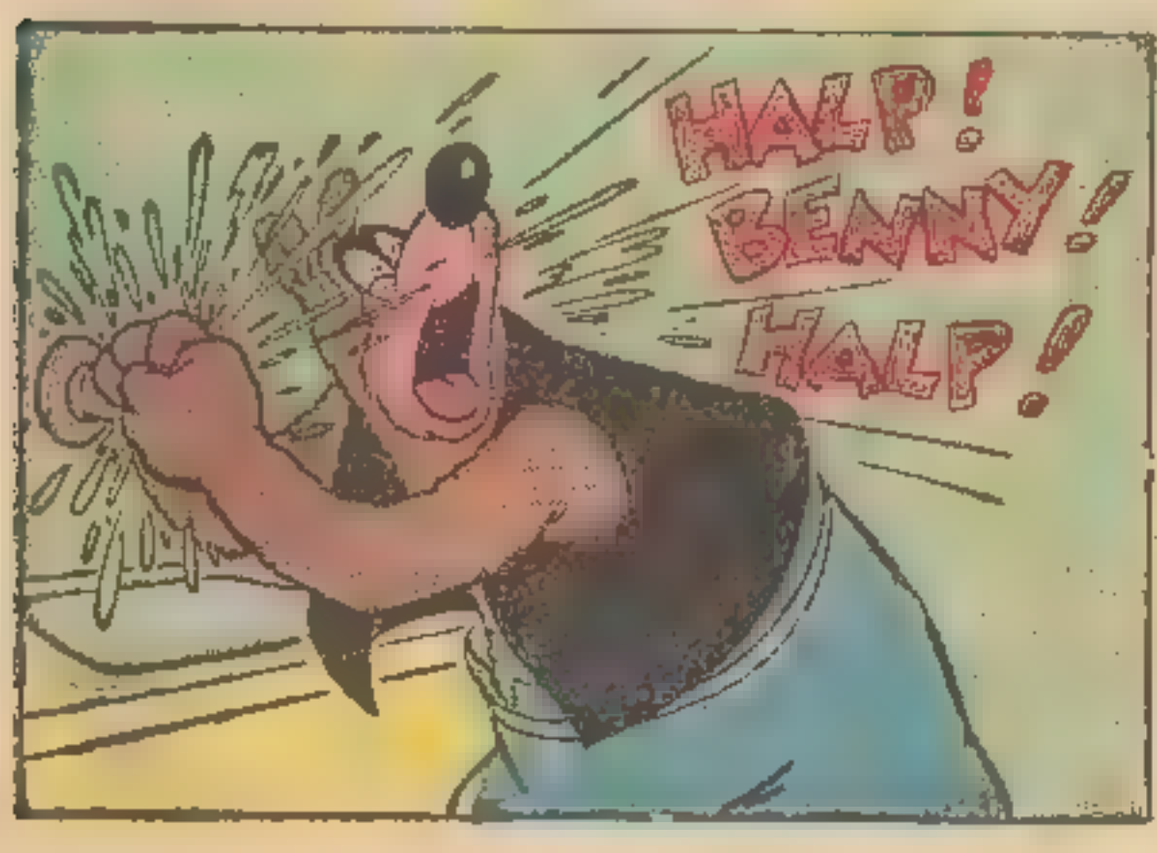

AND IT'S SO QUIET AROUND HERE YOU CAN HEAR A PIN DROP!

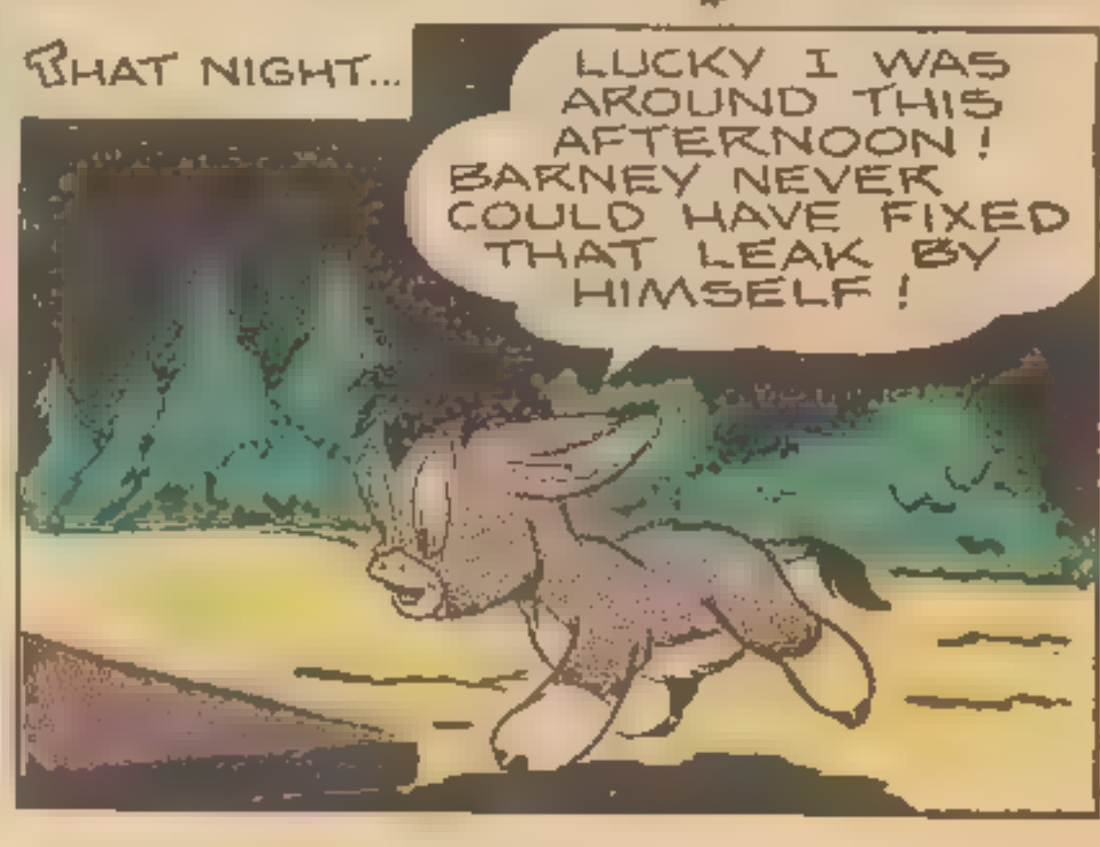
HEY... THAT AIN'T A PIN DROPPIN'!
DRIP!
DRIP!

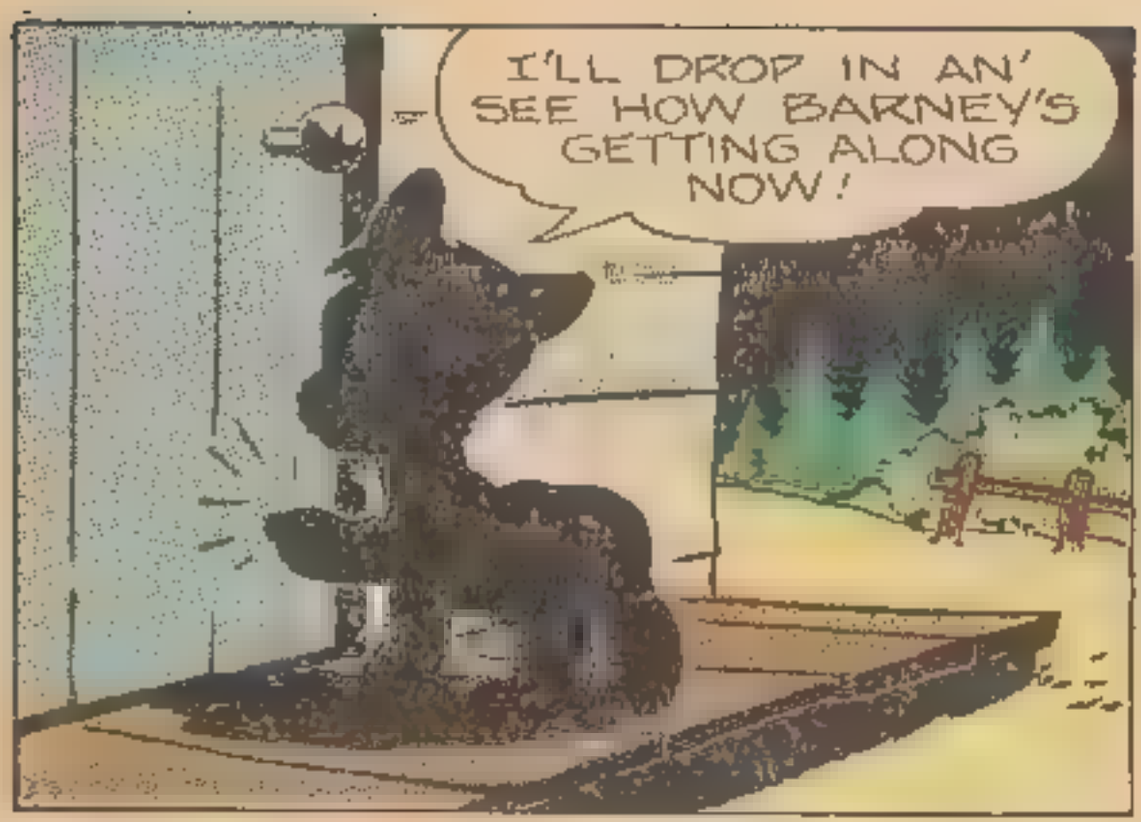
IT'S WATER DRIPPIN'!
DRIP!

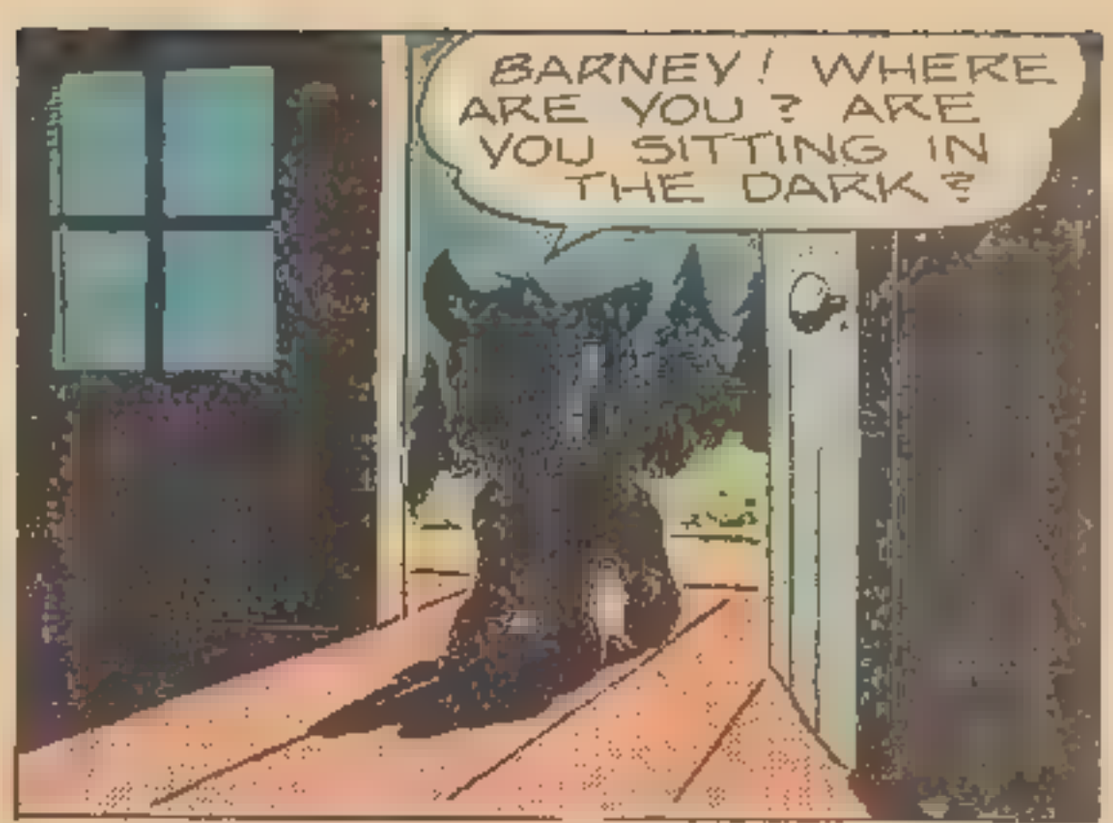

GUESS I'LL HAVE TO FIX IT, OR I'LL NEVER GET ANY SLEEP!

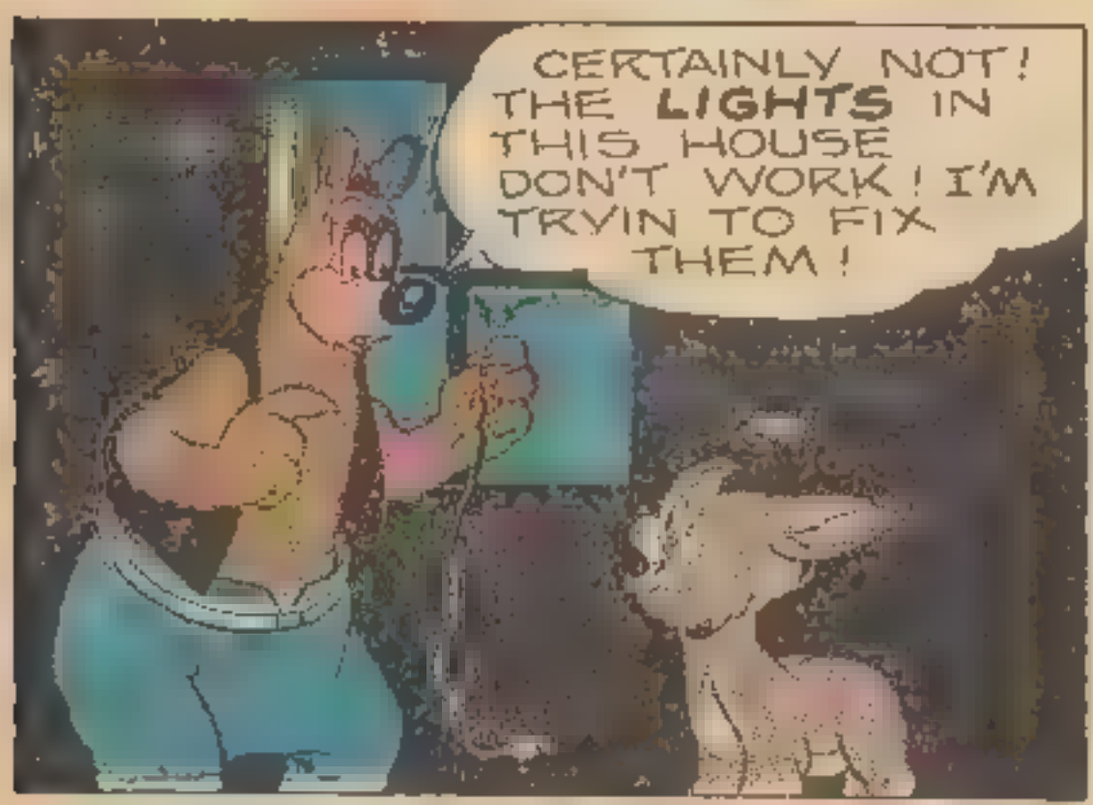
OOPS!

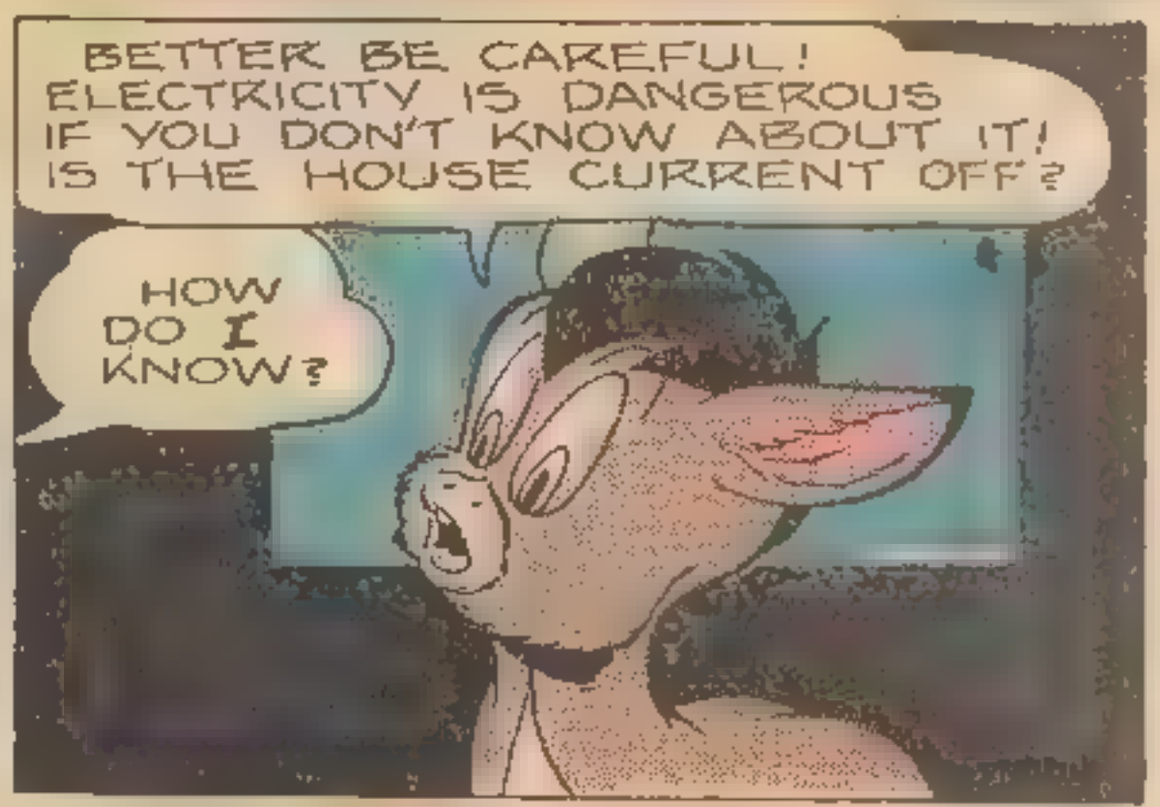

HALP! BENNY! HALP!

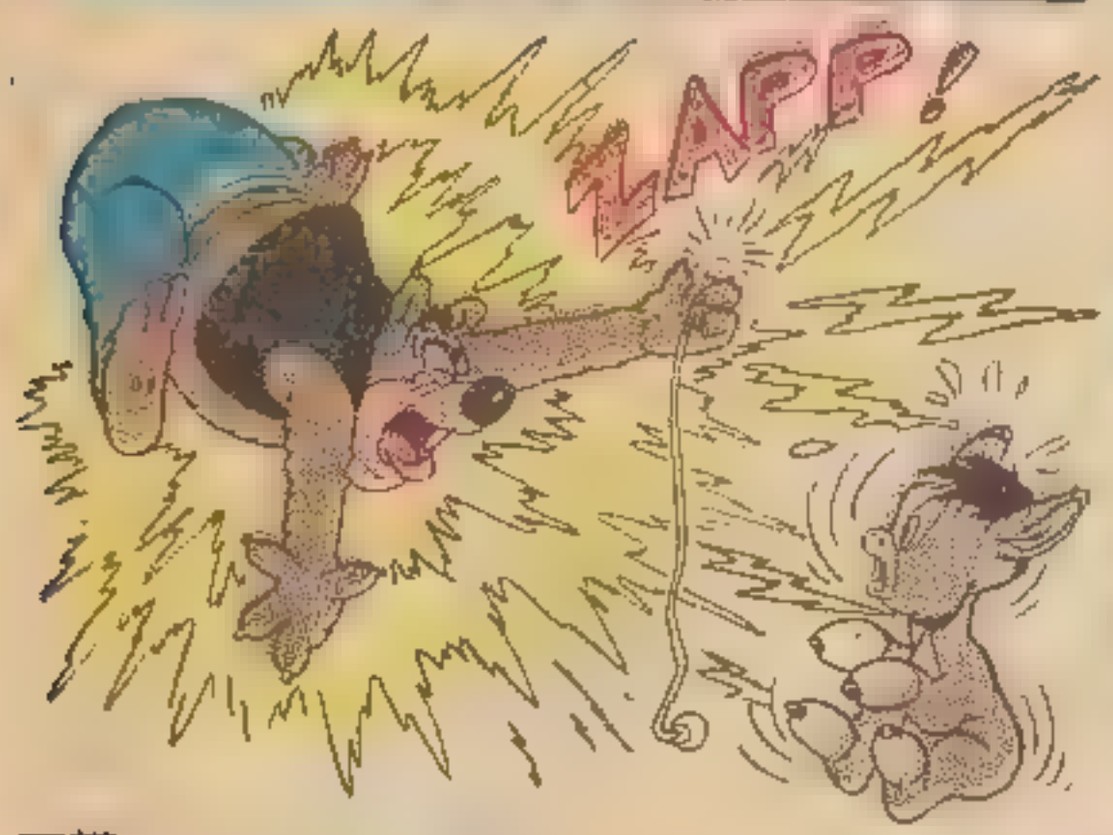

THAT NIGHT...
LUCKY I WAS AROUND THIS AFTERNOON! BARNEY NEVER COULD HAVE FIXED THAT LEAK BY HIMSELF!

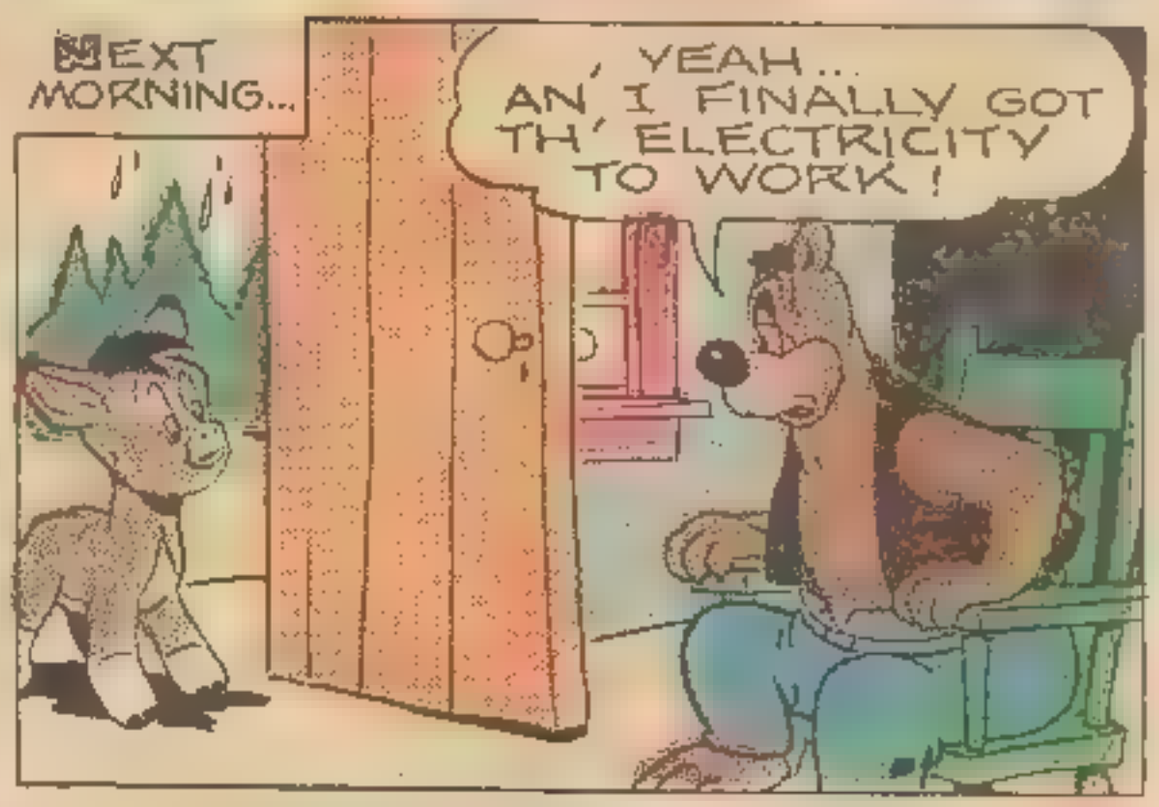

I'LL DROP IN AN' SEE HOW BARNEY'S GETTING ALONG NOW!

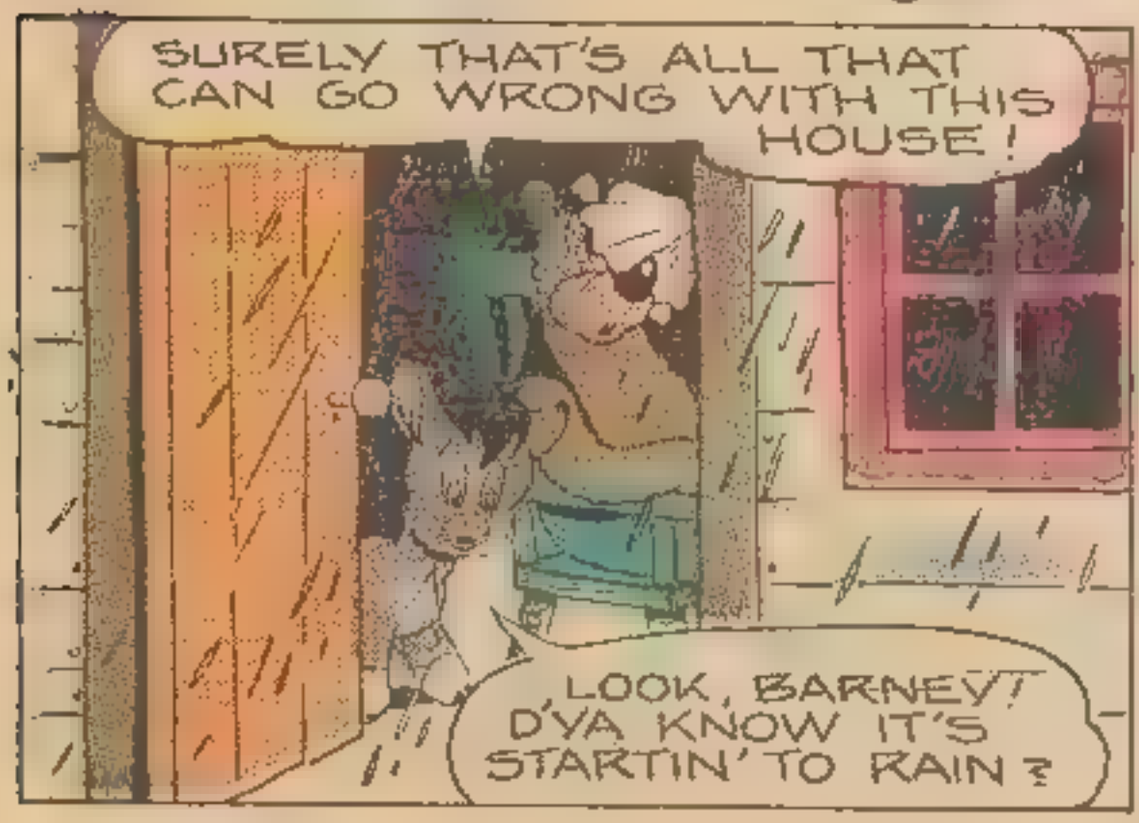

BARNEY! WHERE ARE YOU? ARE YOU SITTING IN THE DARK?

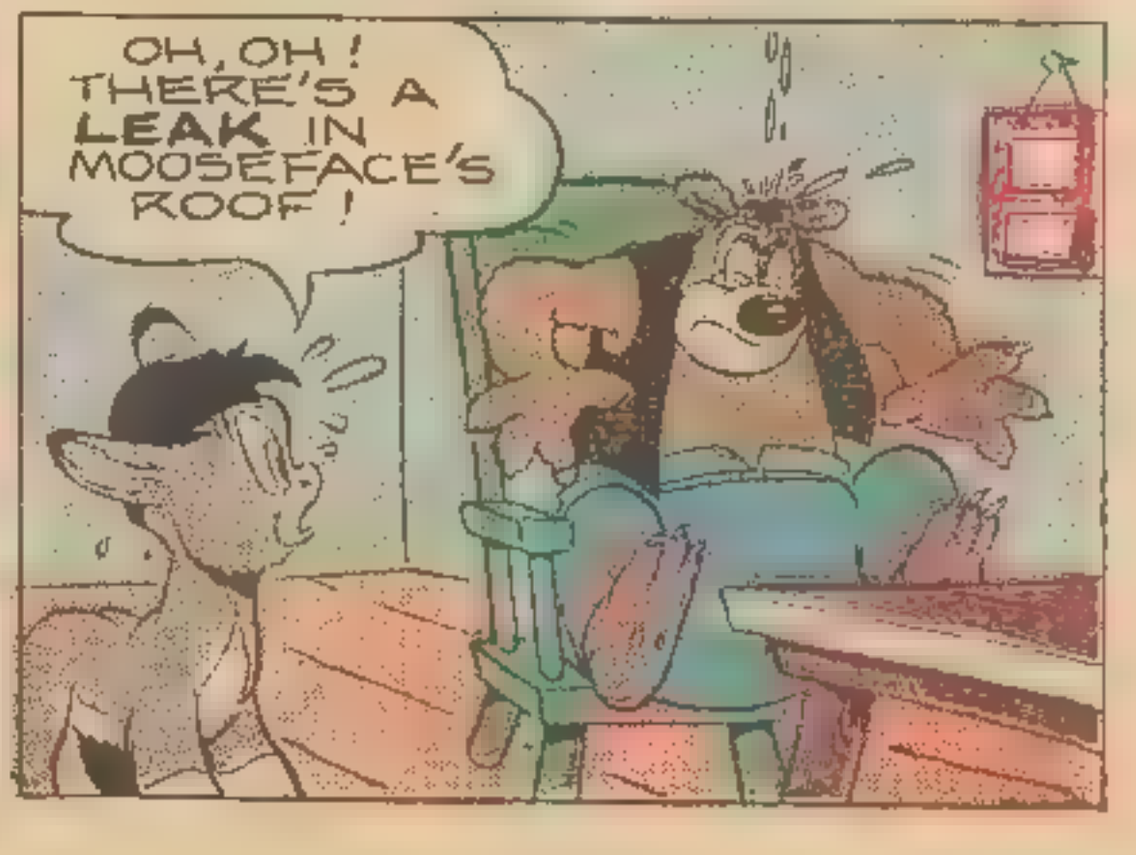

CERTAINLY NOT! THE **LIGHTS** IN THIS HOUSE DON'T WORK! I'M TRYIN TO FIX THEM!

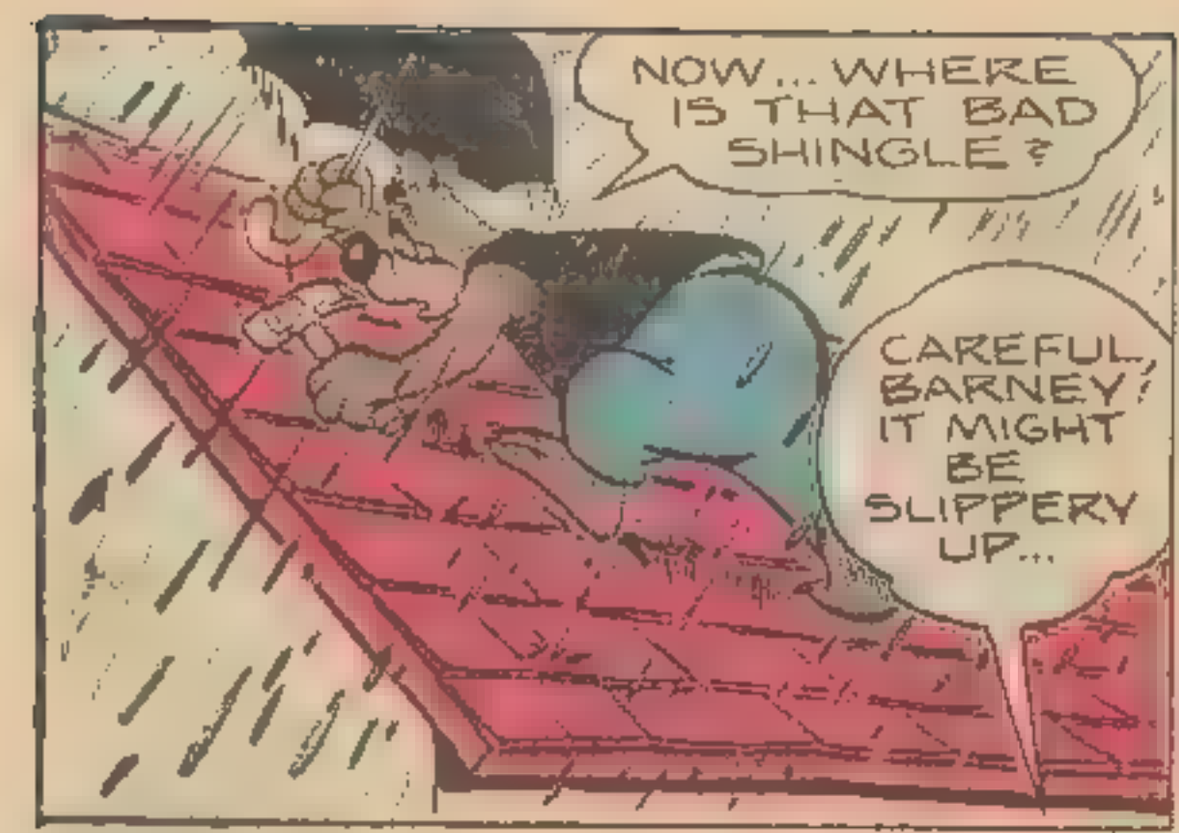

BETTER BE CAREFUL! ELECTRICITY IS DANGEROUS IF YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT IT! IS THE HOUSE CURRENT OFF?
HOW DO **I** KNOW?

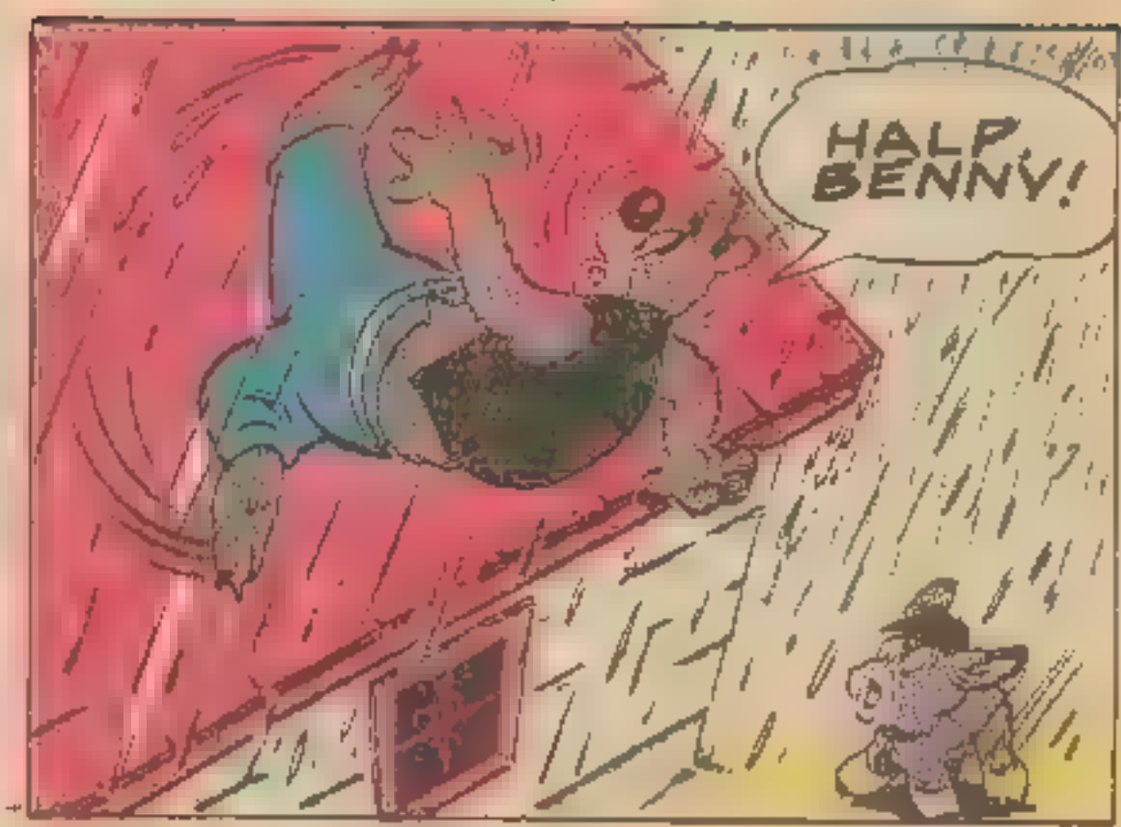

LAPP!

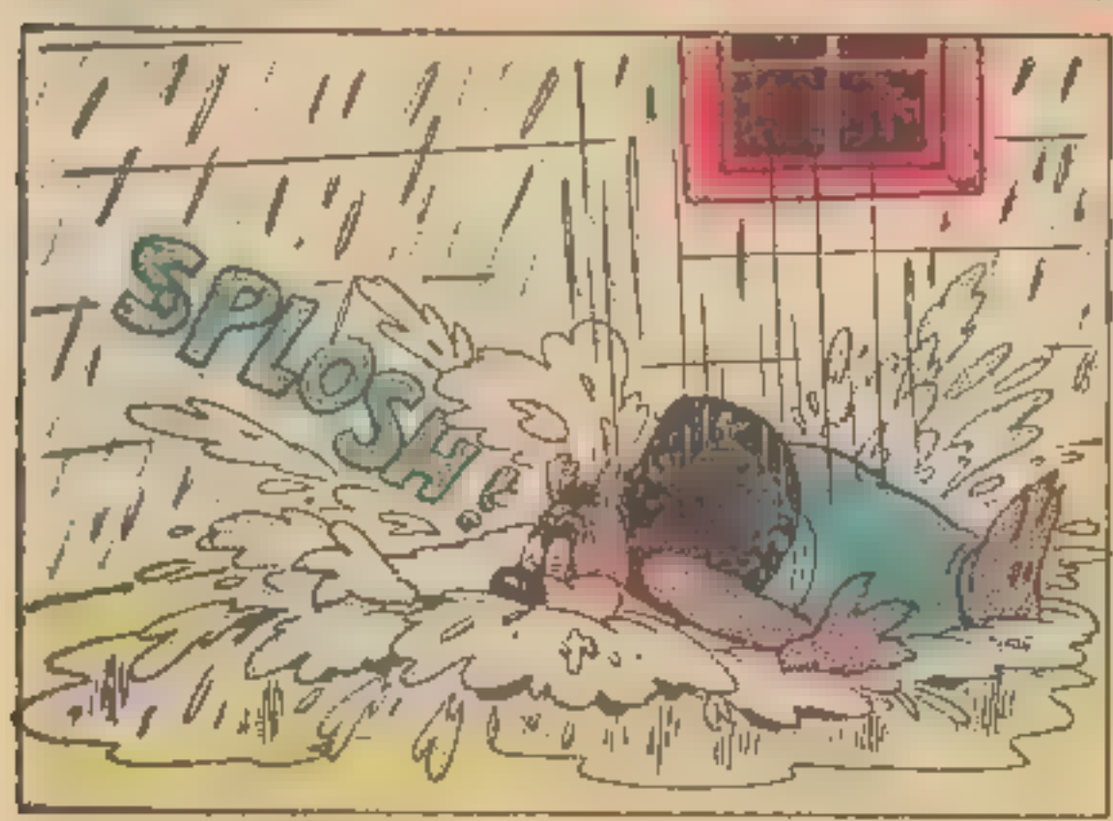

NEXT MORNING...
YEAH... AN' I FINALLY GOT TH' ELECTRICITY TO WORK!

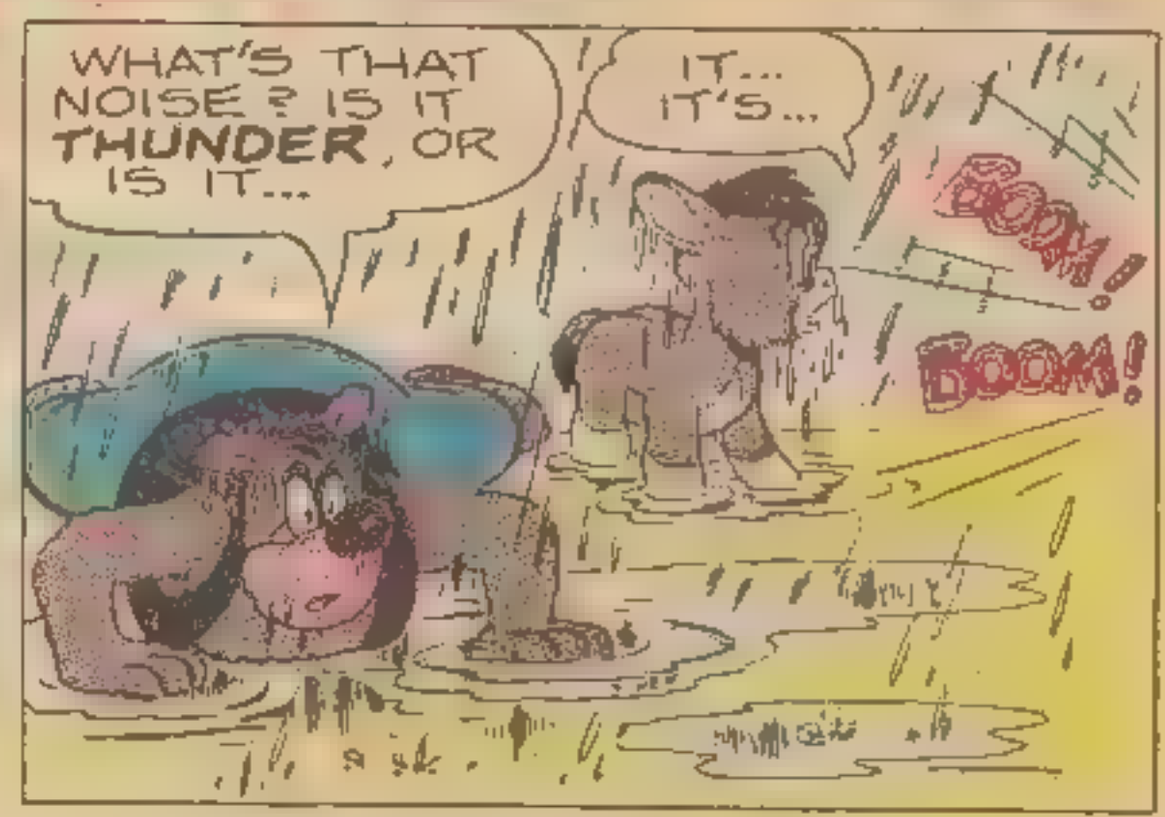

SURELY THAT'S ALL THAT CAN GO WRONG WITH THIS HOUSE!
LOOK, BARNEY! D'YA KNOW IT'S STARTIN' TO RAIN?

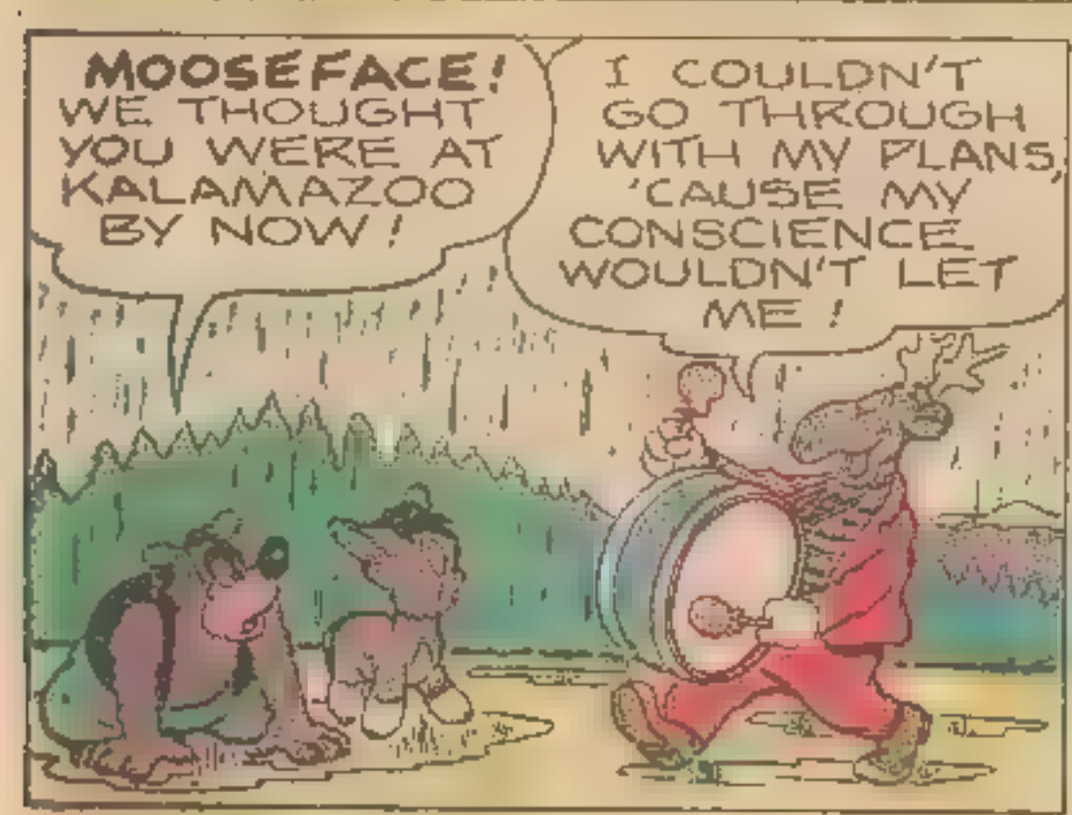

OH, OH! THERE'S A **LEAK** IN MOOSEFACE'S ROOF!

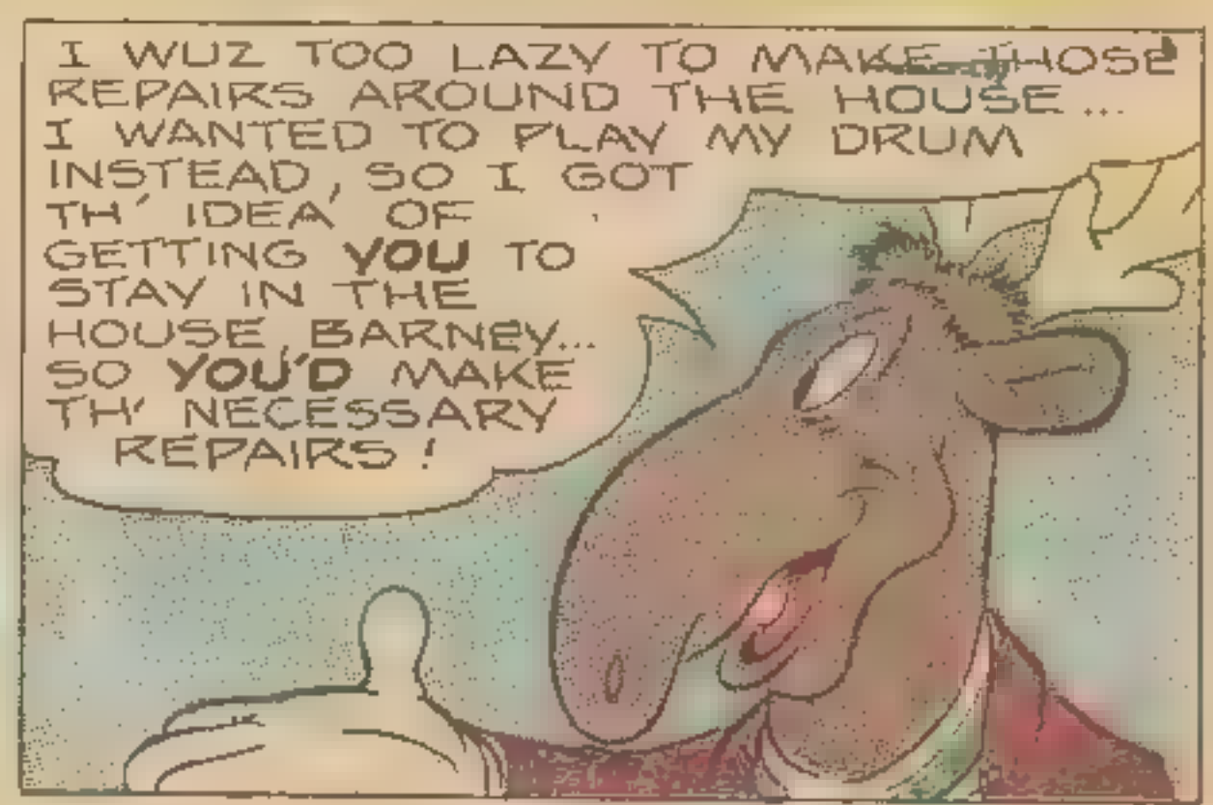


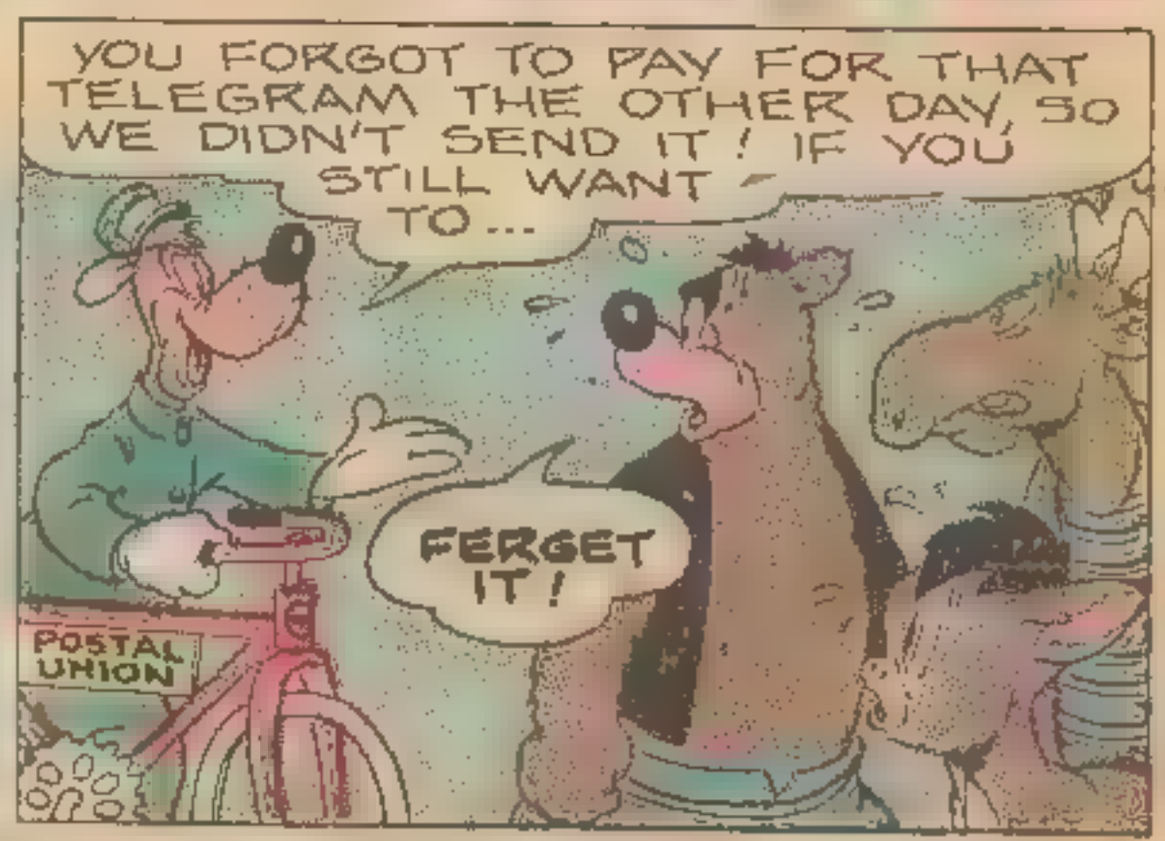








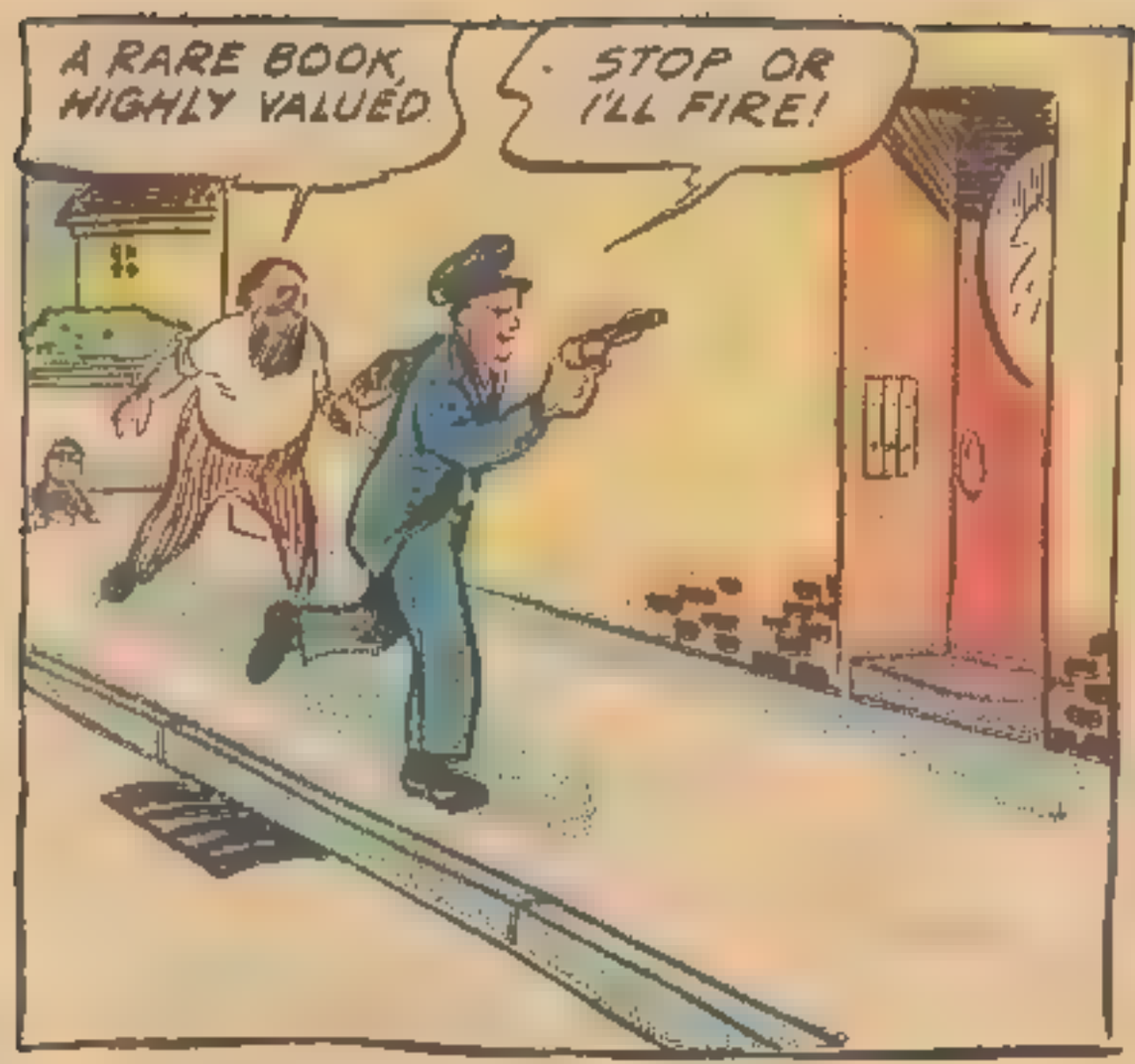


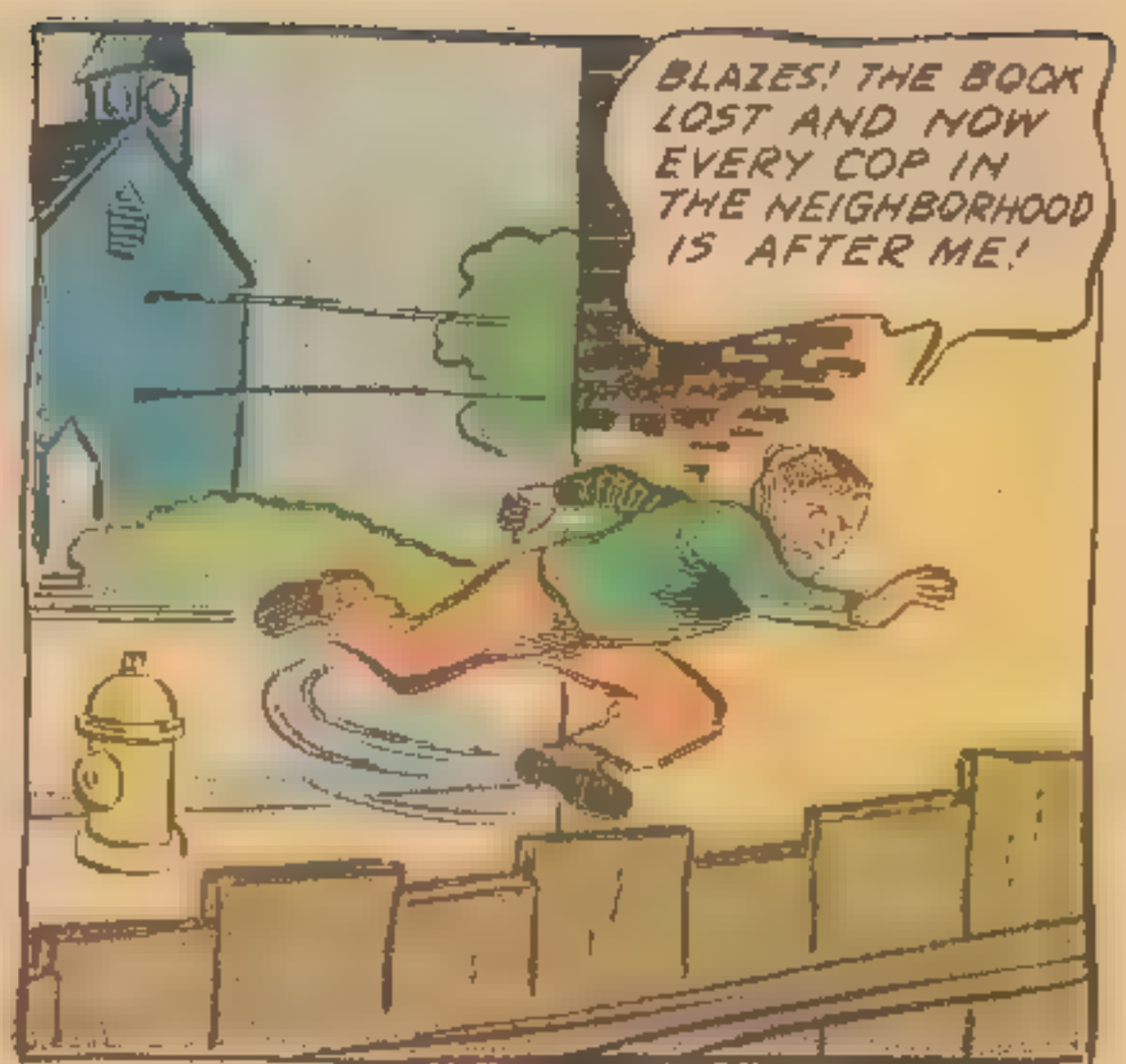


BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures

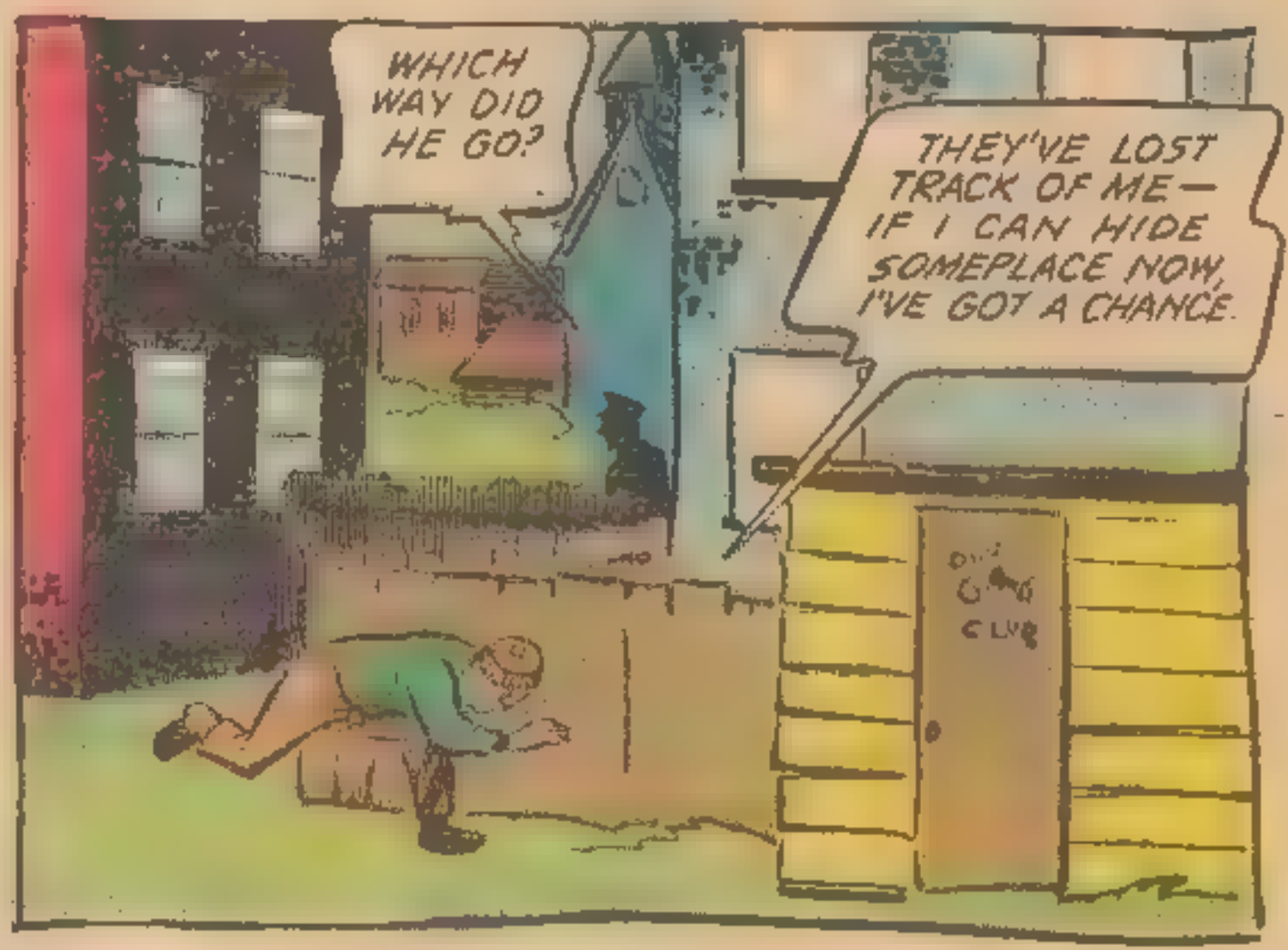
MGM presents

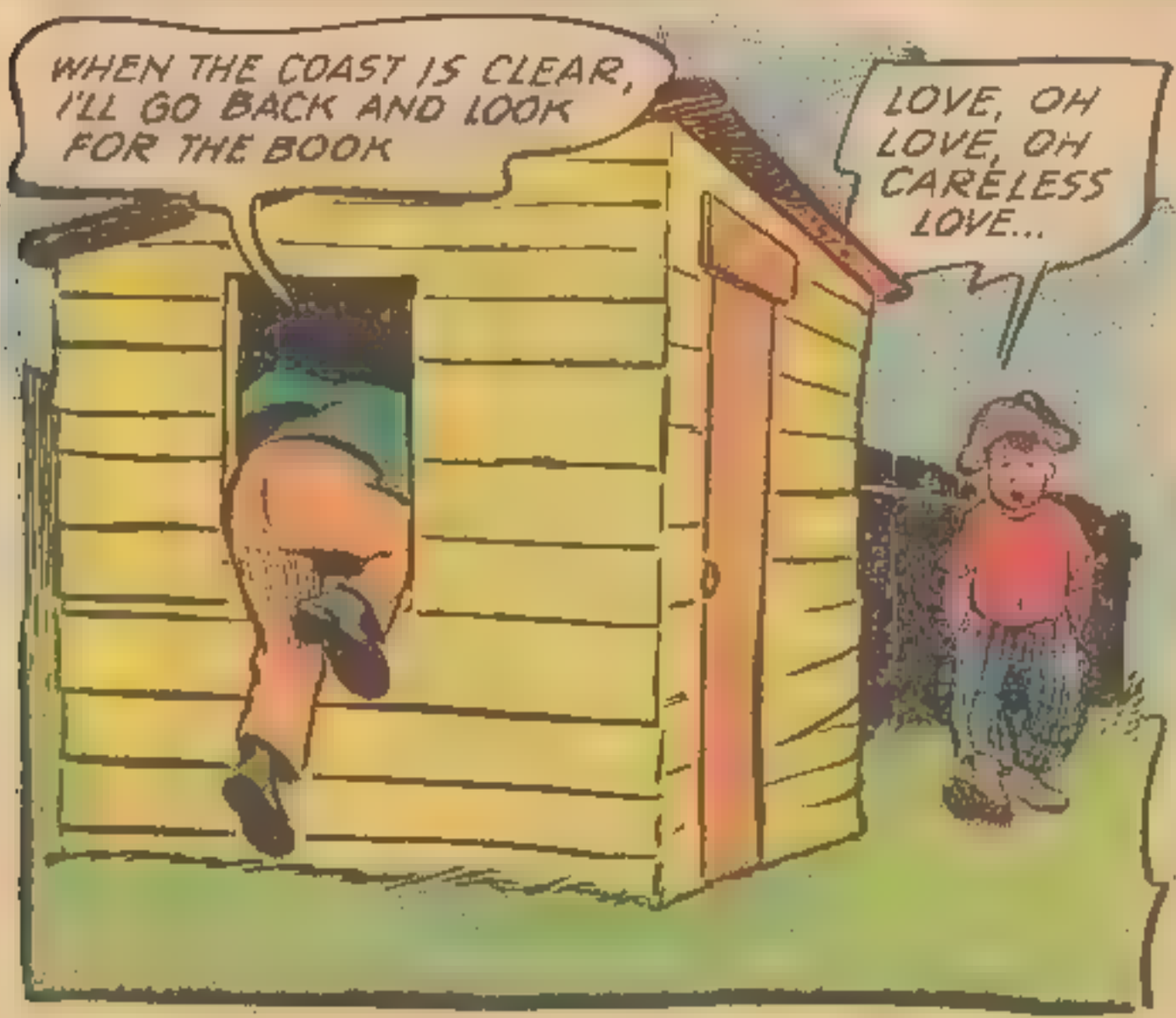
OUR GANG

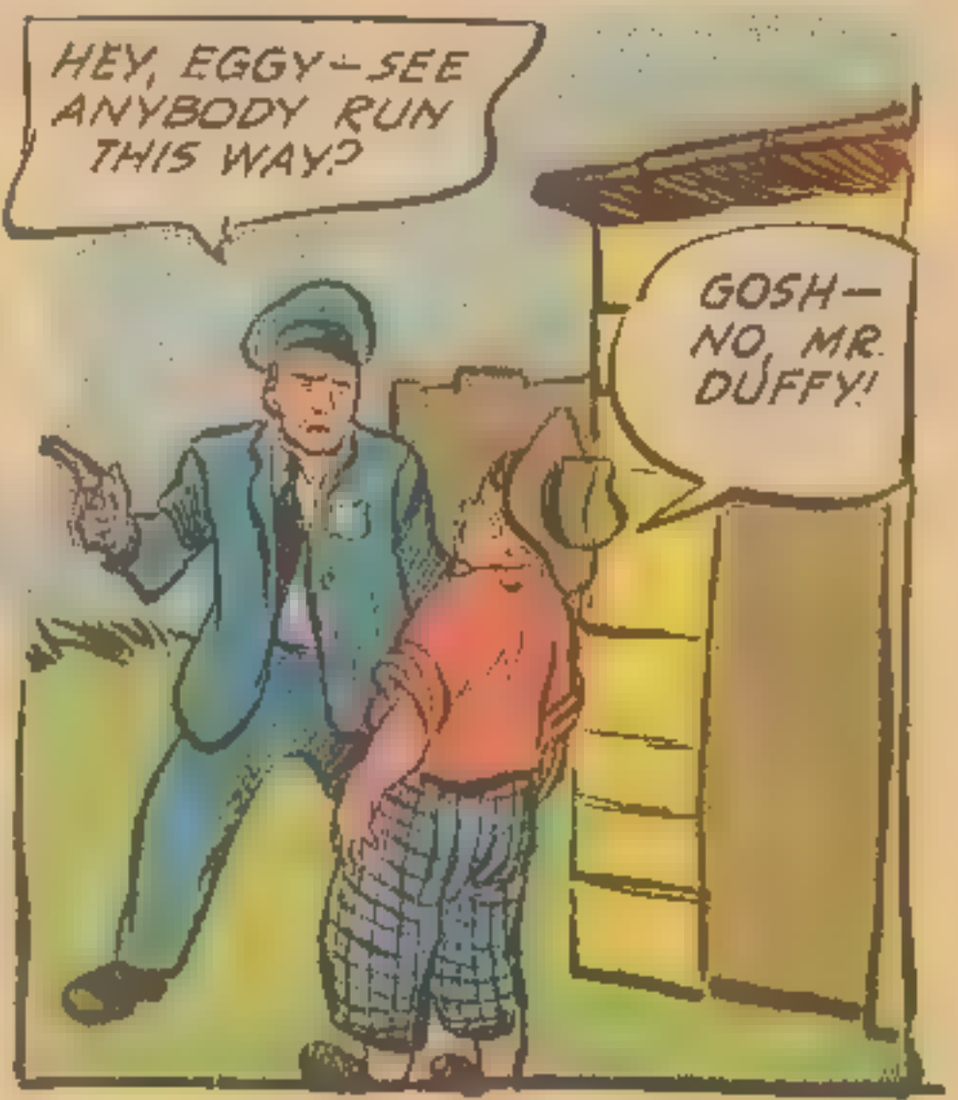

A RARE BOOK, HIGHLY VALUED.
STOP OR I'LL FIRE!

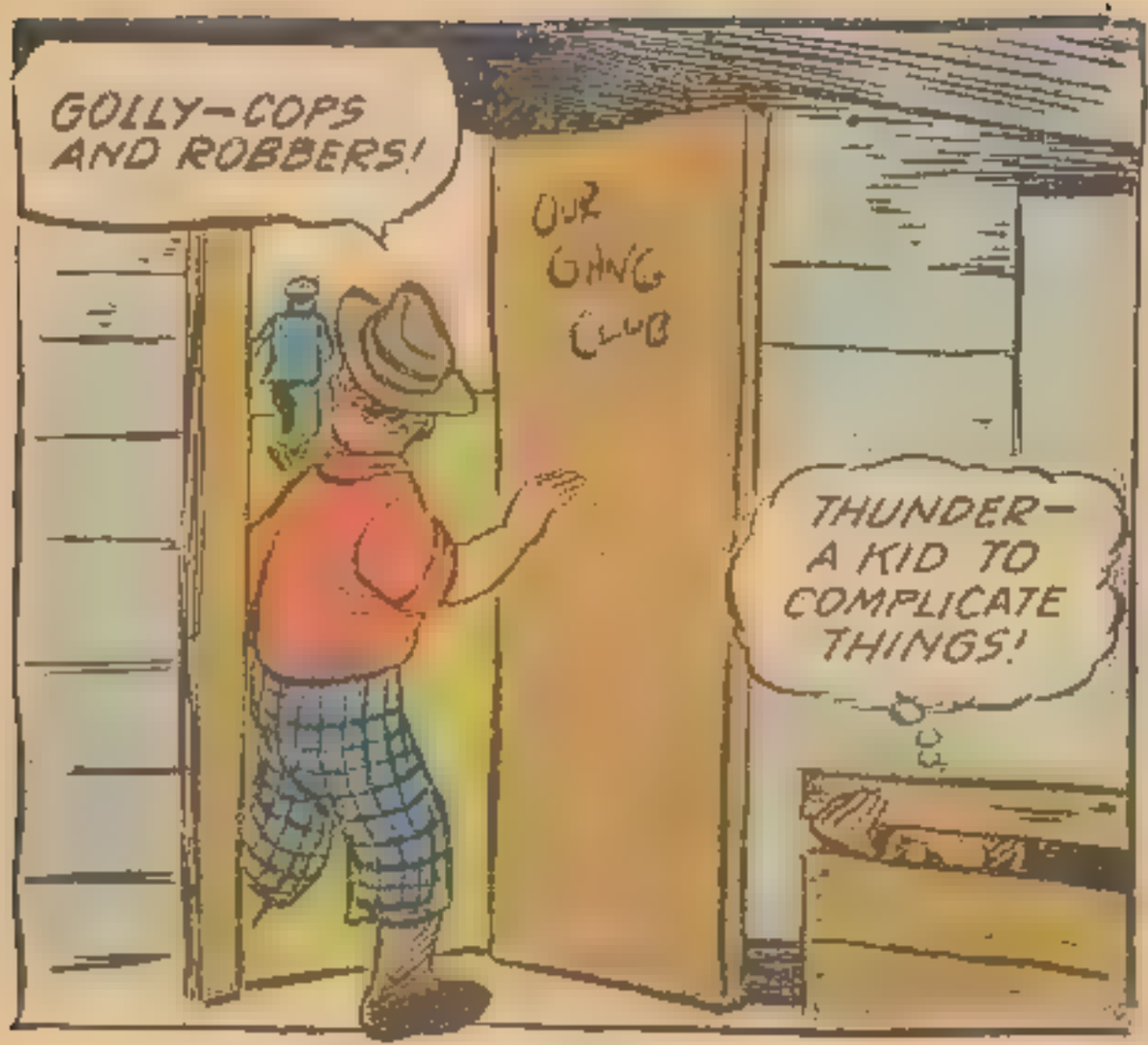

BLAZES! THE BOOK LOST AND NOW EVERY COP IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD IS AFTER ME!

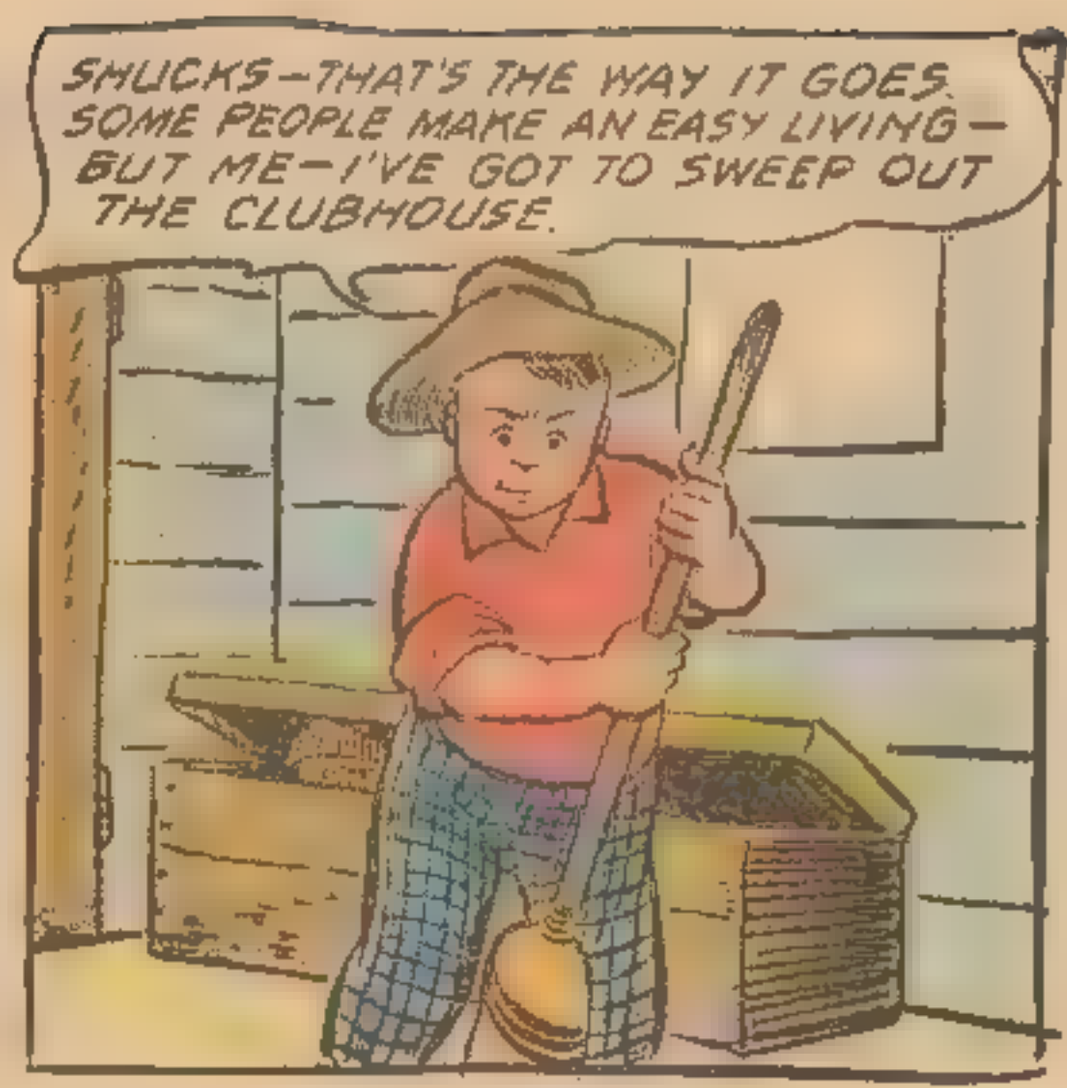
OLD MAN SATURN WOULD HAVE DENIED I BOUGHT IT—AND HE'D HAVE GOTTEN THE SECRET OUT OF IT.


WHICH WAY DID HE GO?
THEY'VE LOST TRACK OF ME— IF I CAN HIDE SOMEPLACE NOW, I'VE GOT A CHANCE.


WHEN THE COAST IS CLEAR, I'LL GO BACK AND LOOK FOR THE BOOK
LOVE, OH LOVE, OH CARELESS LOVE...


HEY, EGGY—SEE ANYBODY RUN THIS WAY?
GOSH— NO, MR. DUFFY!

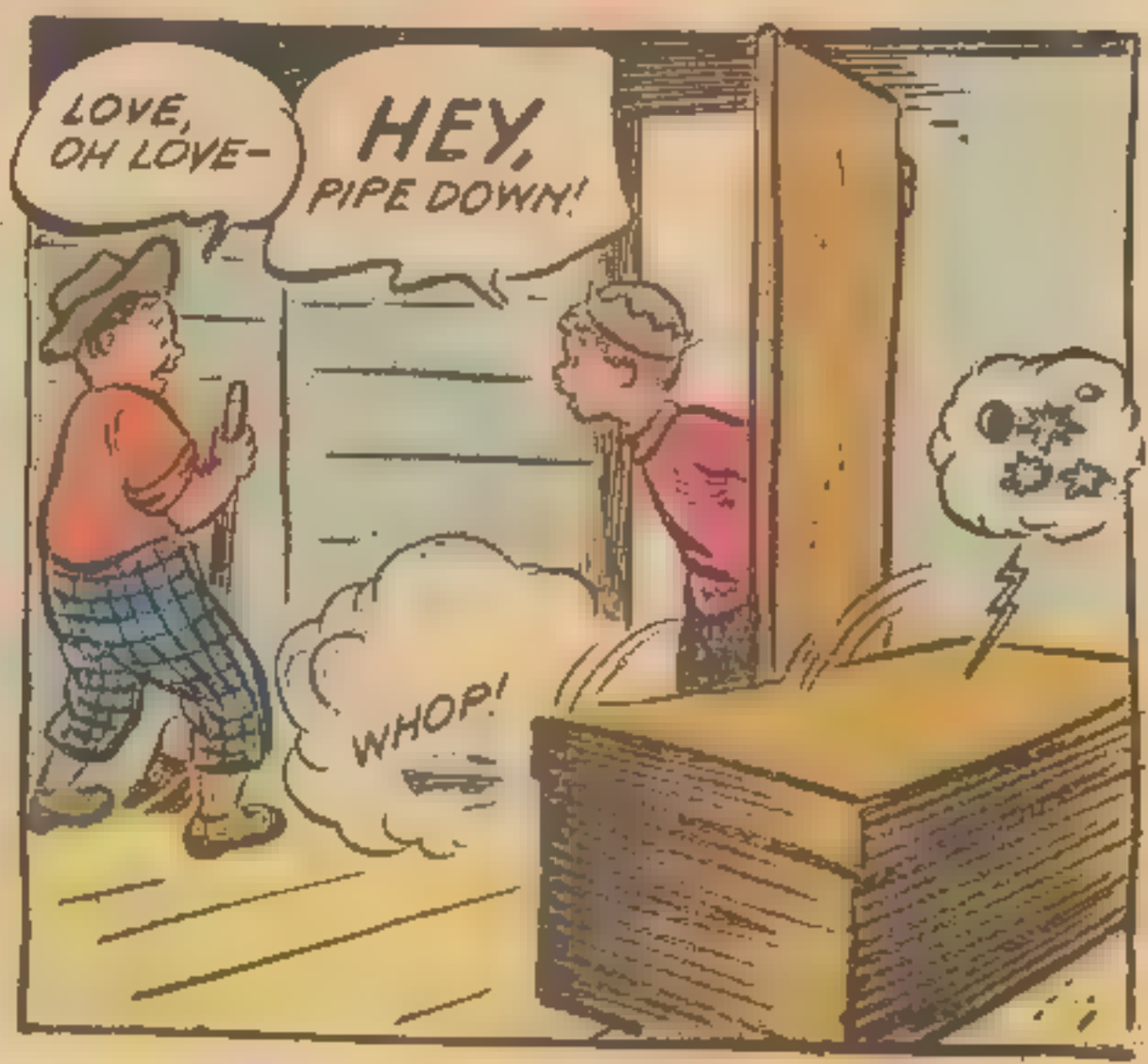

GOLLY—COPS AND ROBBERS!
OUR GANG CLUB
THUNDER—A KID TO COMPLICATE THINGS!

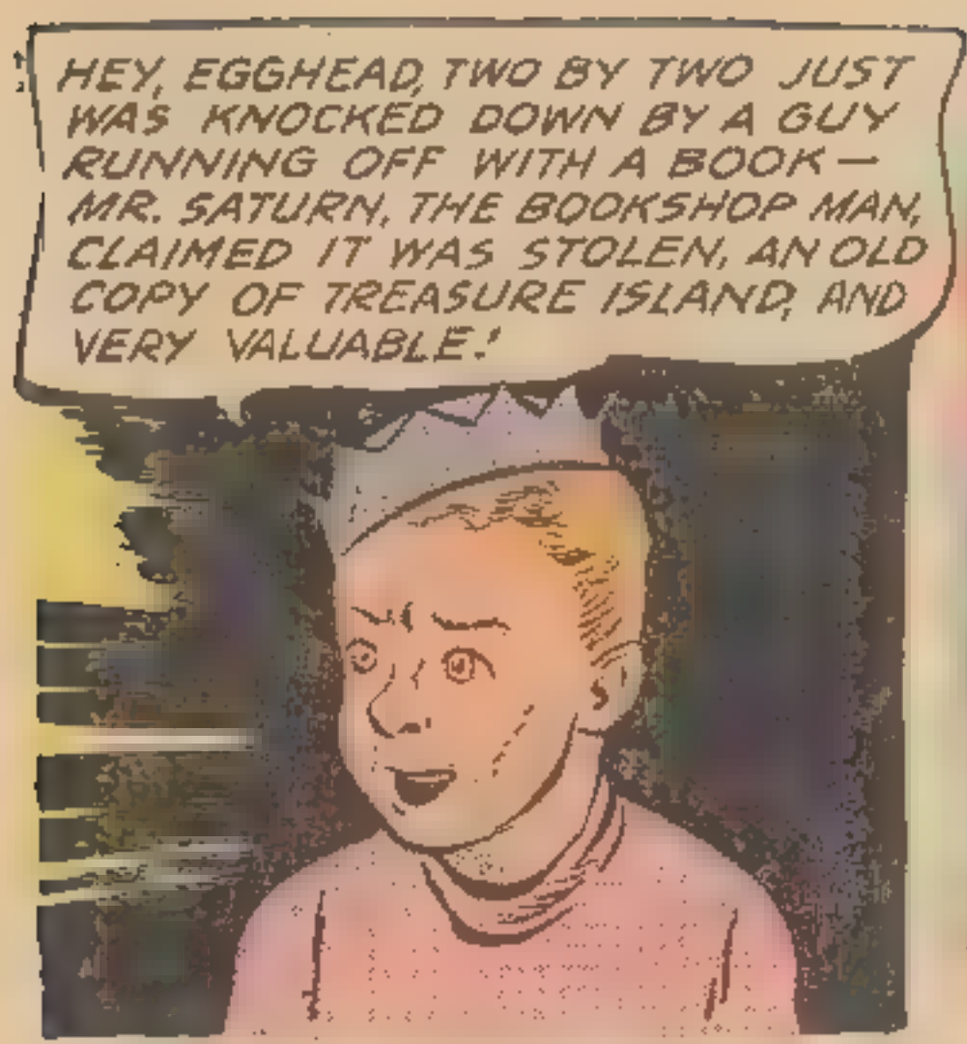

SHUCKS—THAT'S THE WAY IT GOES. SOME PEOPLE MAKE AN EASY LIVING—BUT ME—I'VE GOT TO SWEEP OUT THE CLUBHOUSE.

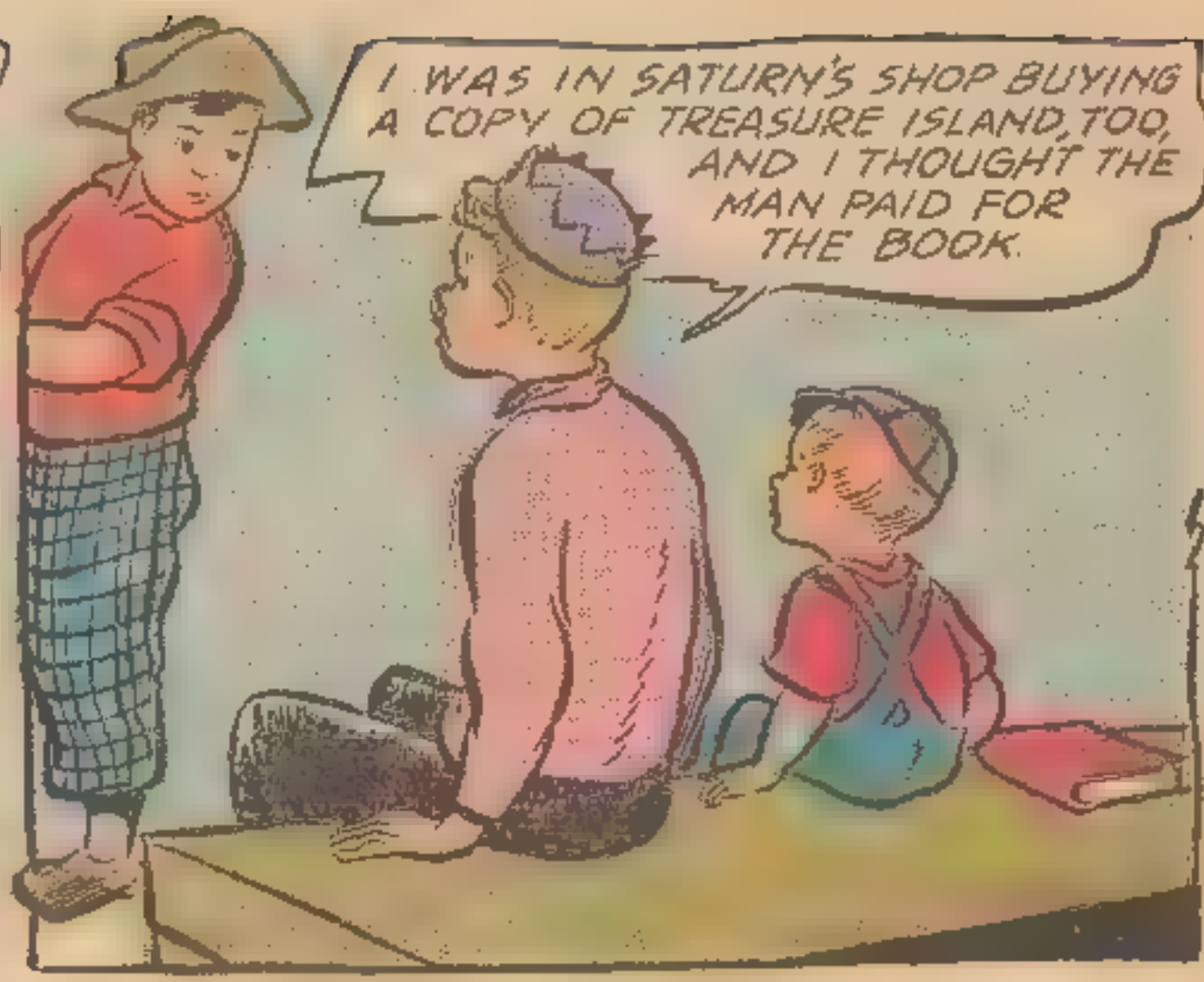
MAYBE I CAN SNEAK OUT WHILE HIS BACK IS TURNED.

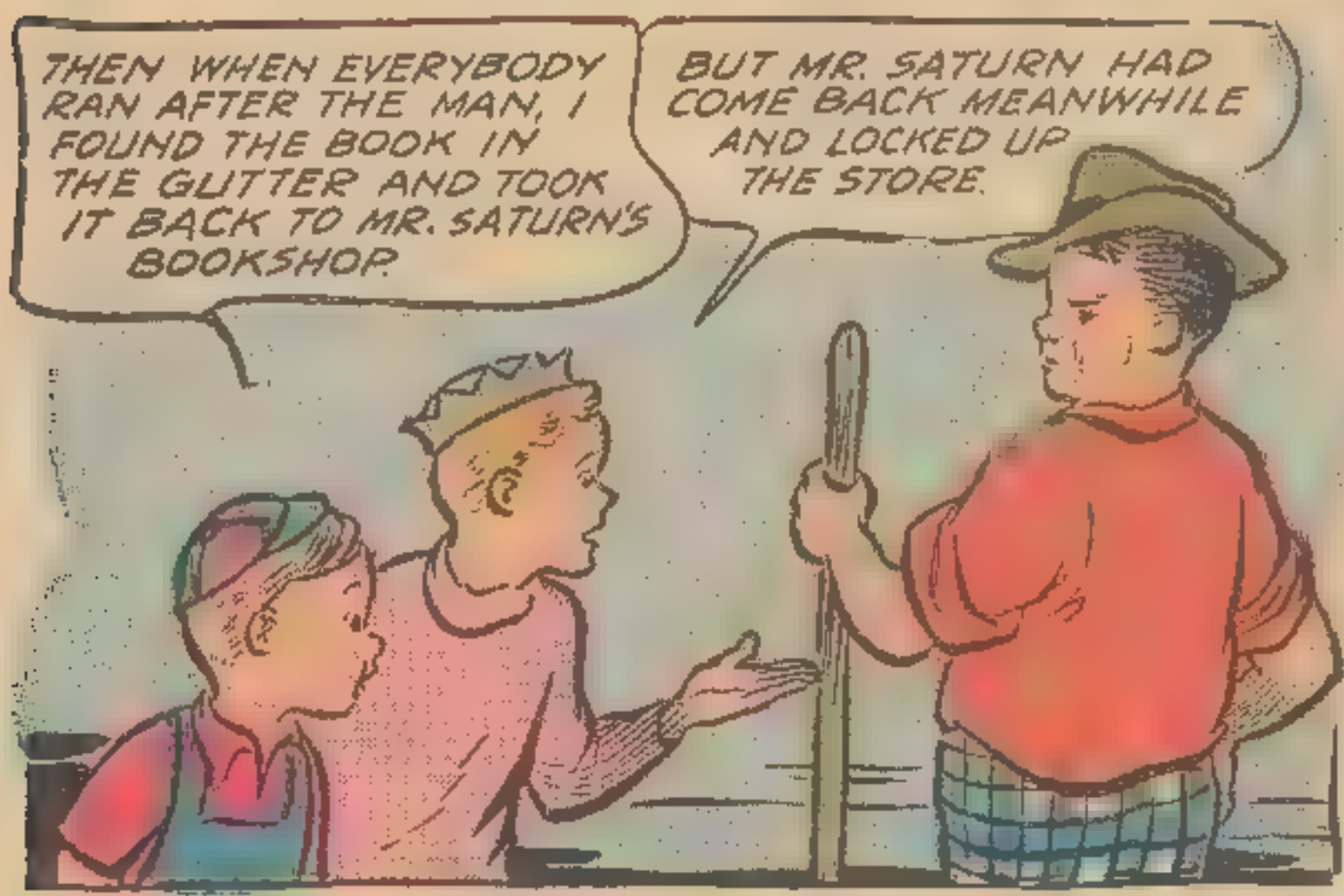
LOVE, OH LOVE, OH CARELESS LOVE...

COME ON, TWO BY TWO, IT SOUNDS LIKE EGGY IS IN THERE.
OUR GANG CLUB

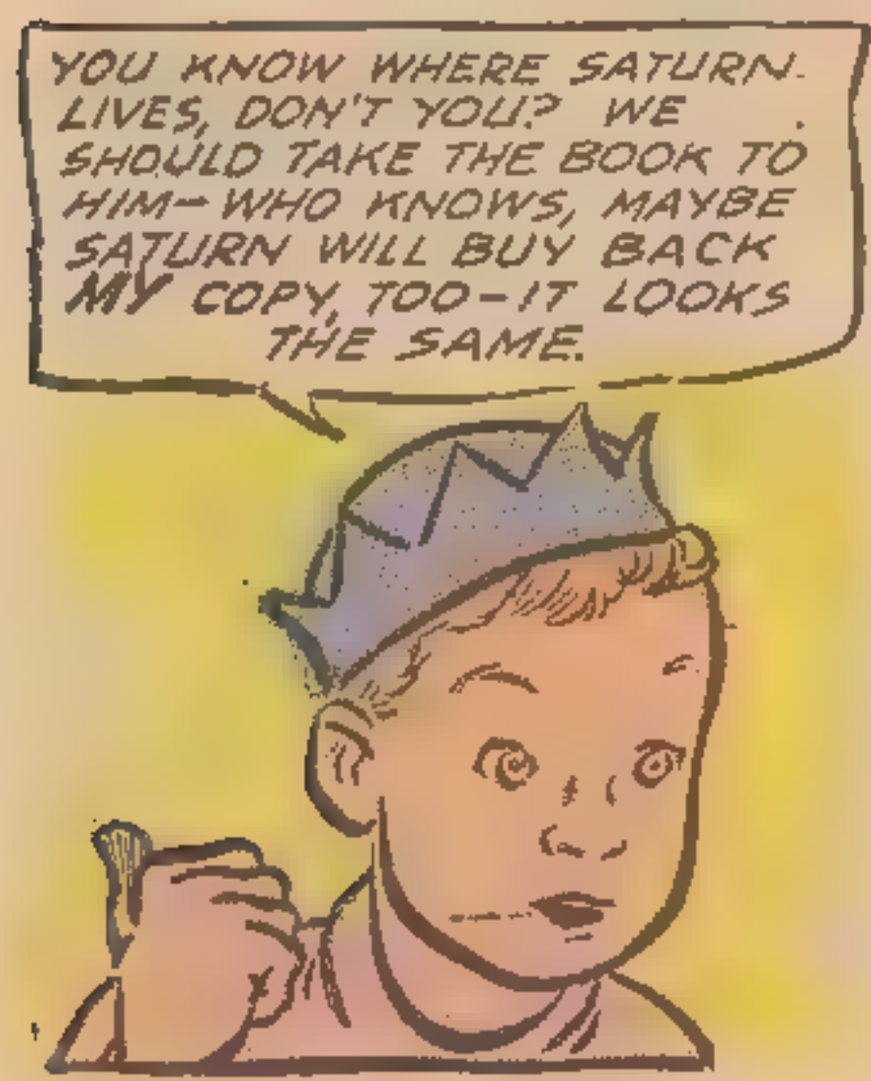

LOVE, OH LOVE—
HEY, PIPE DOWN!
WHOP!

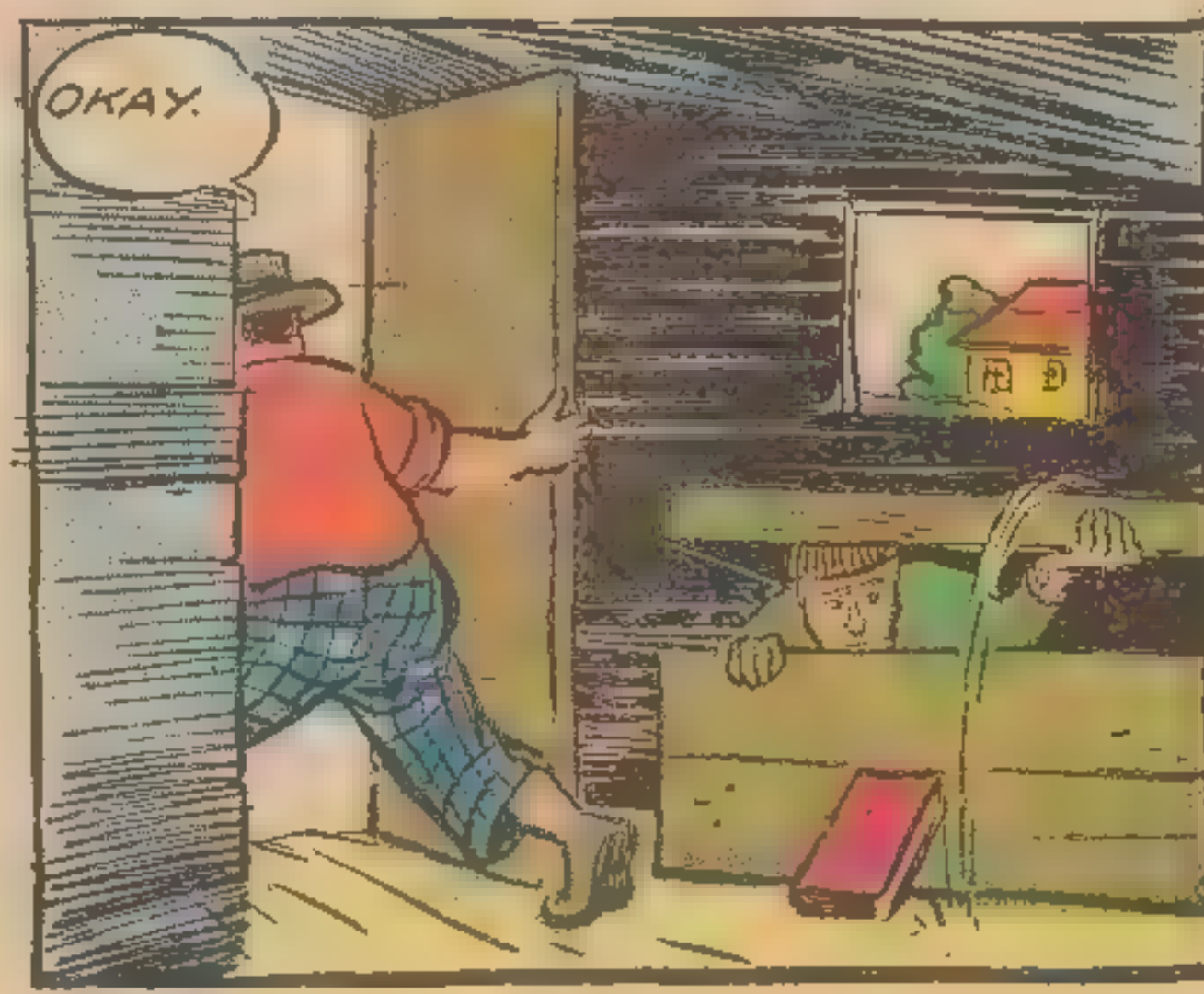

HEY, EGGHEAD, TWO BY TWO JUST WAS KNOCKED DOWN BY A GUY RUNNING OFF WITH A BOOK— MR. SATURN, THE BOOKSHOP MAN, CLAIMED IT WAS STOLEN, AN OLD COPY OF TREASURE ISLAND, AND VERY VALUABLE!

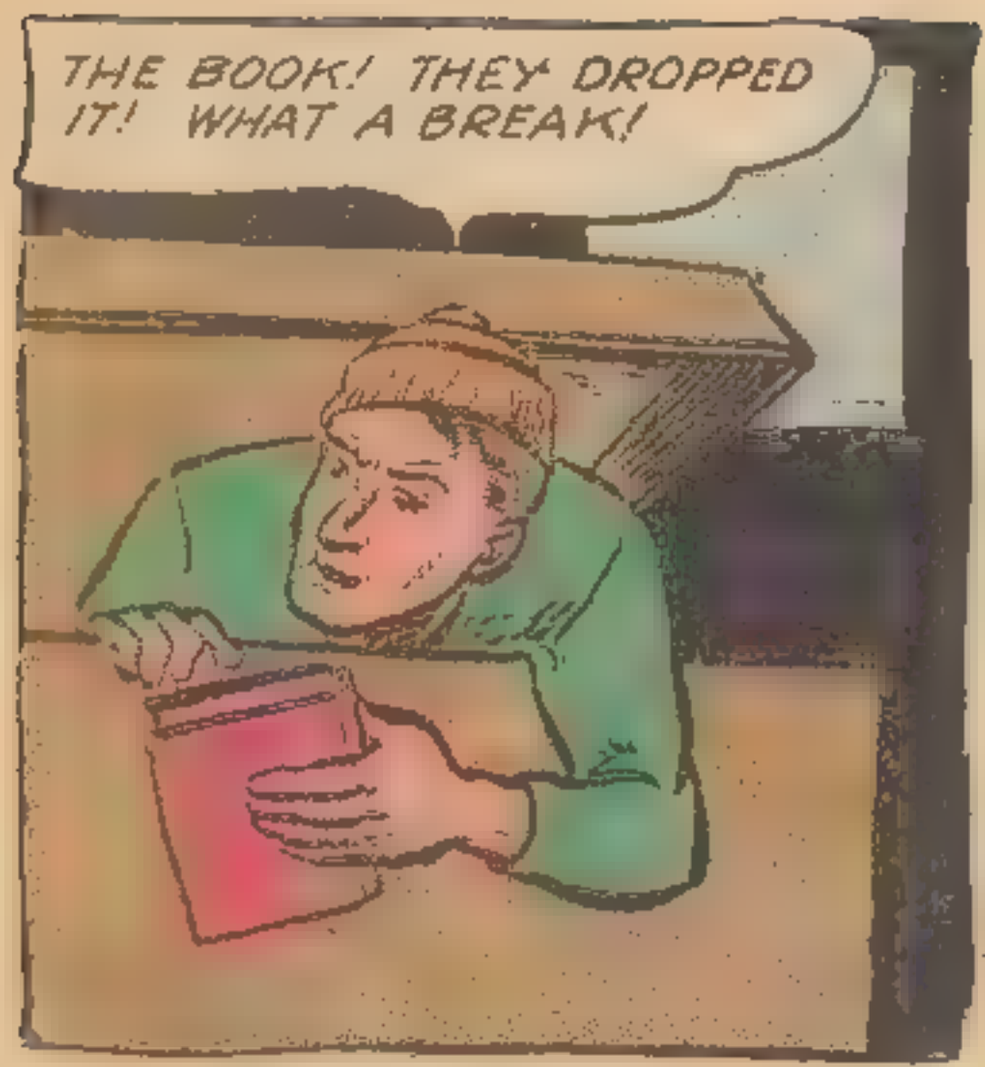

I WAS IN SATURN'S SHOP BUYING A COPY OF TREASURE ISLAND, TOO, AND I THOUGHT THE MAN PAID FOR THE BOOK.

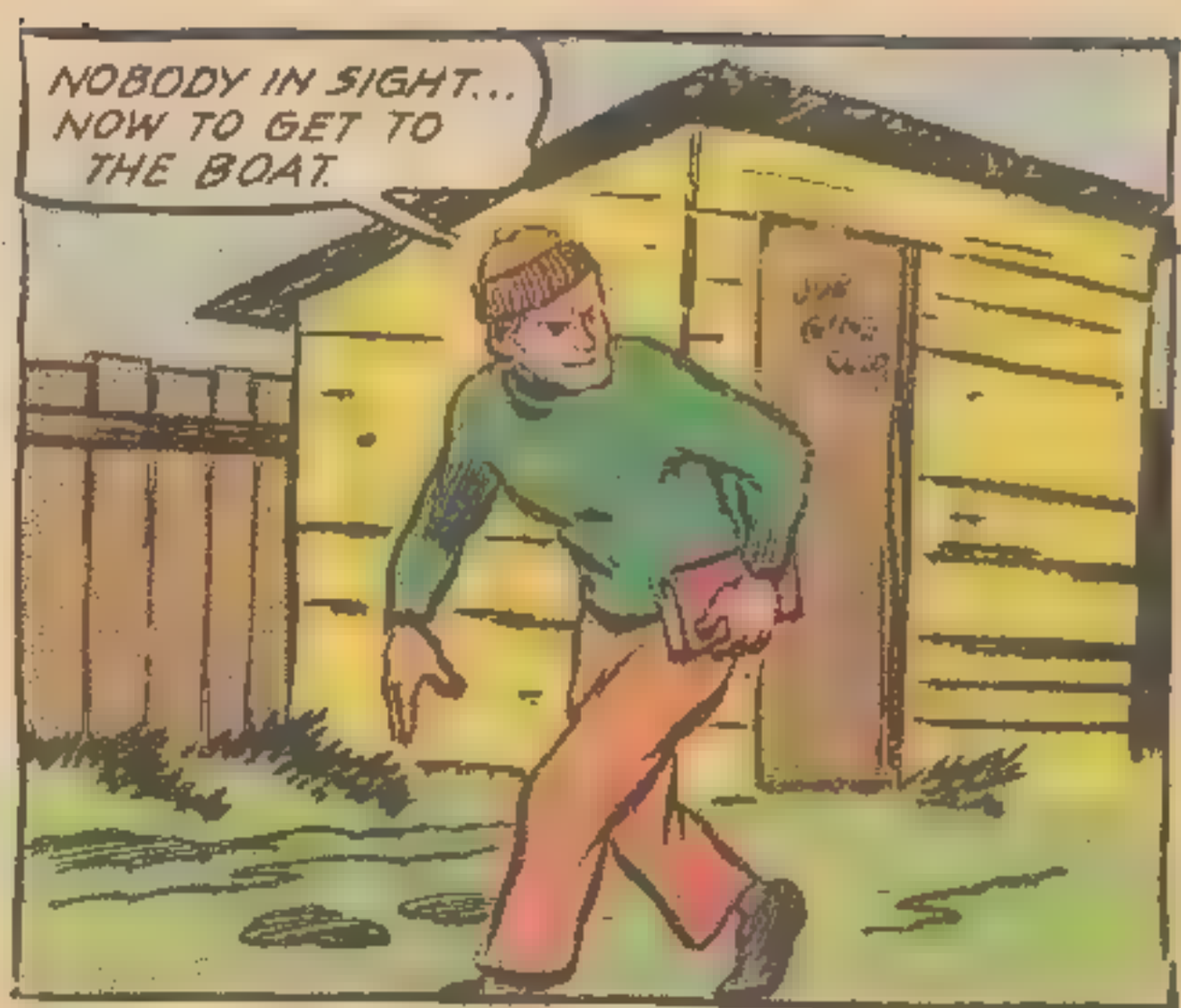

THEN WHEN EVERYBODY RAN AFTER THE MAN, I FOUND THE BOOK IN THE GUTTER AND TOOK IT BACK TO MR. SATURN'S BOOKSHOP.
BUT MR. SATURN HAD COME BACK MEANWHILE AND LOCKED UP THE STORE.

I MET TWO BY TWO OUTSIDE AND TOLD HIM THE STORE WAS LOCKED—SO THEN WE CAME LOOKING FOR YOU.
WHY?

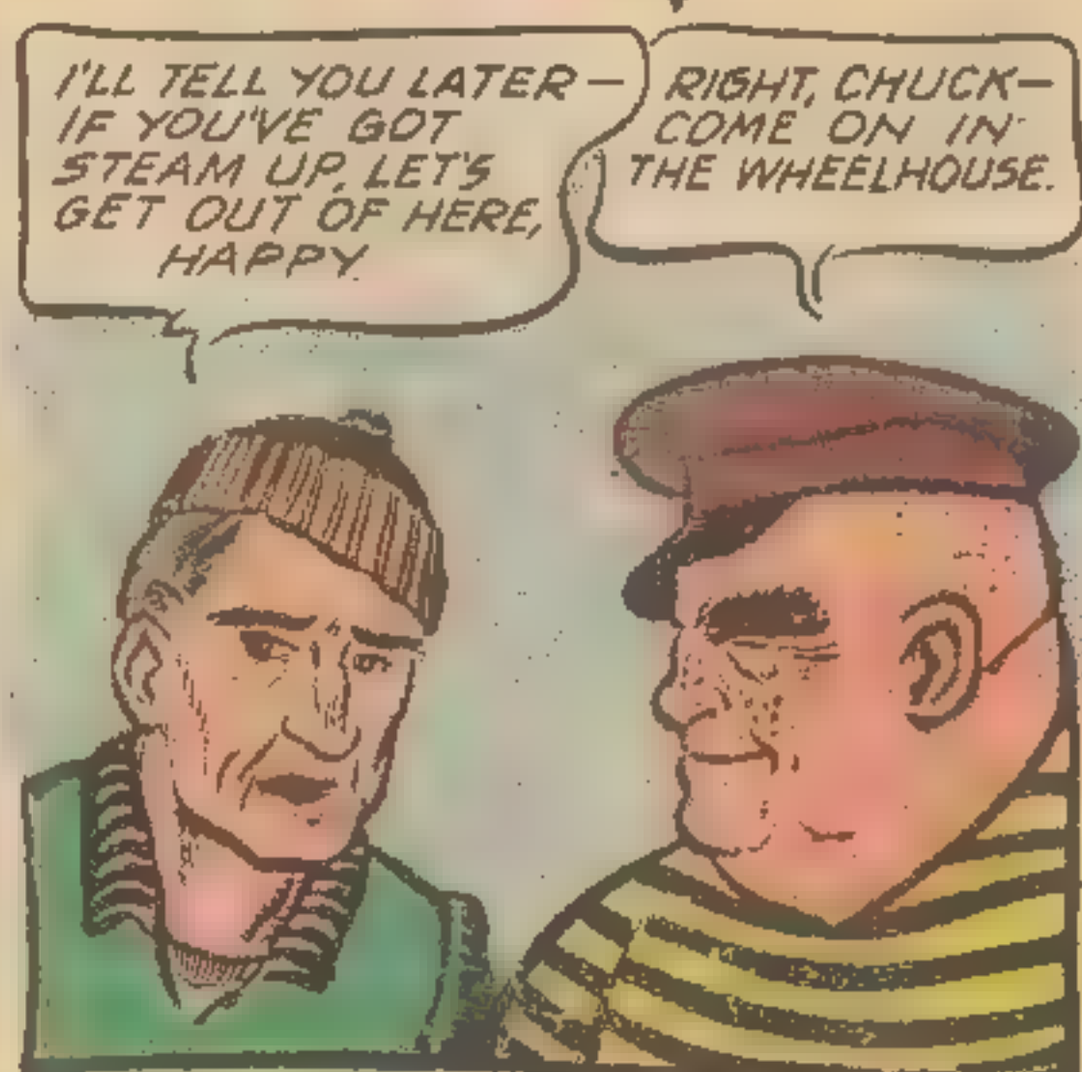

YOU KNOW WHERE SATURN LIVES, DON'T YOU? WE SHOULD TAKE THE BOOK TO HIM—WHO KNOWS, MAYBE SATURN WILL BUY BACK MY COPY, TOO—IT LOOKS THE SAME.

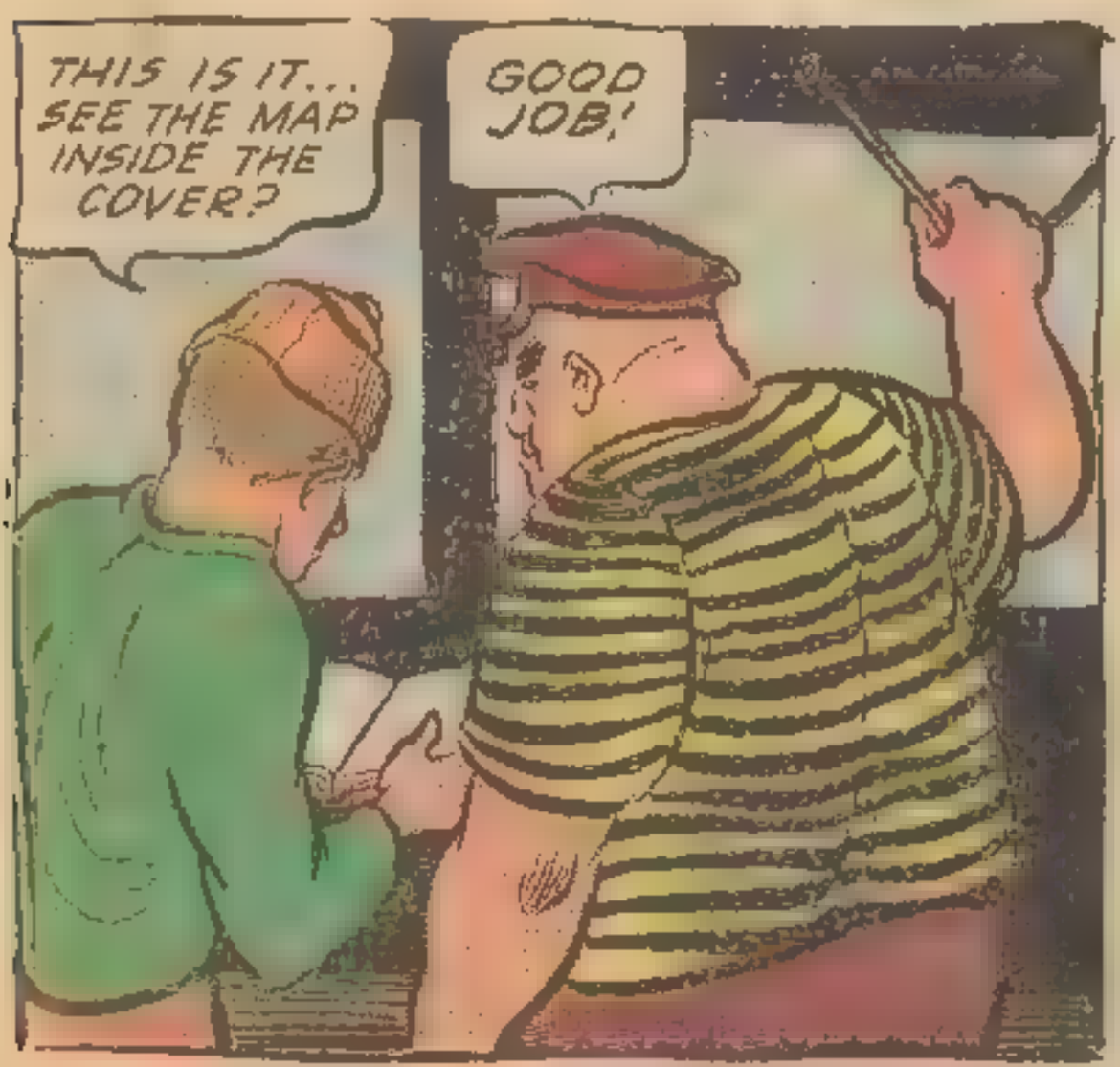

OKAY.

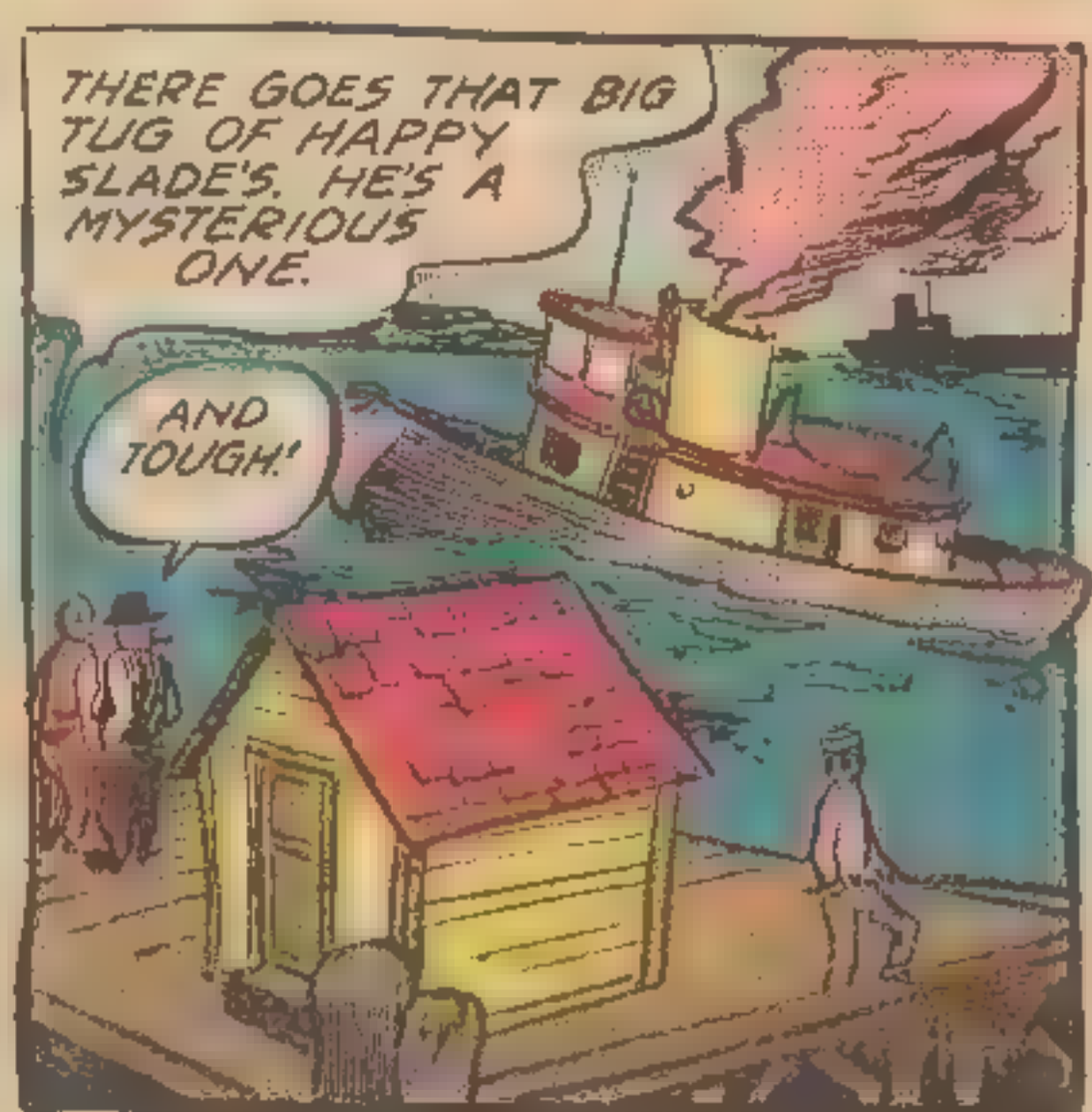

THE BOOK! THEY DROPPED IT! WHAT A BREAK!

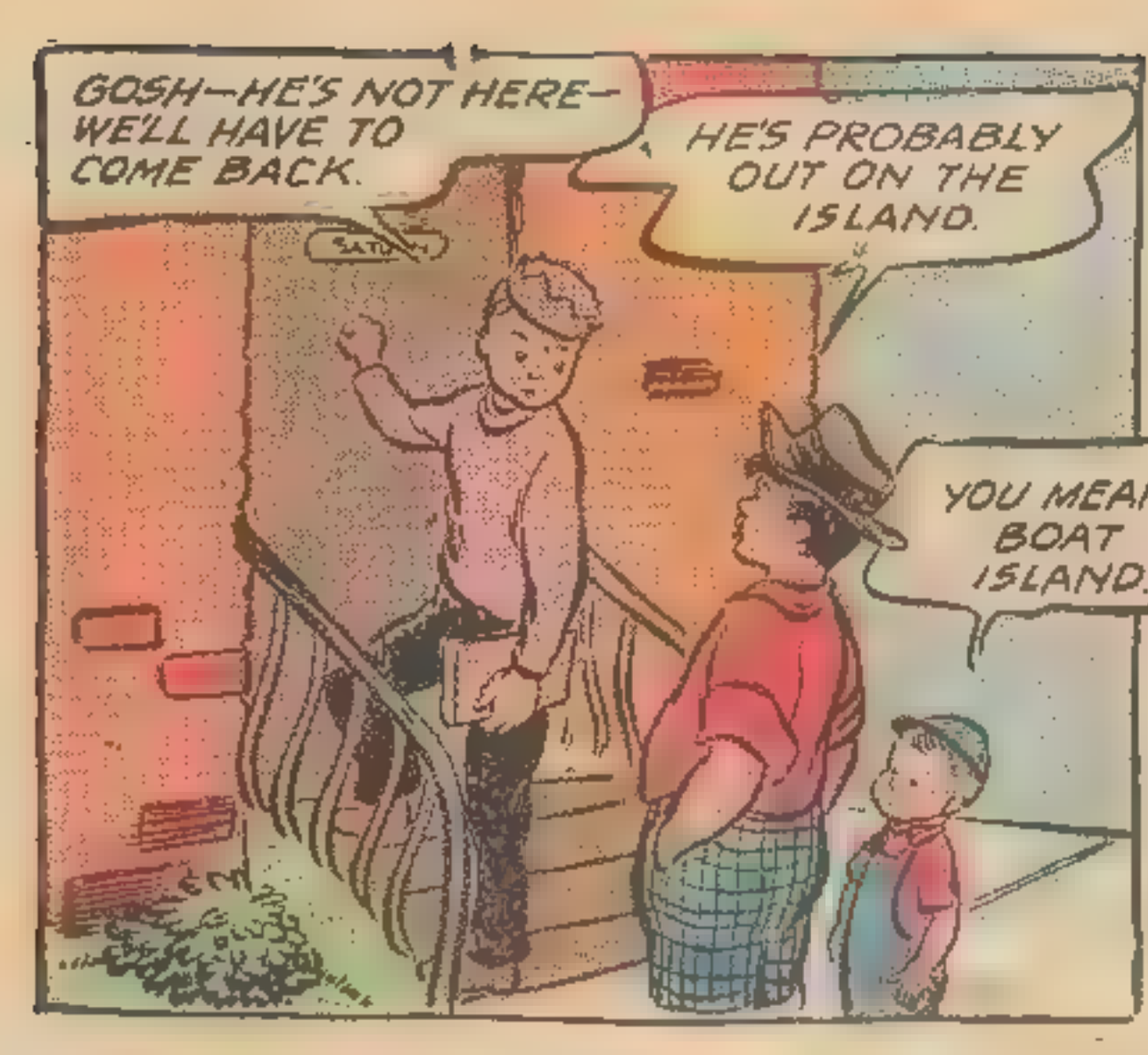

NOBODY IN SIGHT... NOW TO GET TO THE BOAT.

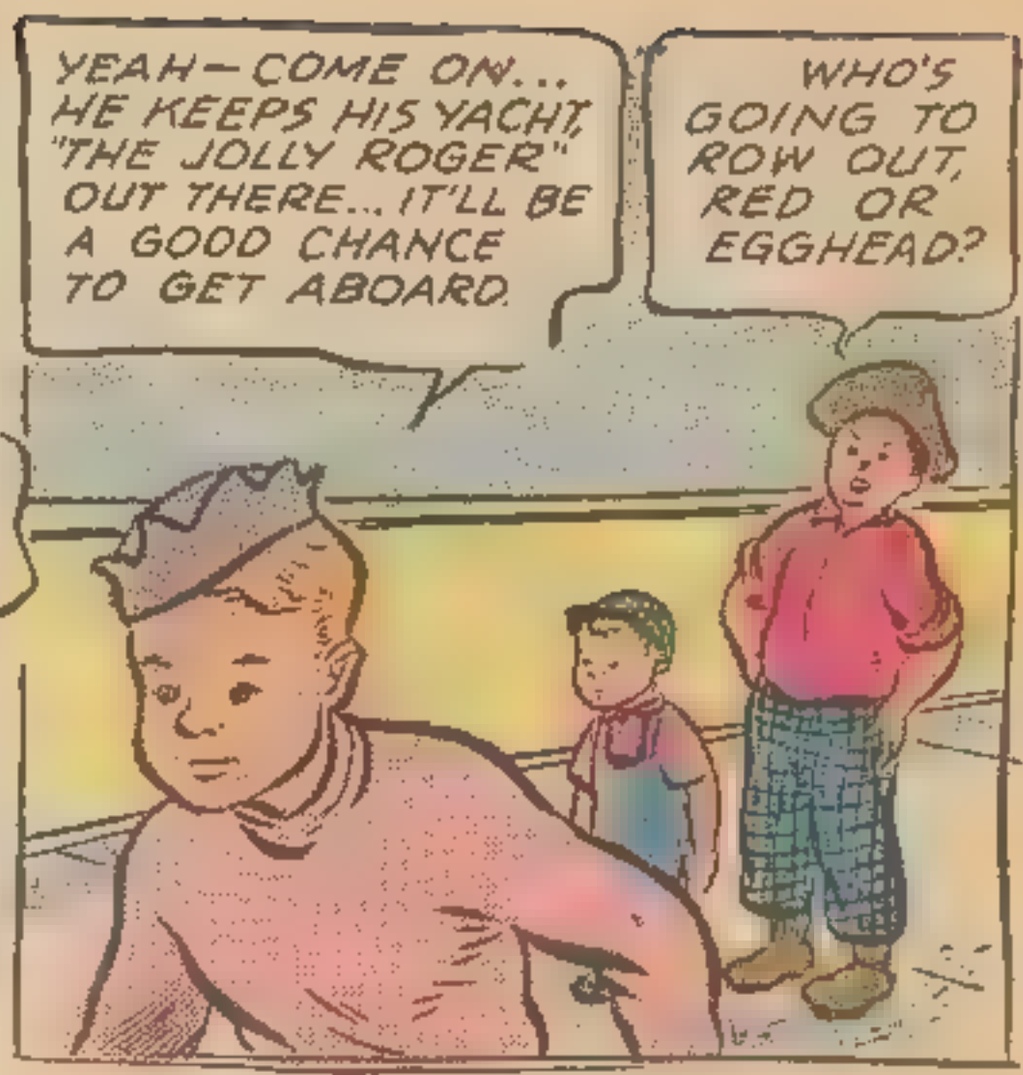
GOOD, CHUCK! YOU GOT IT!... WHAT KEPT YOU, LAD?

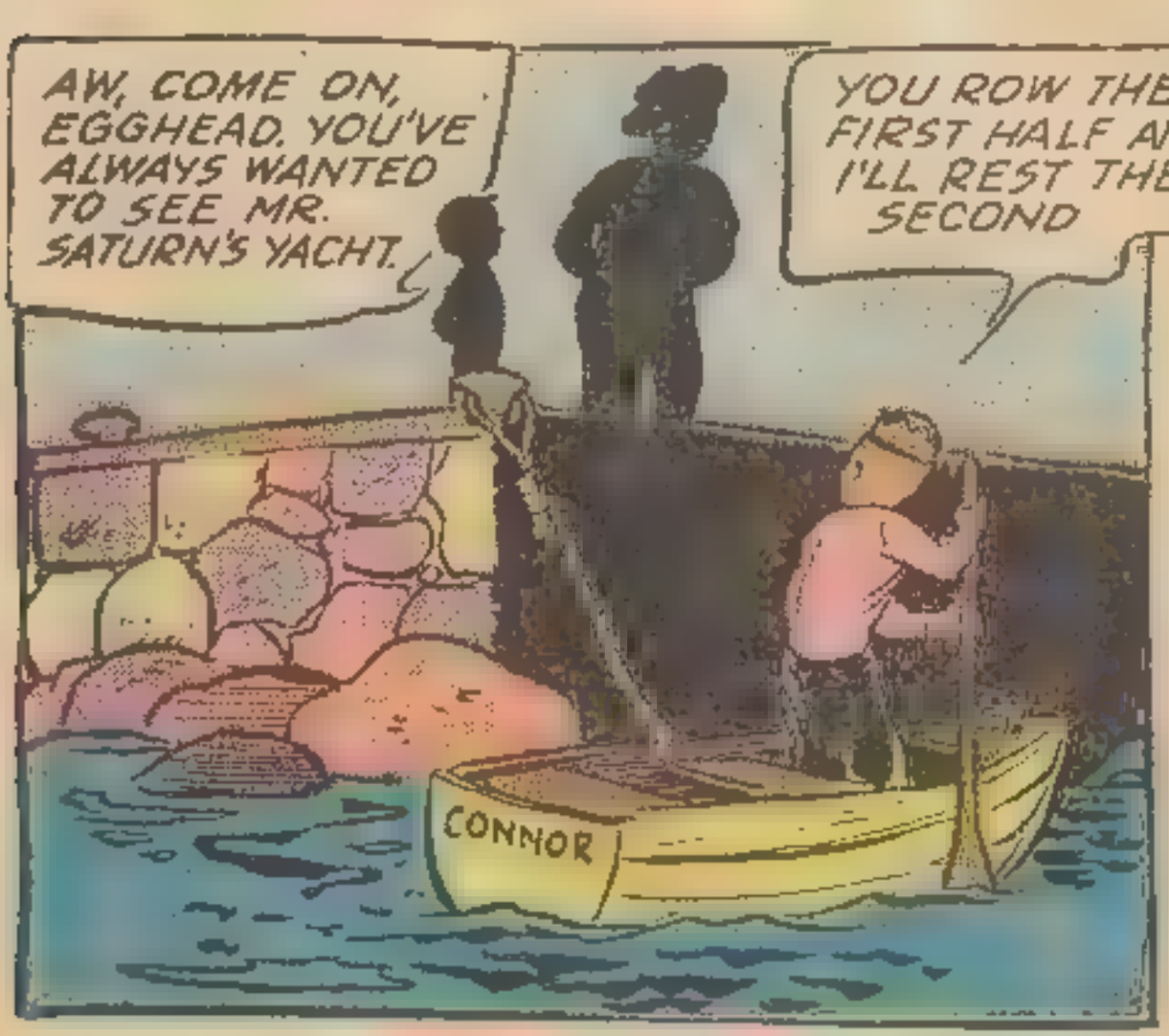

I'LL TELL YOU LATER — IF YOU'VE GOT STEAM UP, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, HAPPY.
RIGHT, CHUCK — COME ON IN THE WHEELHOUSE.

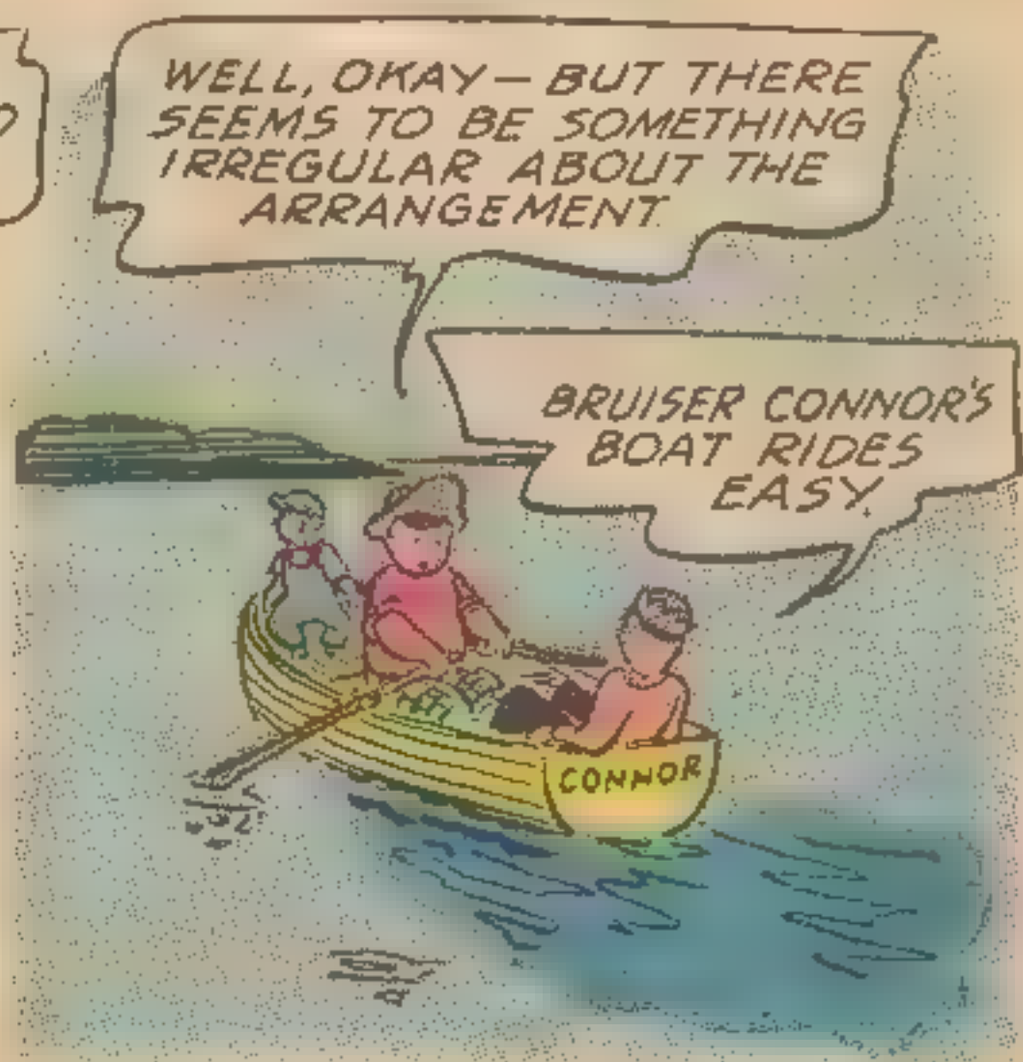

THIS IS IT... SEE THE MAP INSIDE THE COVER?
GOOD JOB!

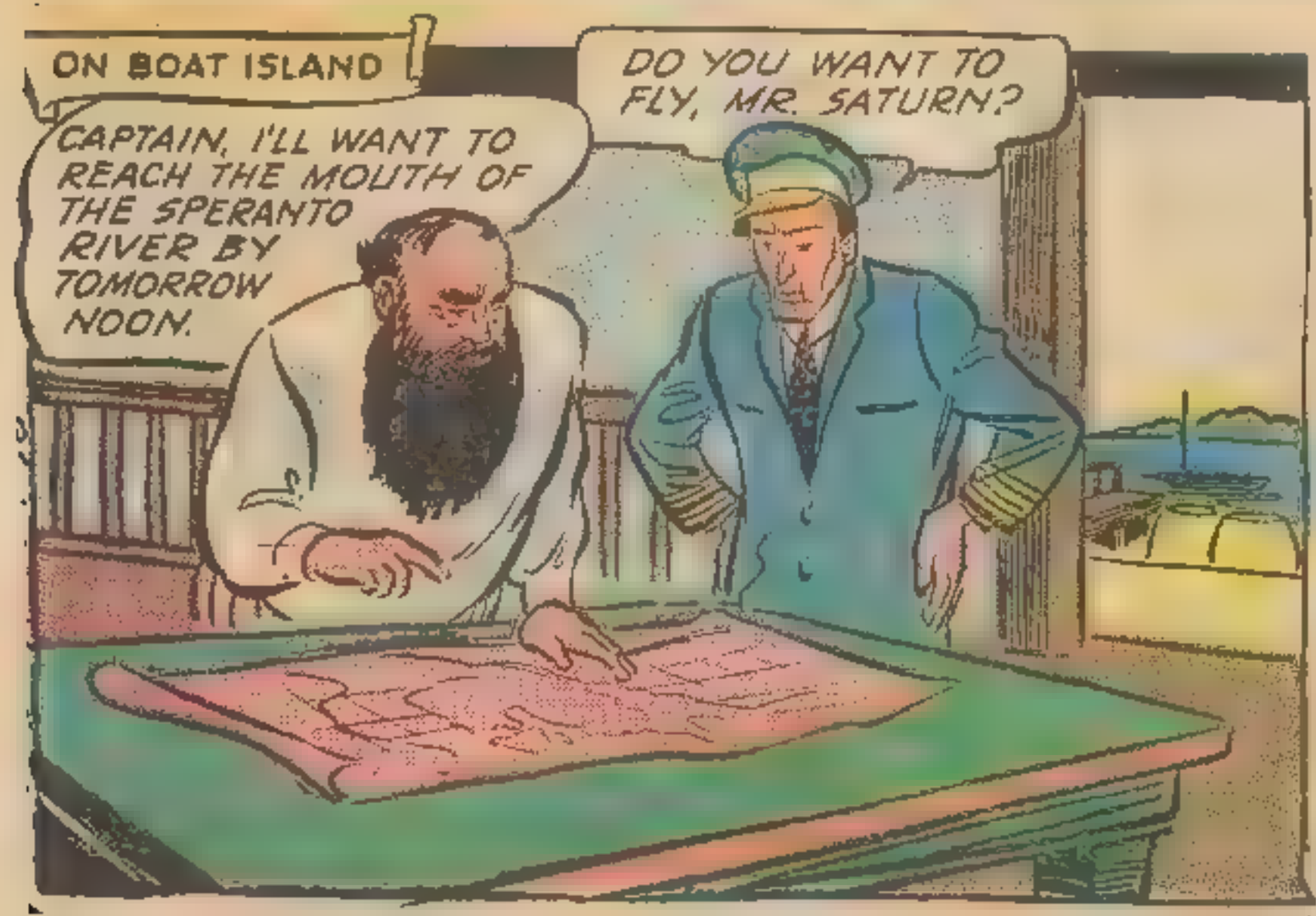

THERE GOES THAT BIG TUG OF HAPPY SLADE'S. HE'S A MYSTERIOUS ONE.
AND TOUGH!


GOSH—HE'S NOT HERE—WE'LL HAVE TO COME BACK.
HE'S PROBABLY OUT ON THE ISLAND.
YOU MEAN BOAT ISLAND?


YEAH—COME ON... HE KEEPS HIS YACHT, "THE JOLLY ROGER" OUT THERE... IT'LL BE A GOOD CHANCE TO GET ABOARD.
WHO'S GOING TO ROW OUT, RED OR EGGHEAD?


AW, COME ON, EGGHEAD. YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE MR. SATURN'S YACHT.
YOU ROW THE FIRST HALF AND I'LL REST THE SECOND
CONNOR


WELL, OKAY—BUT THERE SEEMS TO BE SOMETHING IRREGULAR ABOUT THE ARRANGEMENT.
BRUISER CONNOR'S BOAT RIDES EASY.
CONNOR


ON BOAT ISLAND
CAPTAIN, I'LL WANT TO REACH THE MOUTH OF THE SPERANTO RIVER BY TOMORROW NOON.
DO YOU WANT TO FLY, MR. SATURN?

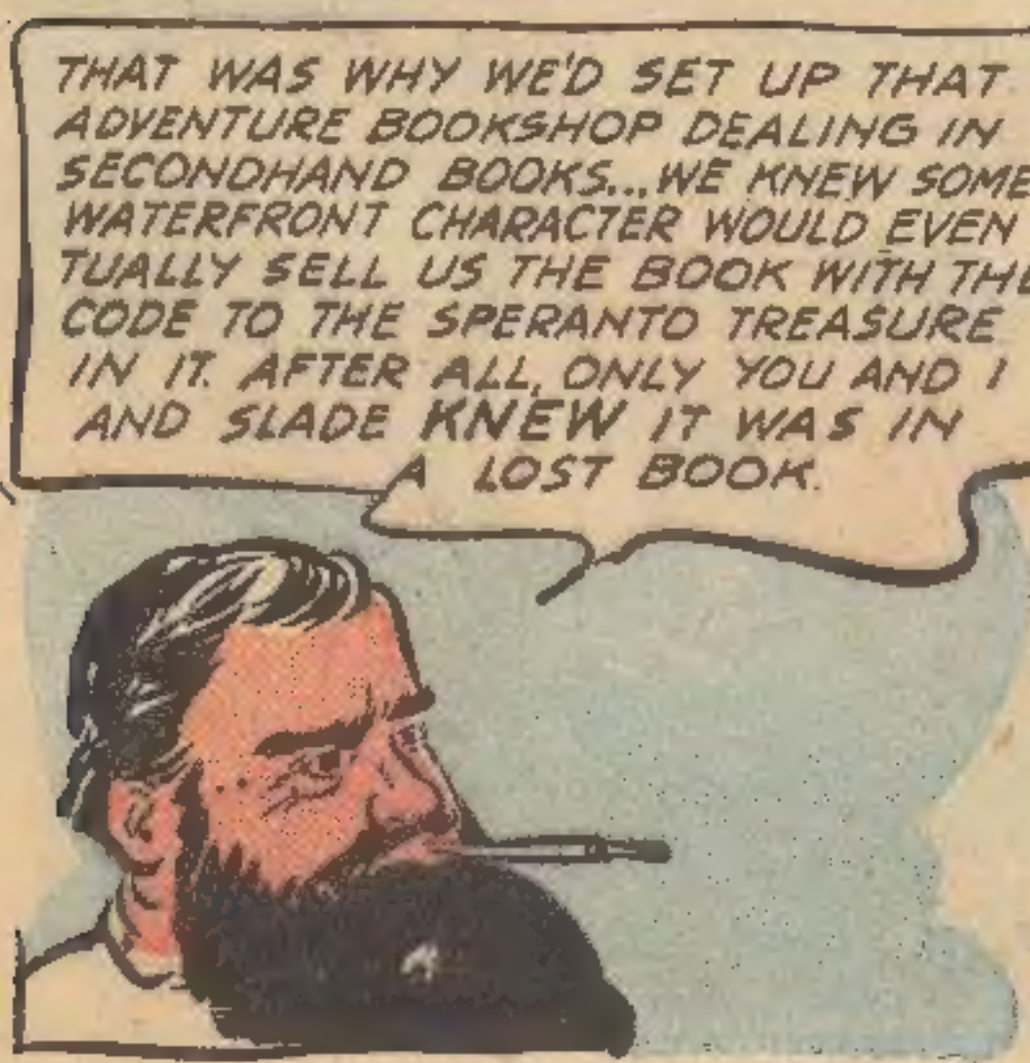
I WANT TO GO IN "THE JOLLY ROGER," CAPTAIN SAND. YOU GET THERE IF YOU HAVE TO SPLIT HER SEAMS WIDE OPEN!

I DON'T CARE TO ABUSE GOOD SHIPS, MR. SATURN. SPERANTO RIVER LIES TWO DAYS' SAIL FROM HERE.

IF I'D GOT THAT BOOK FIRST, I WOULDN'T TRY TO KILL A GOOD SHIP MYSELF—BUT WE MUST BEAT HAPPY SLADE TO THE RIVER MOUTH
YOU HAD THE BOOK.

HAD THE BOOK! I HAD FOURTEEN THOUSAND BOOKS... BUT THE QUESTION WAS, WHICH ONE?
AND WHEN THE SAILOR BOUGHT THAT ONE, YOU KNEW?

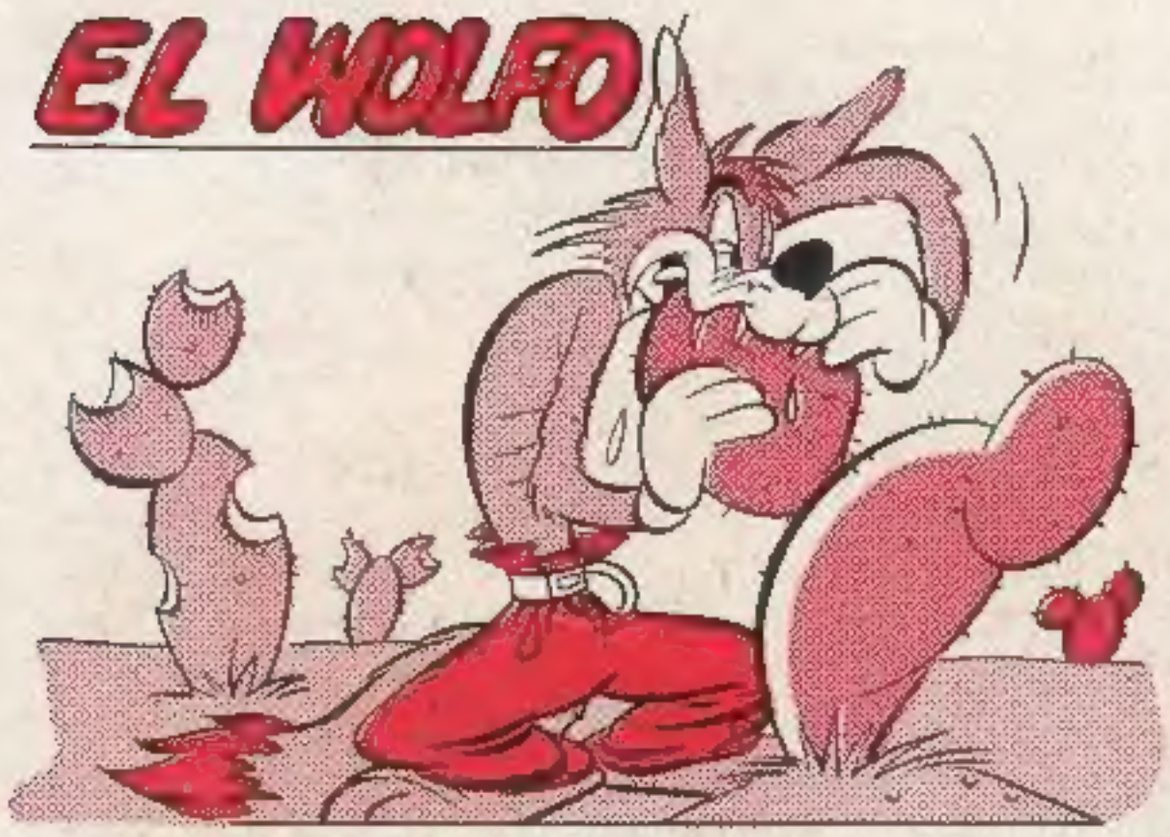
CERTAINLY! HE PAID FOR IT AND THEN, AS I WATCHED HIM, HE TURNED TO A CERTAIN PAGE, READ SOMETHING, AND TURNED TO THE MAP ON THE END PAPERS.
THAT TIPPED OFF THE FACT HE WAS SLADE'S MAN.

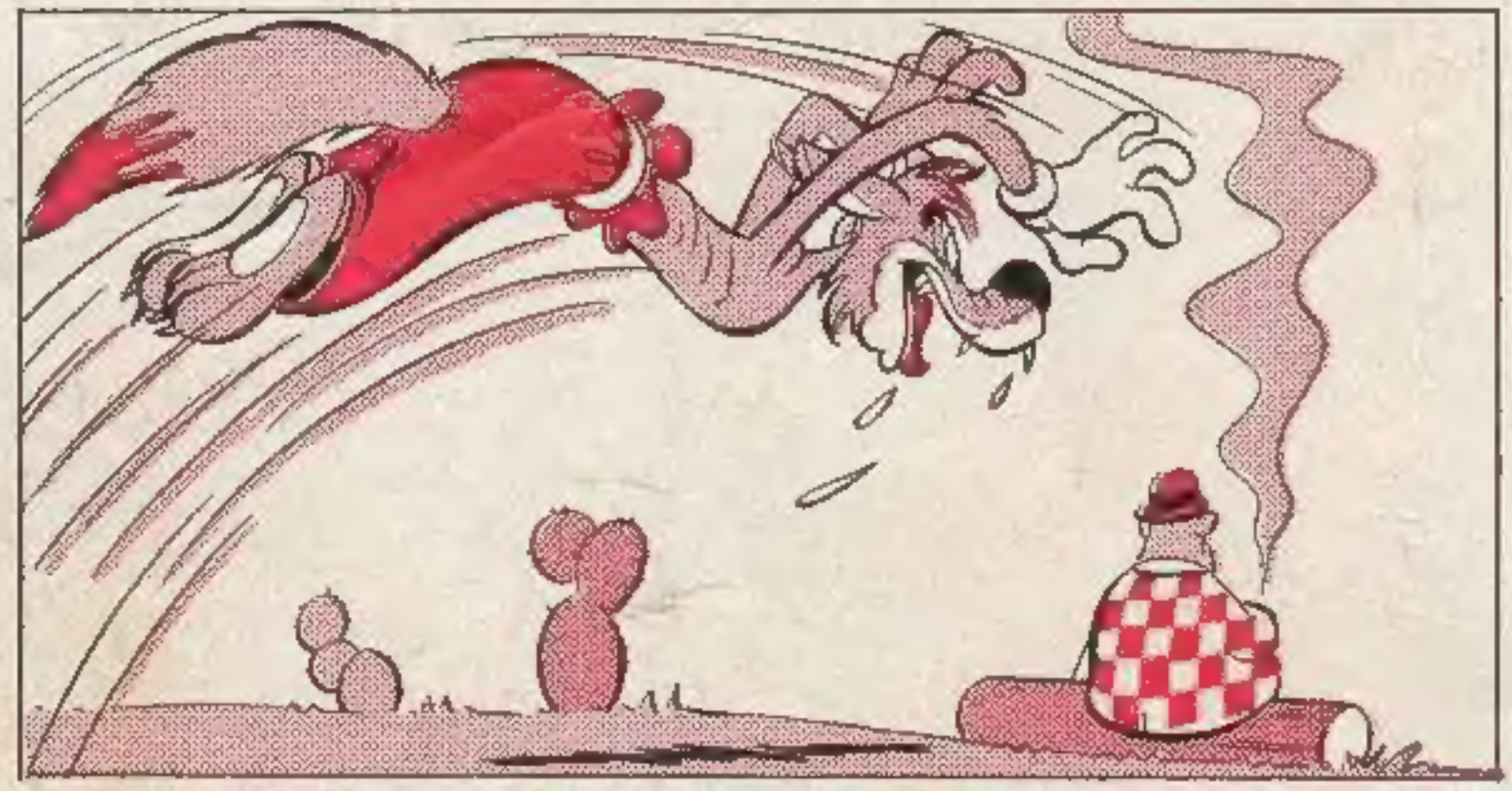

THAT WAS WHY WE'D SET UP THAT ADVENTURE BOOKSHOP DEALING IN SECONDHAND BOOKS...WE KNEW SOME WATERFRONT CHARACTER WOULD EVENTUALLY SELL US THE BOOK WITH THE CODE TO THE SPERANTO TREASURE IN IT. AFTER ALL, ONLY YOU AND I AND SLADE KNEW IT WAS IN A LOST BOOK.

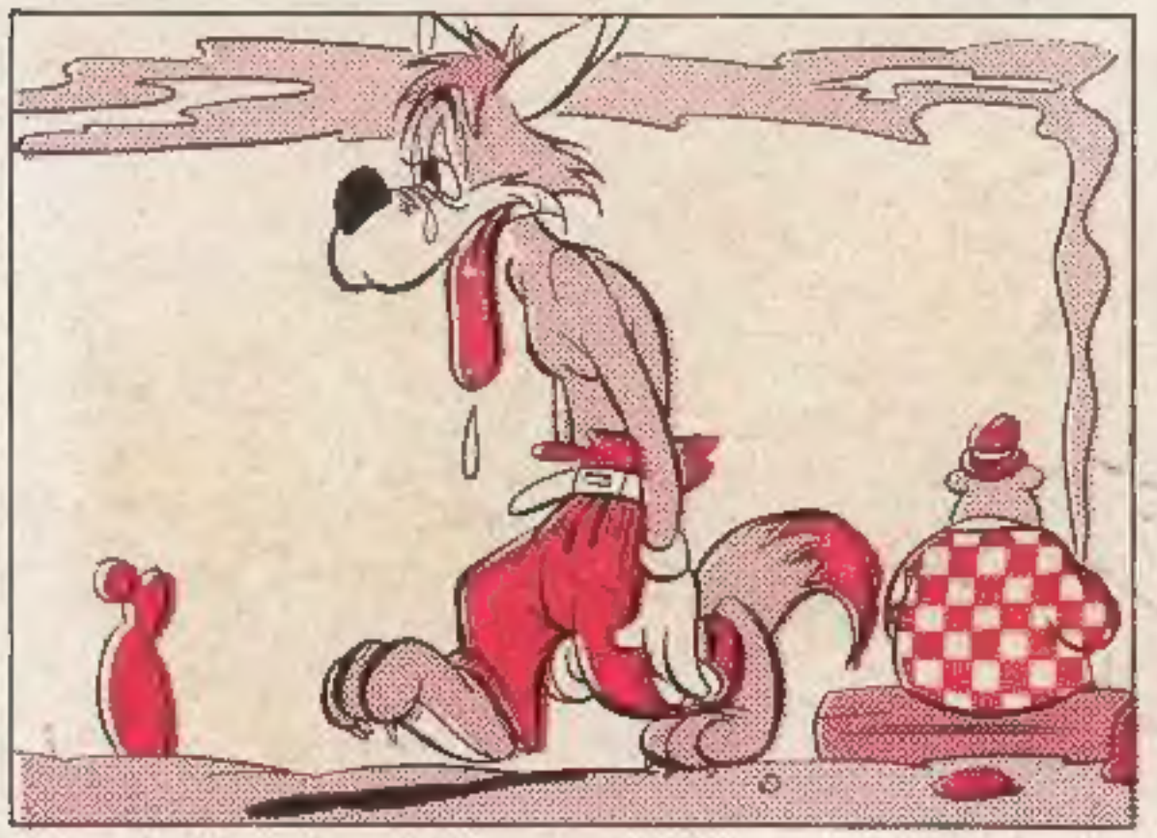
AND SLADE WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO KNEW ITS NAME...THAT MEANT IT WAS SLADE'S MAN WHO CAME LOOKING FOR IT—SO YOU RAN AFTER HIM?
YES, AND HE MUST HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT.

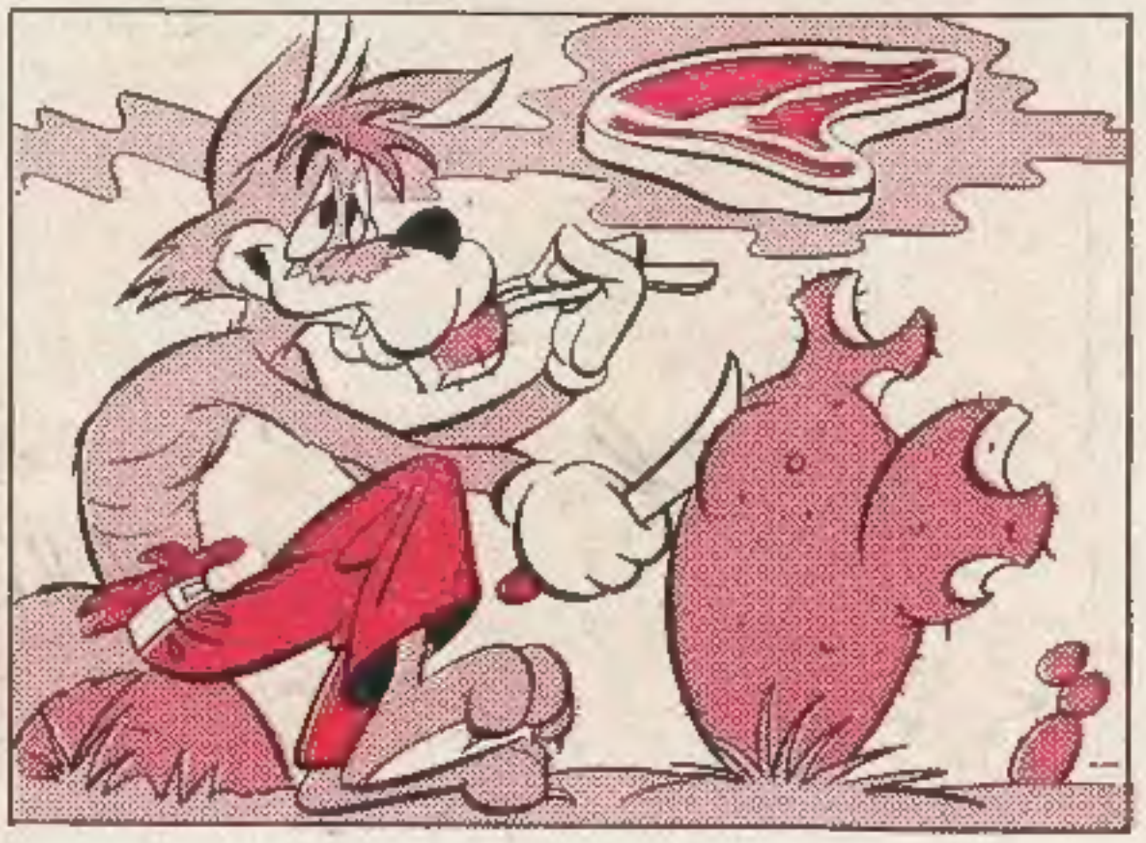
QUR GANG appearing in M-G-M pictures

EL WOLFO









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